BRITANNIA AND EVE

1/6

CHRISTMAS 1938

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ARTHUR MILLS
ABETH GOUDGE
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D.EDMONDS
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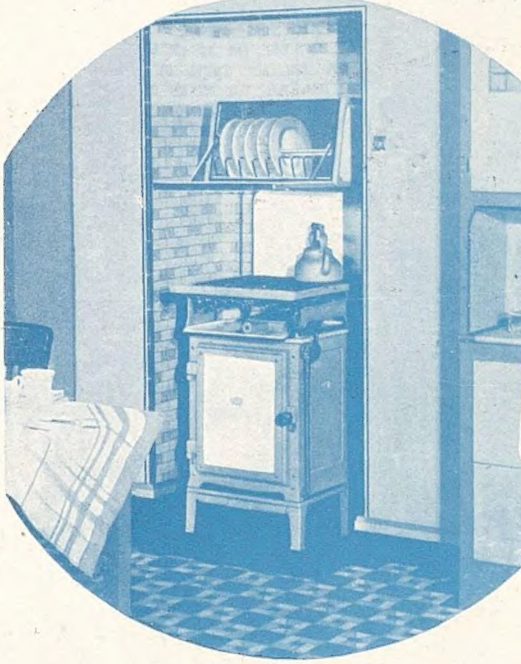
CARL SHREVE



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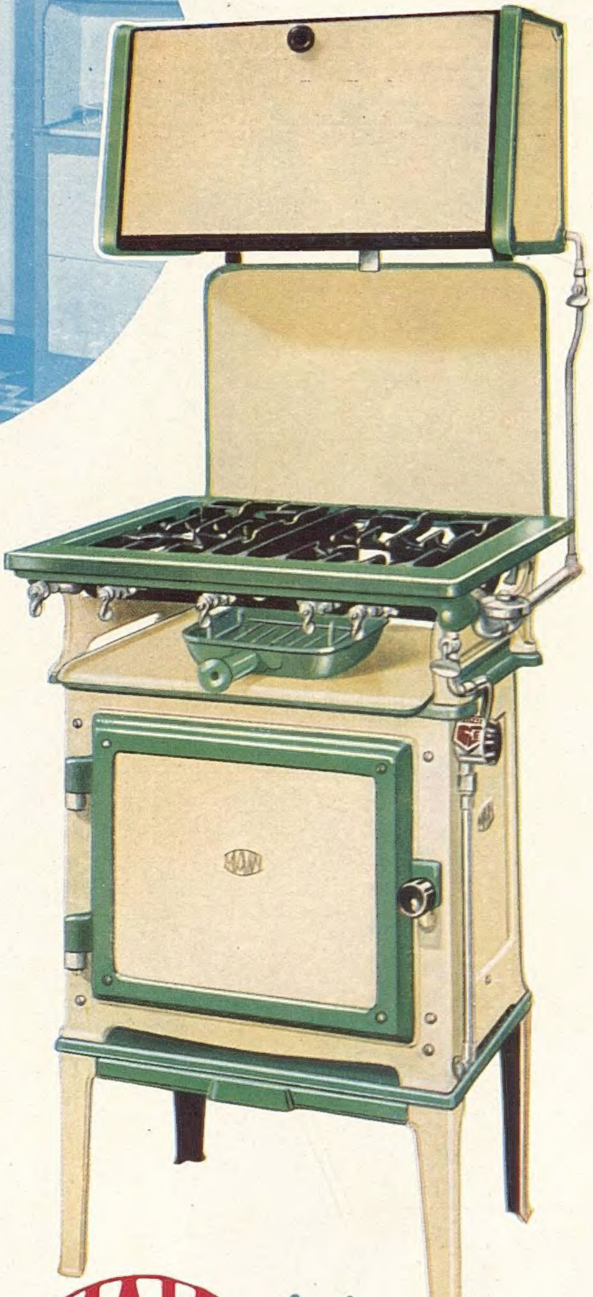

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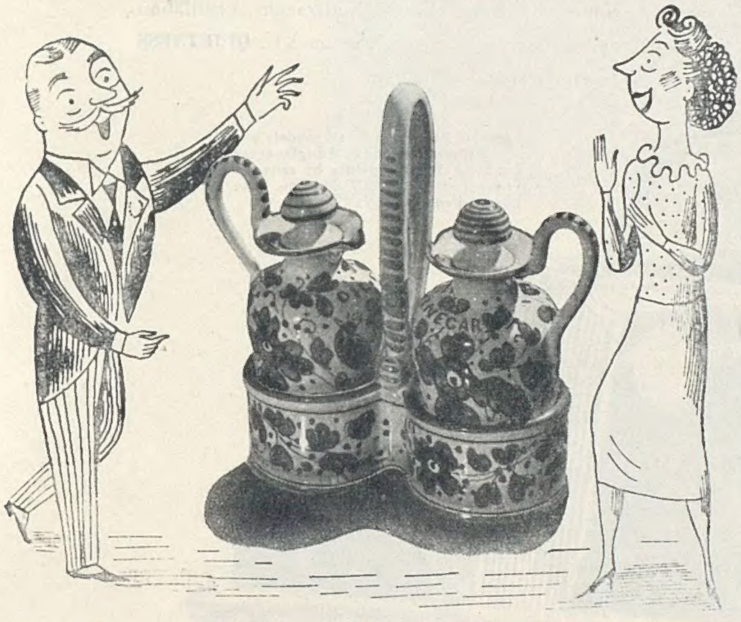

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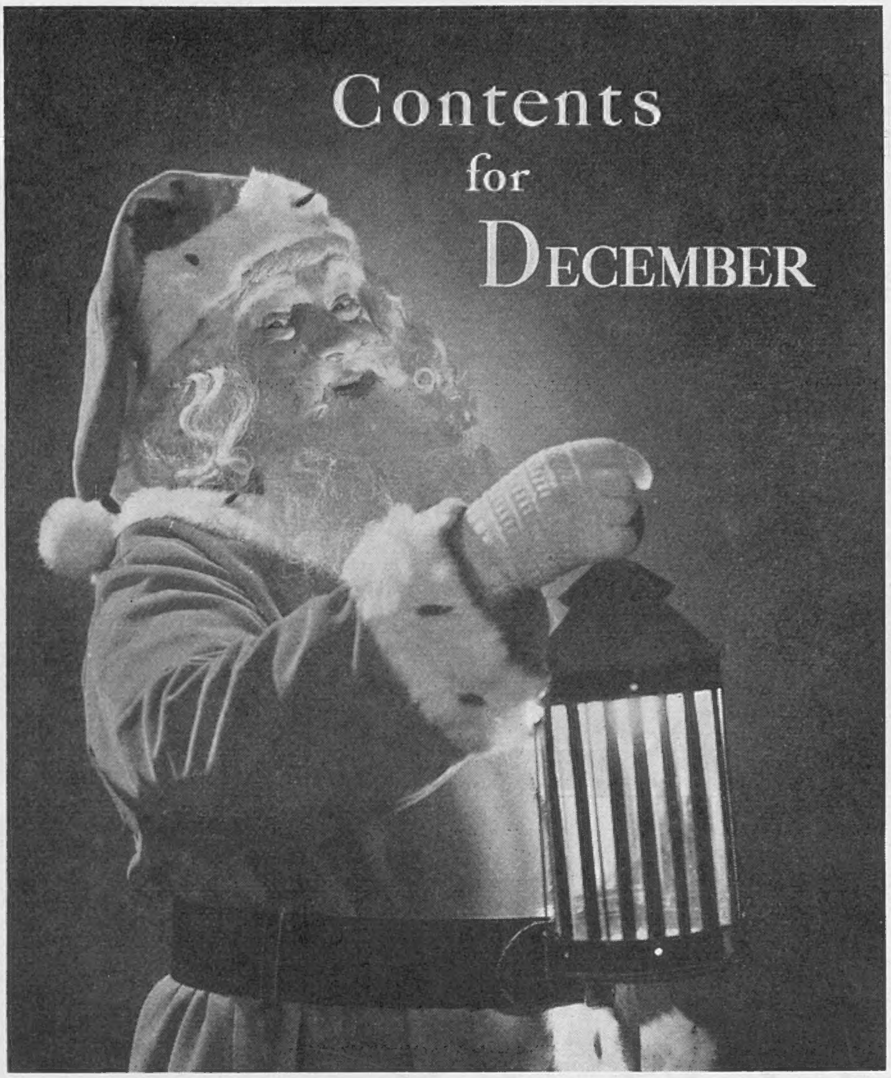
BRITANNIA and EVE
VOL. 17, No. 6. DECEMBER, 1938



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by *Carl Shreve*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 180. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons

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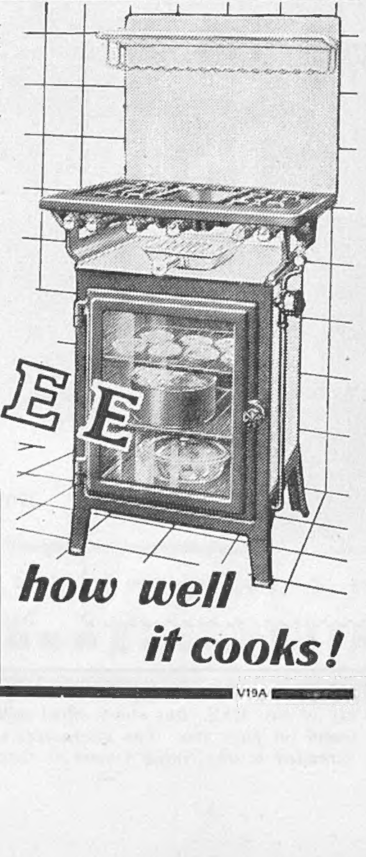

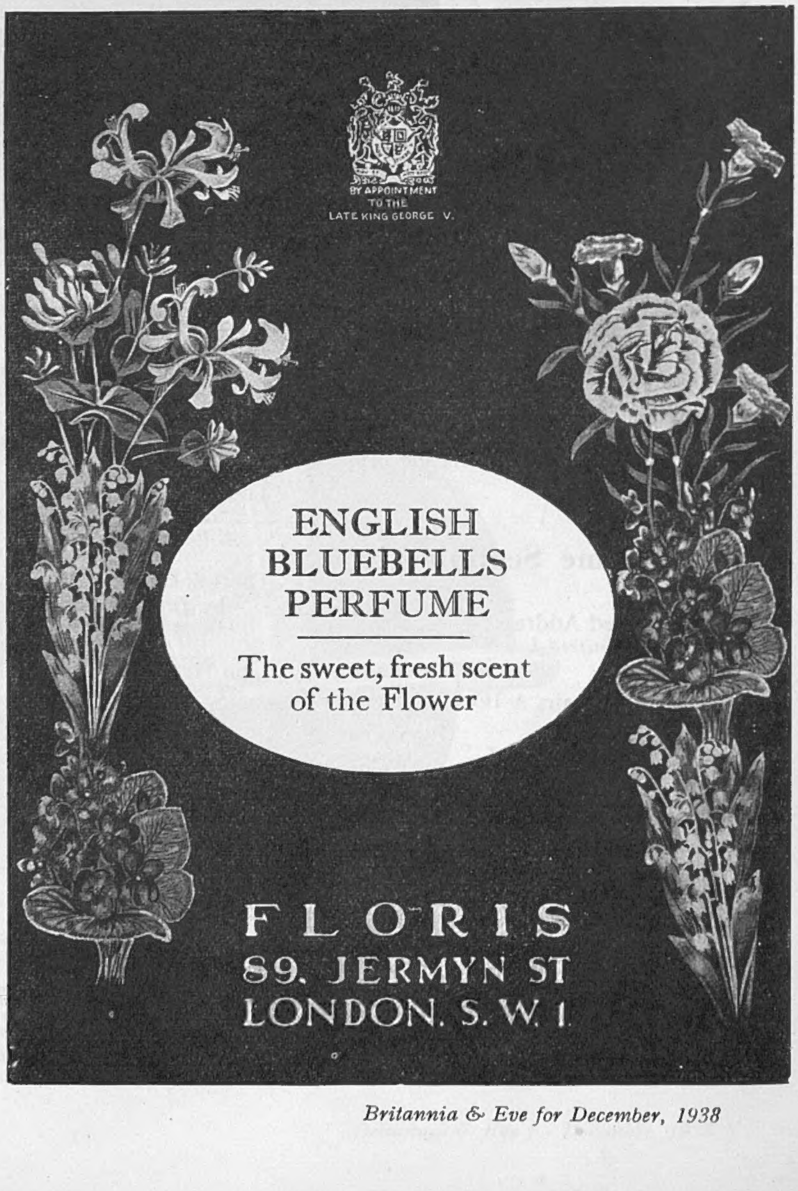

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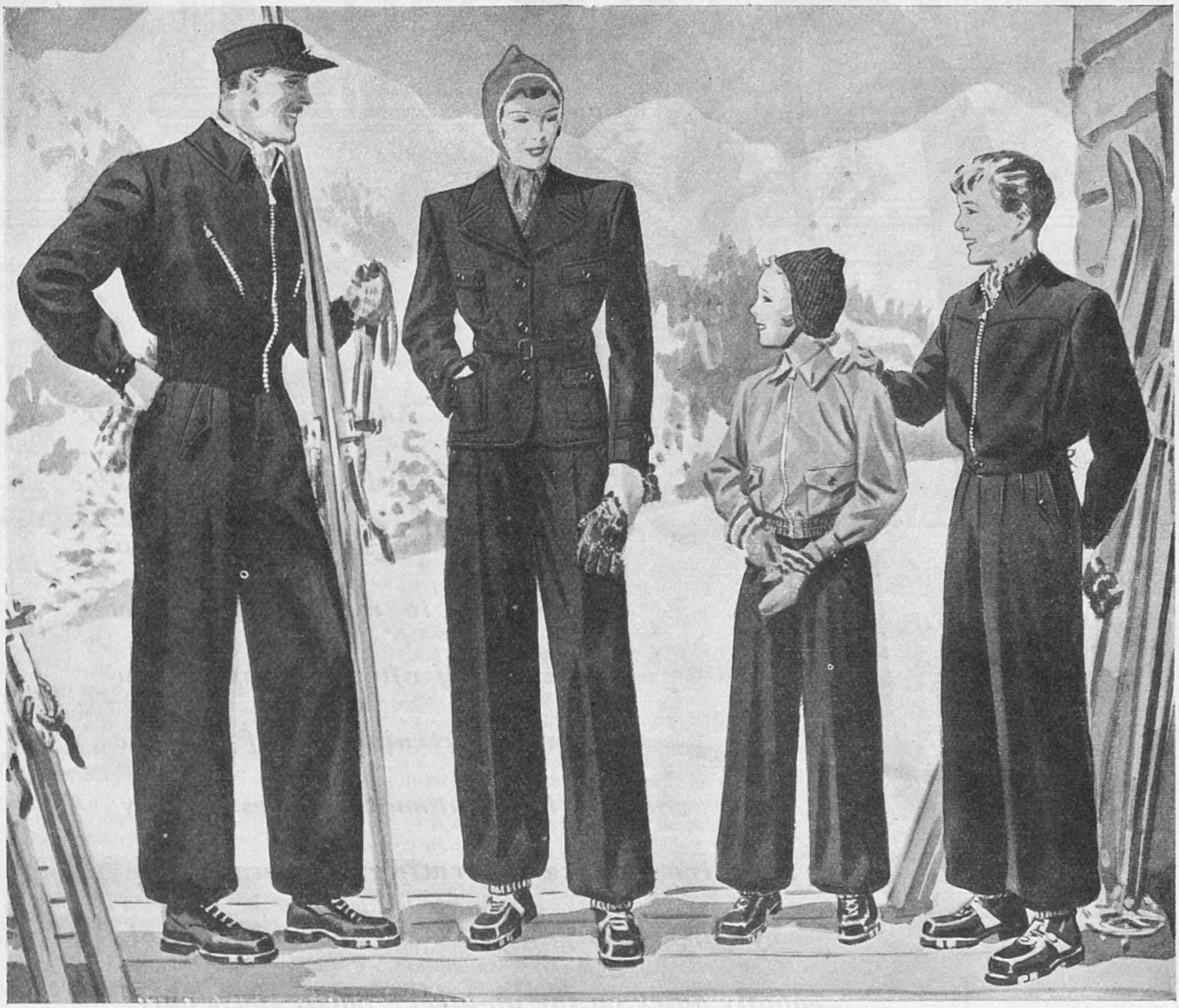

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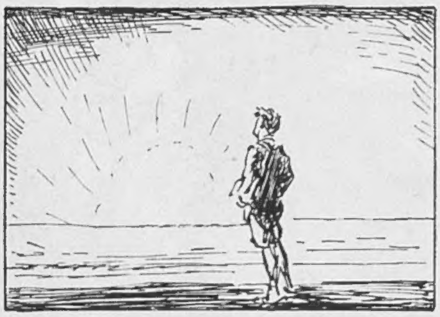
A·LITTLE·PLAY·FOR ·DECEMBER·

Rudyard Kipling

Born 1865 Died 1936



SCENE ONE A sultry night in Bombay, that of December 30, 1865. Two men are talking on the veranda of a small bungalow. You can see the glow of a cigar. Presently one of the men grunts and says *"Well, I'll be off now. Everything is quite safe. You've got a fine boy and there is nothing to worry about now. Your wife is splendid."*

"I'm not worrying, doctor," says the other man.

The doctor turns at the corner.

"Got a name for him ?" he asks.

The other nods.

"We thought of calling him Rudyard."

"Rudyard ? That's an odd name," grunts the doctor and says good night to Mr. John Lockwood Kipling.

SCENE TWO A small boy is standing on a pebble ridge against which a grey ocean is surging in long, creamy folds. It is the beginning of December, 1880. The sky is overcast and the spray from the sea obscures the shore's rising slopes.

"Come on, Beetle !" cries another small boy.

"Throw a stone at him !" urges a third.

"What are you looking at, fathead ?" asks the first.

But young Kipling is squinting at more than the sea. There is a vision before his eyes that spreads beyond Westward Ho! and across the wintry horizon and round and round the world and back again, bringing with it colour and romance.

"Shut up !" says the young Kipling.

And stooping down he picks up a stone and hurls it at a future Major-General, but at present a plump-faced boy called Dunsterville.

SCENE THREE The club in Allahabad in 1886. The heat is terrific. A few limp men in whites are sitting about the club-room in dejected attitudes. The atmosphere is heavy with irritation.

"He ought to be horse-whipped," says one member.

"I thought it very clever," grunts another.

"Did you read it ?" asks a third.

"Yes. In the Gazette."

"Are you talking about young Kipling ?" asks a fourth.

"Yes. The young puppy. He'll get into trouble writing things like that. Ought to be sent home."

In the background young Kipling himself enters. He is thin and pale, and his shaggy eyebrows stand out vividly. His face is sullen and his eyes bulge behind glasses of great power.

"Who'd be a journalist," he mutters to himself, observing the scowls around him.

SCENE FOUR The study of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the famous writer. Mrs. Kipling is peering into a waste-paper basket into which Mr. Kipling has been observed to throw a piece of paper with impetuous disgust before leaving the room.

Mrs. Kipling retrieves the paper, smoothes it out and reads slowly and half-aloud.

"God of our Fathers, known of old
Lord of our far-flung battle line
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Mrs. Kipling nods her head in agreement.

"Doesn't seem very much wrong with it," she says, and carefully folding it up, bears the poem away with her.

SCENE FIVE Mr. Kipling is seated at his desk. Before him is a copy of a paper whose headlines tell of a British Army fighting in France. Slowly he writes, in the meticulous calligraphy he has cultivated since a boy.

"For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate
Stand up and meet the war.
The Hun is at the gate . . .
Who stands if freedom fall ?
Who dies if England live ?"

SCENE SIX A dug-out behind the line in 1915. A young officer of the Irish Guards, caked in mud, is seated at a box-turned-table. He is writing.

". . . you will be sorry to hear that we lost young Kipling, the writer's son, yesterday. He was a good fellow, and very popular, and the battalion will miss him."

SCENE SEVEN January 17, 1936. Just before midnight in a news-room in Fleet Street. A young reporter hurries in and announces to the night editor: *"He's dead. I was up at the Middlesex Hospital, and they're going to take his body to the Chapel in the hospital."*

"Who's dead ?" asks the Editor.

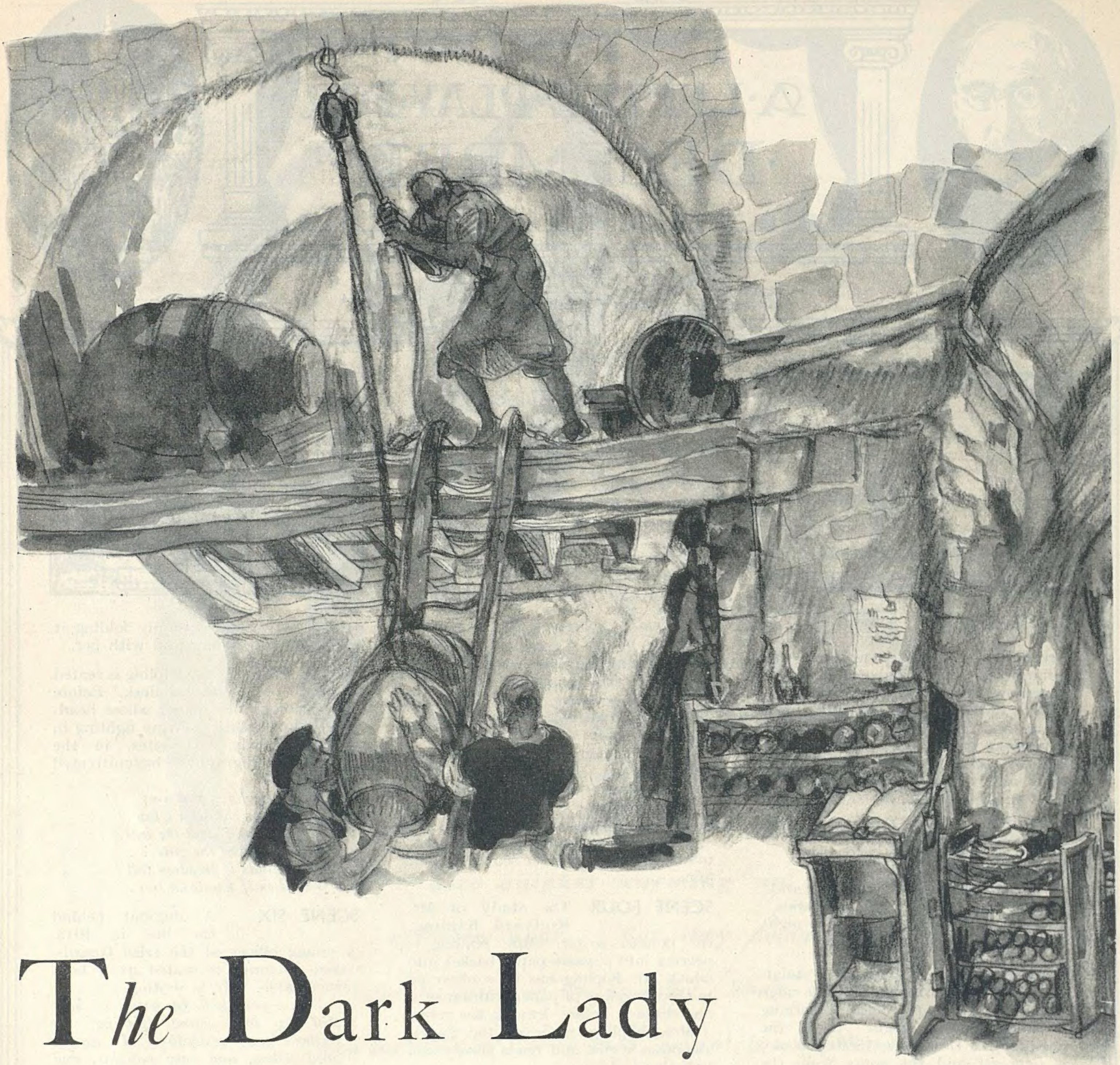
"Kipling !"

"Yes, yes ; now listen, I want you to get into a car and get right up to Sandringham to-night. They've just issued a bulletin and it looks like the beginning of the end."

"What—the King?" mutters the young reporter. *"But Kipling . . . Oh, well ; who'd be a journalist."*

CURTAIN

"LEST WE FORGET, LEST WE FORGET"
Rig



The Dark Lady

An Episode in the Life of Shakespeare

By Elizabeth Goudge

THE moment she woke up, in the little closet where she slept alone, Audrey knew that something out of the ordinary was going to happen that day. She could hear a most unusual bustle of preparation in the house around her, the clatter of pails and the swish of brooms and the voice of her pretty Aunt Annie raised excitedly and a little stridently as she sent the Tavern servants flying hither and thither to do her bidding. And the sun seemed brighter than usual that day, reaching in through the chinks of the curtains with golden fingers to pull her out of bed.

She ran barefooted to the window, opening it and leaning out to draw great breaths of the warm June air. Across the street she could see the red gabled roofs of Oxford humping themselves merrily against the misty blue sky, as though they were glad that the night was over and the day had come again, and down below them the cobbles of Cornmarket, washed by a shower, were glistening in the sun. When she hung far out of the window, with her bare toes lifted right off the floor, looking to right and left, she could see the white towers and spires of the city flushing faintly with colour as the rising sun touched them. Audrey was a country child, a farmer's daughter, who came only seldom to stay with her uncle and aunt at the Crown Tavern, and the sight of towers and spires gave her the thrill of strange things seldom seen.

FOR it was the sixteenth century, and cities were not then huge octopus growths whose tentacles reached out over every wide valley and fair hill, they were small compact things, not very numerous and not very easy to find. They did not advertise themselves with tall factory chimneys and belching black smoke against the sky, you came upon them unexpectedly as you breasted the brow of a hill, and saw them down there below you, hidden away in a valley, self-contained within a city wall, fashioned not by machinery but by craftsmen, beautiful as a rabbit's downy nest hollowed out under the roots of a tree, or as a mansion built by a beaver, patiently, stick by stick.

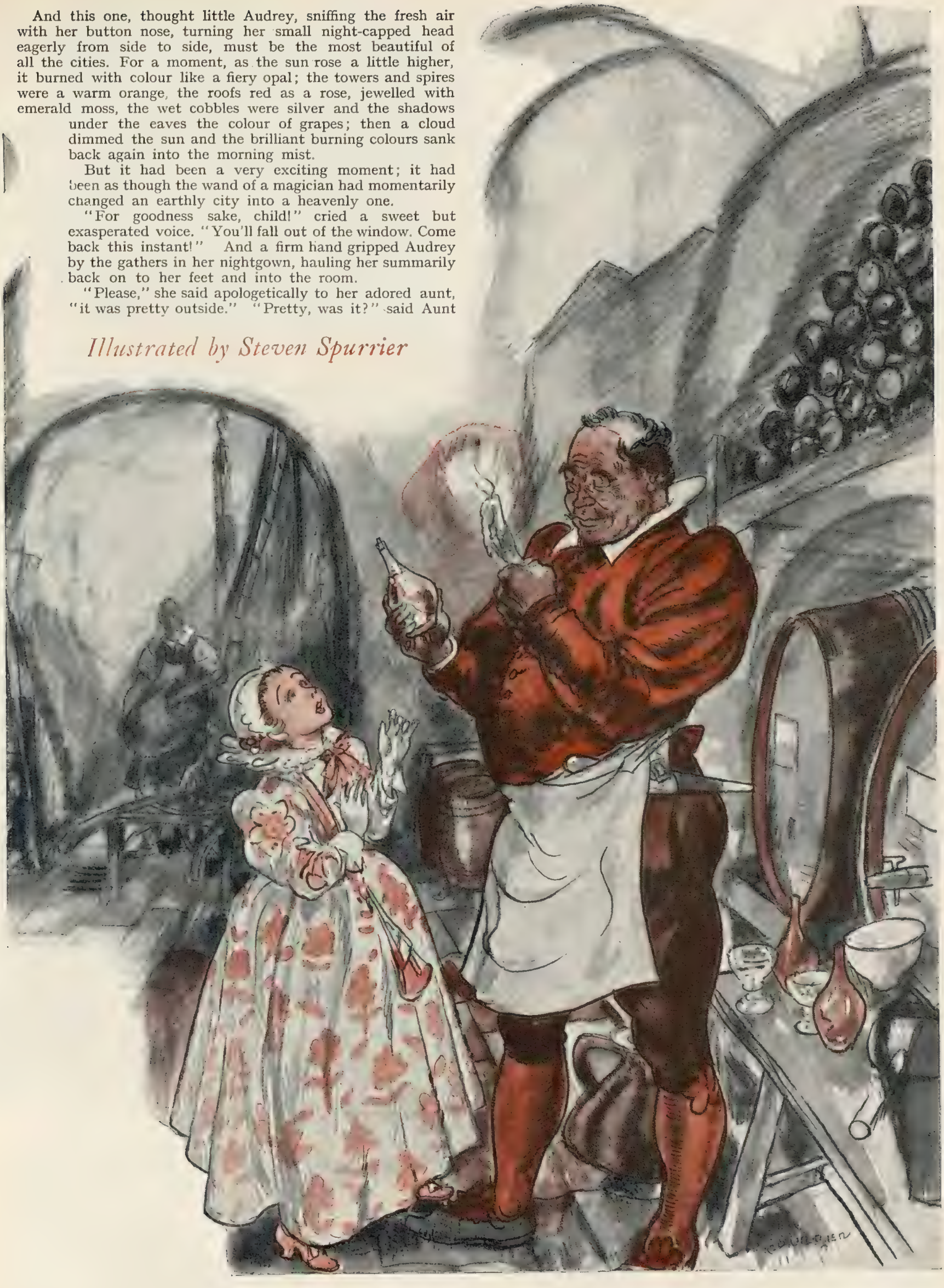
And this one, thought little Audrey, sniffing the fresh air with her button nose, turning her small night-capped head eagerly from side to side, must be the most beautiful of all the cities. For a moment, as the sun rose a little higher, it burned with colour like a fiery opal; the towers and spires were a warm orange, the roofs red as a rose, jewelled with emerald moss, the wet cobbles were silver and the shadows under the eaves the colour of grapes; then a cloud dimmed the sun and the brilliant burning colours sank back again into the morning mist.

But it had been a very exciting moment; it had been as though the wand of a magician had momentarily changed an earthly city into a heavenly one.

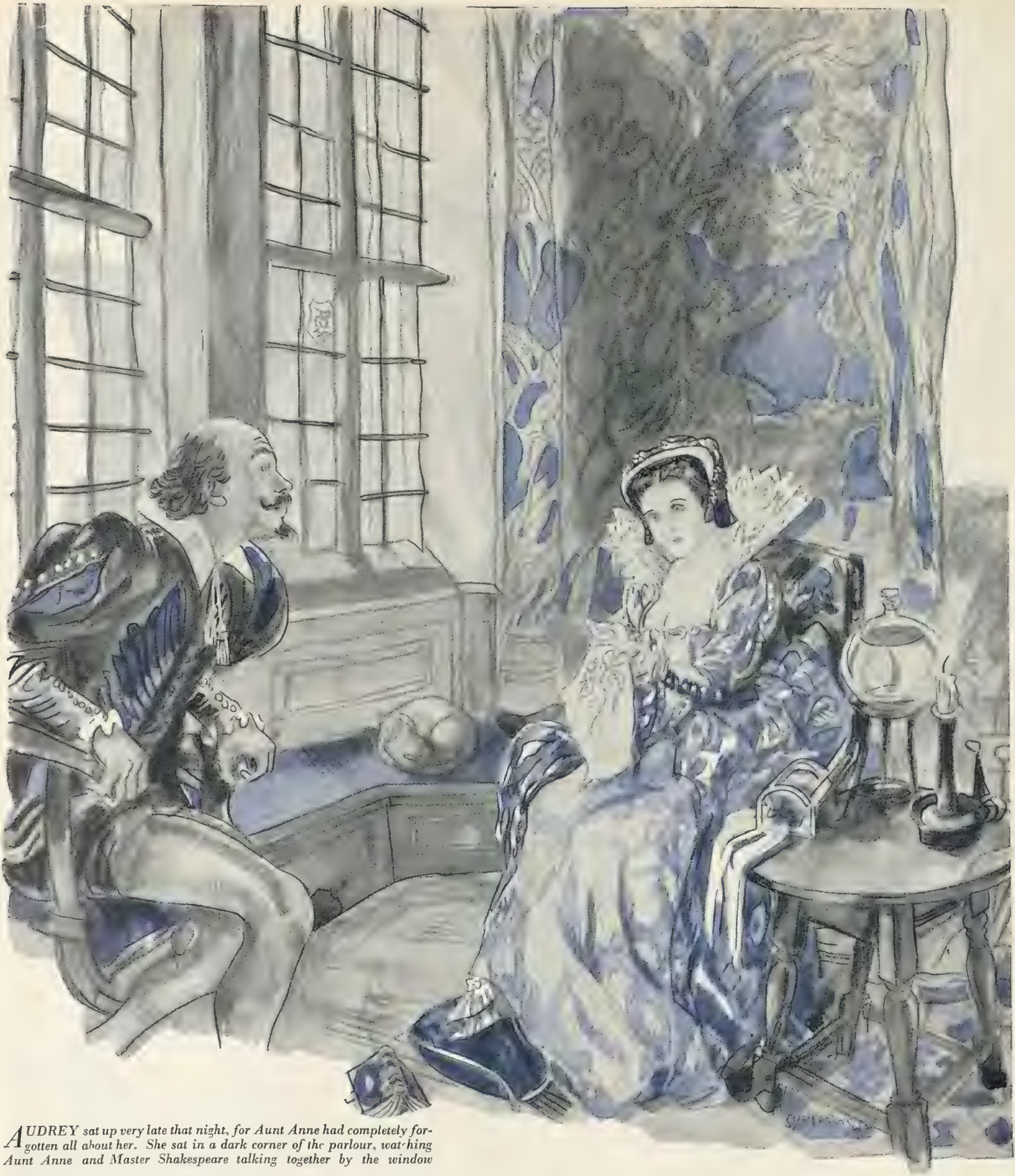
"For goodness sake, child!" cried a sweet but exasperated voice. "You'll fall out of the window. Come back this instant!" And a firm hand gripped Audrey by the gathers in her nightgown, hauling her summarily back on to her feet and into the room.

"Please," she said apologetically to her adored aunt, "it was pretty outside." "Pretty, was it?" said Aunt

Illustrated by Steven Spurrier



UNCLE JOHN DAVENANT had once taken Audrey down to the wine cellar and she had been thrilled when he held his lighted candle aloft and she saw the vaulted roof



AUDREY sat up very late that night, for Aunt Anne had completely forgotten all about her. She sat in a dark corner of the parlour, watching Aunt Anne and Master Shakespeare talking together by the window

Anne. "Well, that's no reason for wasting the morning falling out of the window when you should be getting your clothes on. Come along, now, my poppet, I've no time to fritter away on sunrises, which happen every day of the week and always will. Master Will Shakespeare sent word last night to tell me to expect him, and me with my good man away these two days and all the business and house to see to."

AUDREY had no idea who Master Will Shakespeare was, nor why there must be such a to-do because he was coming, but she was unable to speak at the moment because her energetic aunt was dragging her nightgown over her head with one hand and pouring cold water vigorously into the basin with the other.

"But Aunt," she protested, as soon as she had got her mouth free of the cambric folds, "I can wash and dress myself. I need not take up your time. With uncle away I know you are very busy."

She spoke primly and humbly, for she was an old-fashioned, sedate, plain little mortal, round-faced, freckled and sandy haired. Her grey-green eyes, with their direct level gaze, and her long, slim little fingers were her only beauties. She knew she was neither pretty nor clever, and so she was always humble, but on the other hand she was already a seeker after that virtue which the plain woman feels will be her best adornment, and the search had made her a little prim. There were moments, even though she loved the child, when this primness exasperated her pretty and by no means virtuous aunt beyond endurance and to-day was one of those times, for with Will Shakespeare expected, and she wanting to give him her best attention, and all her time and all her heart and soul, it was most annoying to have the child on her hands. Why must her sister-in-law dump the poppet on her just because one of the farm servants had come out with the smallpox? It would have been better for Audrey to have stayed on the farm and caught the smallpox; these things were best got over early, and the poor child was so freckled already that a few pock-marks here and there would scarcely have been noticeable.

"I always wash and dress myself at home," repeated Audrey with gentle patience, as the soap got into her mouth and smarted in her eyes.

But Aunt Anne, laughing, only scrubbed the harder. She was both an energetic housewife and a spoilt beauty. She liked to do everything herself, but she liked to be pitied and admired for doing it.

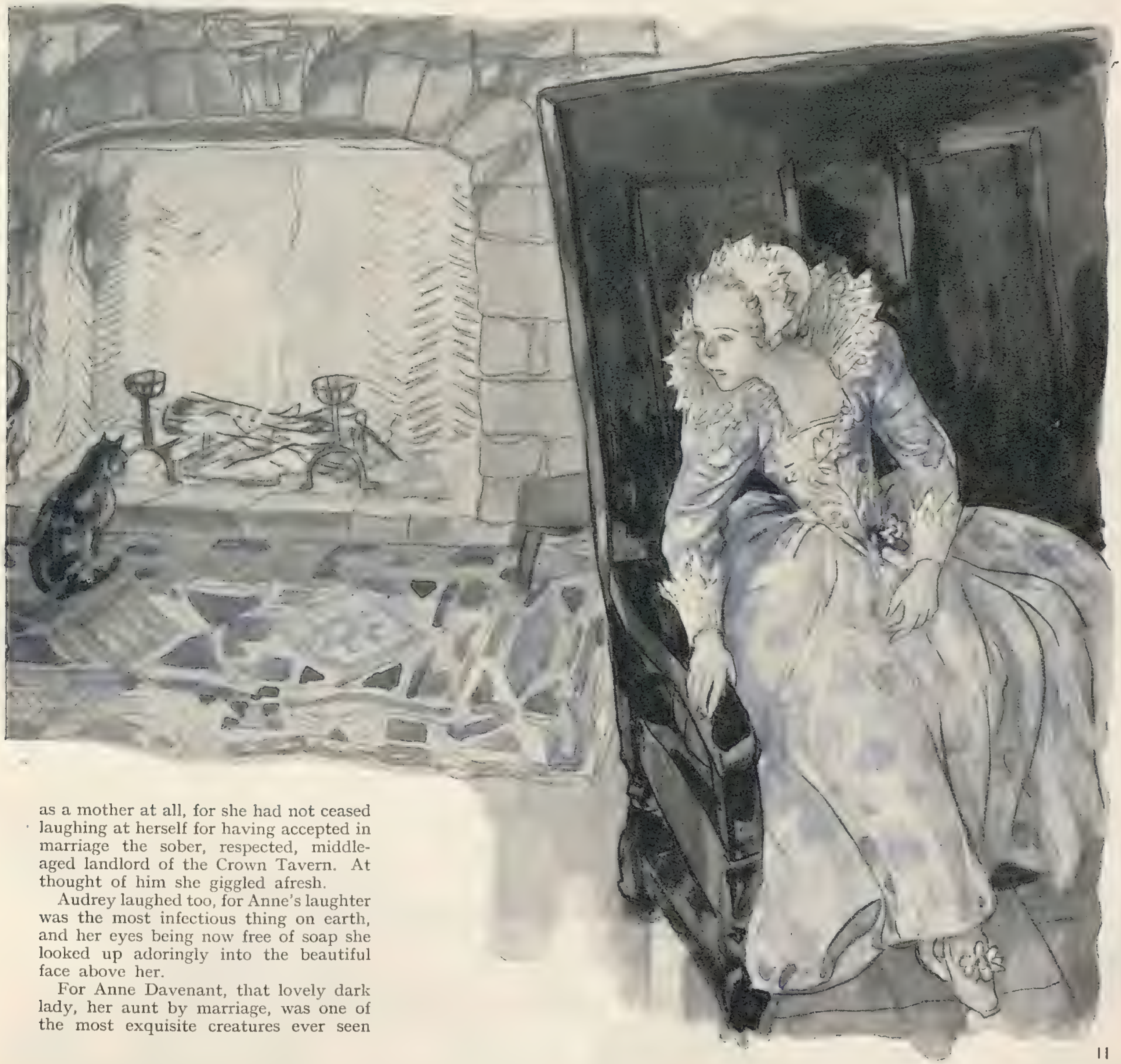
"You can tell them when you go home," she said, "what a good mother Aunt Anne was to you." And then she laughed again, for it was comic to think of herself as mother to this ugly duckling. Indeed it was comic to think of herself as a mother at all, for she had not ceased laughing at herself for having accepted in marriage the sober, respected, middle-aged landlord of the Crown Tavern. At thought of him she giggled afresh.

Audrey laughed too, for Anne's laughter was the most infectious thing on earth, and her eyes being now free of soap she looked up adoringly into the beautiful face above her.

For Anne Davenant, that lovely dark lady, her aunt by marriage, was one of the most exquisite creatures ever seen upon this earth. She was as beautiful as the city had been a moment ago, when the enchanter's wand turned it to a fiery opal. She was a glowing brunette with dark, sparkling eyes, and black hair with copper lights in it that curled most wickedly round her enchanting face. Her skin was a clear golden colour, flushed with pink like an apricot on a sunny wall, and her red lips were richly curved and deeply indented at the corners. She had dark winged eyebrows and long silky lashes that were like curling fans. She had a dimple in her chin, and though she was light and airy on her feet as thistledown she had at the same time a delicious robin-like plumpness. She was quick tempered, warm hearted, gay and witty, yet now and then thoughtful. She was a wild creature, but yet there were times when she could be most exquisitely gentle. She was made of fire and dew, cold snow and hot sunshine. She was all sorts of women rolled into one, one of those in whom every type and condition of man seems to find his ideal.

And why, the gossips were always asking, had this enchanting, intoxicating woman married the sober landlord of the Crown Tavern? It is always the way, the gossips would tell each other, a woman who can marry any man she pleases is sure to choose unexpectedly. She gets bewildered, poor soul, battered by the passion and the beseeching that hem her in on every side. In a sudden moment of weariness she will turn to the one who bothers her least. And then ten to one he turns out to be the wrong man after all.

But it hadn't been altogether that way with Anne. She had married John Davenant chiefly to get away from Bristol, and the Hotwells Tavern where old Sachfeilde, her father, worked her to death. And was cruel to her too; not physically cruel, of course, for he would have got as good as he gave if he had tried to beat her, but mentally cruel. For though he was her mother's husband he was only legally her father. She was the illegitimate child of no less a person than the Mayor of Bristol. Everyone knew that, and Sachfeilde knew that everyone knew it, and was chagrined, and took it out of Anne. She hadn't blamed him, of course, she thought she would have felt the same in (*Continued on page* 116)



"Will you dine with me

IT looked very much at one moment as though there would not be any Christmas parties this year, the real peace on earth, friends with the whole world sort. It looked as though we might be spending Christmas Day in an anti-air raid dug-out in the back garden, or scattered all over the world on His Majesty's Service.

But as this is not so, after all, I thought it would be fun to celebrate our eleventh-hour escape by giving a Christmas party, complete with crackers and a conjurer and musical chairs and Father Christmas's arrival through the bathroom window, straight from a parachute descent on the British Airways route from Sweden, the land where there is no national debt, no drunkenness, no slums, and no national longing to be anything else except neutral. If his arrival did not make the party atmosphere perfect, I should ensure absolute harmony by not asking any of my relations, except my mother, whom I do not count as one, but instead, I should choose my guests from my imagination, for a change. Have you ever played that game? "If I could ask anyone in the world to come and share my Christmas dinner with me, I would choose . . ."

Well, who? I have been sitting with a pencil and pad on my knee for half an hour, writing down names and crossing them out again. I had to keep the list to twenty. Barriers like the Atlantic Ocean or a profound ignorance of my existence, did not matter in the least. But I had to be practical in one respect. My flat, by no stretch of the imagination, could hold more than twenty people for a meal. And I was determined to have the party at home. When I see those advertisements about spending Christmas in an hotel, I always shudder. You can be gay enough in a restaurant on Boxing Night, but not on Christmas Day. I should feel self-conscious. I should feel as though I had not got a home and that there was something wrong with me in consequence.

ALL the same, I should have a famous restauranteur to do all the catering, and there I should have no doubts over the choice. Signor Quaglino has been a friend of mine for ten years. And our friendship was forged in a manner that put me under a debt of gratitude for the rest of my days.

I was twenty then and pretty poor. I had just published my second novel and you get a hundred pounds out of a second novel, if you are lucky. All the same, I was determined to give a party. I could afford ten pounds at a final pinch, and there were a hundred friends I wanted to ask. I went to Quag. and threw myself on his mercy. He sent waiters in knee breeches, food that in itself would have made any party, champagne cocktails and a special new cocktail which he invented for the occasion and poured over the book, in a christening ceremony, with his own hands.

Decoration by
Ray Toby

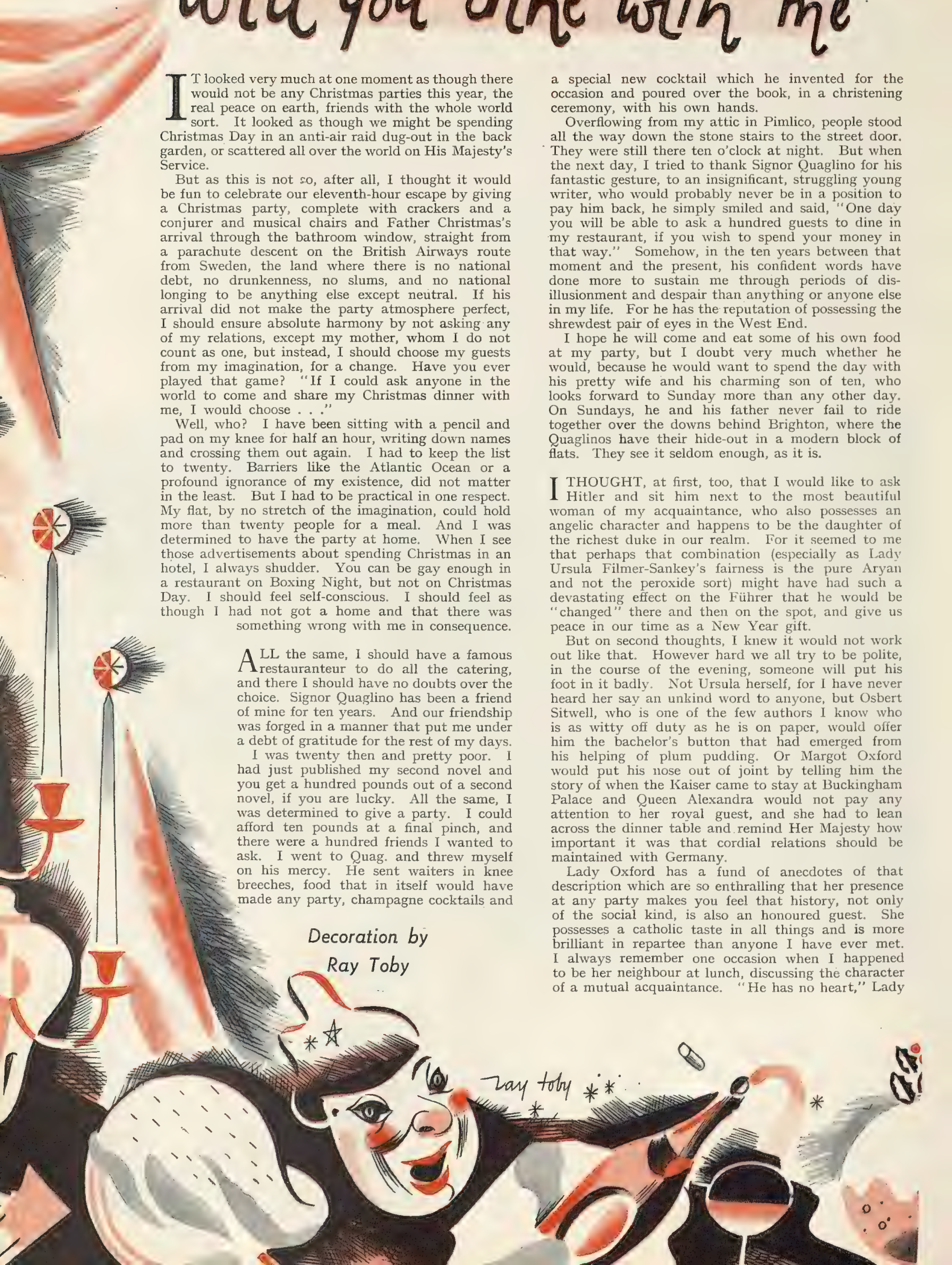
Overflowing from my attic in Pimlico, people stood all the way down the stone stairs to the street door. They were still there ten o'clock at night. But when the next day, I tried to thank Signor Quaglino for his fantastic gesture, to an insignificant, struggling young writer, who would probably never be in a position to pay him back, he simply smiled and said, "One day you will be able to ask a hundred guests to dine in my restaurant, if you wish to spend your money in that way." Somehow, in the ten years between that moment and the present, his confident words have done more to sustain me through periods of disillusionment and despair than anything or anyone else in my life. For he has the reputation of possessing the shrewdest pair of eyes in the West End.

I hope he will come and eat some of his own food at my party, but I doubt very much whether he would, because he would want to spend the day with his pretty wife and his charming son of ten, who looks forward to Sunday more than any other day. On Sundays, he and his father never fail to ride together over the downs behind Brighton, where the Quaglinos have their hide-out in a modern block of flats. They see it seldom enough, as it is.

I THOUGHT, at first, too, that I would like to ask Hitler and sit him next to the most beautiful woman of my acquaintance, who also possesses an angelic character and happens to be the daughter of the richest duke in our realm. For it seemed to me that perhaps that combination (especially as Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey's fairness is the pure Aryan and not the peroxide sort) might have had such a devastating effect on the Führer that he would be "changed" there and then on the spot, and give us peace in our time as a New Year gift.

But on second thoughts, I knew it would not work out like that. However hard we all try to be polite, in the course of the evening, someone will put his foot in it badly. Not Ursula herself, for I have never heard her say an unkind word to anyone, but Osbert Sitwell, who is one of the few authors I know who is as witty off duty as he is on paper, would offer him the bachelor's button that had emerged from his helping of plum pudding. Or Margot Oxford would put his nose out of joint by telling him the story of when the Kaiser came to stay at Buckingham Palace and Queen Alexandra would not pay any attention to her royal guest, and she had to lean across the dinner table and remind Her Majesty how important it was that cordial relations should be maintained with Germany.

Lady Oxford has a fund of anecdotes of that description which are so enthralling that her presence at any party makes you feel that history, not only of the social kind, is also an honoured guest. She possesses a catholic taste in all things and is more brilliant in repartee than anyone I have ever met. I always remember one occasion when I happened to be her neighbour at lunch, discussing the character of a mutual acquaintance. "He has no heart," Lady



on CHRISTMAS DAY ?"

Oxford affirmed. "But he is very kind," I protested. "He may be," was the instant retort, "but kindness is only the politeness of the heart, not its beat."

I SHOULD not put Lady Oxford next to myself at the table, because I should find it too exhausting to try to keep up with the passionate swiftness of her mind. I should give her Lord Beaverbrook on one side, who would be more than able to hold his own, and Charles Morgan on the other. They would be able to discuss the heroine of Mr. Morgan's magnificent play, *The Flashing Stream.* Karen is her name, and as to her character, well, in his preface to the published edition of the play, the author says:

"Karen is what women are when their love is valuable to men—neither cowardly, prudish nor promiscuously licentious. She says openly what has I think, not been said in the theatre for over a hundred years, and not by an honourable character since the Elizabethans—that she desires men; and by this she means not that she is indiscriminating or self-indulgent—for evidently she is neither—but that the experience of sex is, in her case, what Nature intended it to be and what in women who are not aversionists it is—a delight, and not an act of self-sacrifice.

Godfrey Winn

issues a mythical invitation to some interesting people

"She and her lover have this in common: they do not surround the experience of sex with reasonless taboos or regard it as guilty in itself because there is pleasure in it; they perceive, nevertheless, that, until promiscuity has robbed it of meaning, it expresses one of life's principal values, and so—because all values are inter-related—cannot be isolated or without consequence."

Do you agree with that? In a way, it is a shock to find Mr. Morgan holding such unusually broad-minded views. At first sight he would appear to be the complete ascetic. Indeed, he is such a figure of aloof omnipotence, that you even accept without surprise the fact that, on a first night in his role of dramatic critic of Auntie *Times*, he will sometimes choose to wear a black satin tie with his dinner jacket, instead of the more usual bow. I only wish I had his social courage. For it is a becoming innovation, and heaven knows, men's clothes, especially the uniform we wear at night, are badly in need of a few innovations.

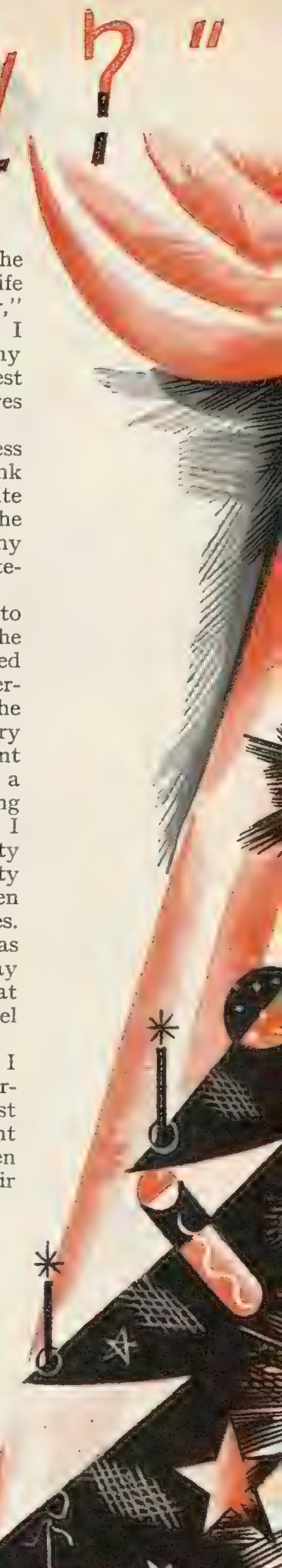
The trouble is that most of us are so frightened of being laughed at, and there are few of us with such an acutely developed sense of humour as possessed by Dame Marie Tempest, whom I would put on Mr. Morgan's other side. On one occasion, she was rehearsing a play with Ernest Thesiger as her leading man. As so often happens during rehearsals, people's nerves get frayed and an atmosphere of armed neutrality sets in, until one morning, when Dame Marie was playing her final love scene with Mr. Thesiger, she suddenly burst out laughing, and went on chuckling away, despite the remonstrances of her husband, the producer, from his seat in the shadowed stalls. "You know we produce in three days," he called out, with not surprising irritation. His wife advanced to the footlights. "I know, Willie dear," she replied, "and I am very sorry. But really, I cannot help myself. You do not know how funny his face is close to." As a matter of fact, Ernest Thesiger told me that story himself, which proves that he, at any rate, has a perfect sense of humour.

On my right at the party, I should put the Duchess of Windsor, on my left, Miss Margaret Lane. I think that Miss Lane herself would approve of her opposite number being there. She might not curtsy when the Windsors arrive, and I should not expect any of my women guests to do that except as a gesture of politeness to the man who was once their king.

I had no intention of going into the controversial history of the Abdication and the events that led up to it, but I shall never understand why it is not possible for the Windsors to return to this country and live peaceably in retirement at Fort Belvedere. No one is a greater admirer of our present King and Queen than myself, but I cannot believe that their popularity would be challenged or the stability of the country in any way shaken by the return of these two exiles. And this is not simply the Christmas spirit coming over me, but I have felt the same way for a long time, and I have a shrewd suspicion that millions of my fellow countrymen and women feel the same.

I have never met the Duchess of Windsor, and I have only met Miss Lane under rather peculiar circumstances. I had admired her work as a novelist and a journalist for a long time, and had often thought how typical she was of that new generation of women who do not allow good looks to be a handicap in their pursuit of economic independence and success in whatever career they may choose. But I had never spoken to her until I found myself sitting next to her at the murder trial of Mrs. Casserley's lover at the Old Bailey, a few months ago. Every day, through that week, we sat packed like sardines in the front row of the Press box. We both endured the agony of watching a man fight for his life. We both felt, as you do feel in that horribly intimate atmosphere of that extremely unhygienic court, that we were being drawn into the drama ourselves, until, when the moment came that the prosecuting counsel told the prisoner to speak up, and he complained that he

(*Continued on page* 124)

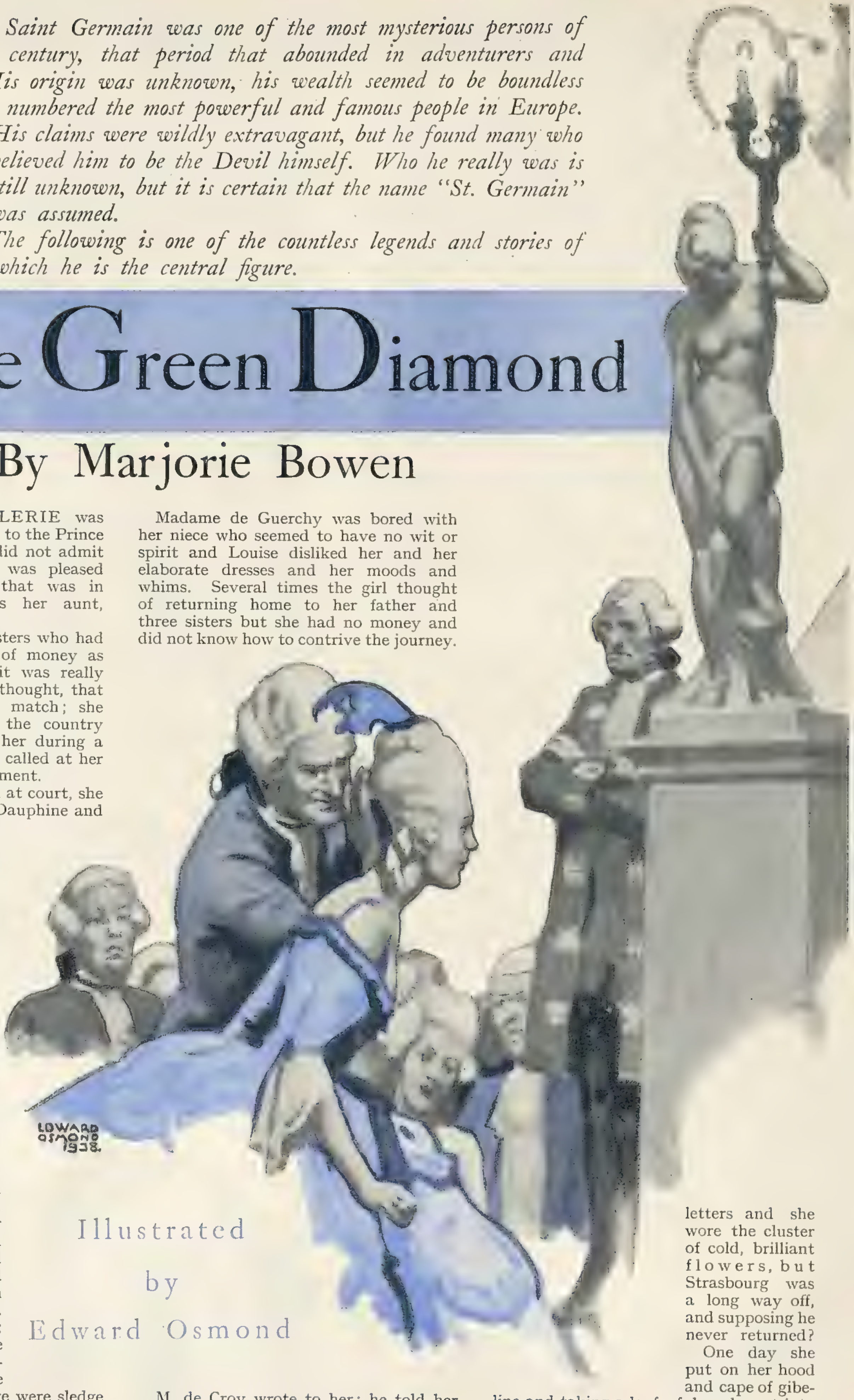


The Comte de Saint Germain was one of the most mysterious persons of the eighteenth century, that period that abounded in adventurers and charlatans. His origin was unknown, his wealth seemed to be boundless and his friends numbered the most powerful and famous people in Europe. His claims were wildly extravagant, but he found many who believed him to be the Devil himself. Who he really was is still unknown, but it is certain that the name "St. Germain" was assumed.

The following is one of the countless legends and stories of which he is the central figure.

The Apple Green Diamond

By Marjorie Bowen


EDWARD OSMOND 1938.

Illustrated by Edward Osmond

LOUISE LANGALLERIE was promised in marriage to the Prince de Croy and if she did not admit to loving him, she was pleased enough with the match that was in "every way suitable" as her aunt, Madame de Guerchy, said.

Louise was one of five sisters who had not so much in the way of money as they had in beauty and it was really very fortunate, her friends thought, that she had made so good a match; she had been brought up in the country and M. de Croy had seen her during a hunting party when he had called at her father's château for refreshment.

Madame de Guerchy lived at court, she was lady-in-waiting to the Dauphine and ignored her country relatives, but when she heard how lucky Louise was, she asked her for the pleasure of a visit and Louise came to the Palace of Versailles in the December of the year 1760. Her marriage was to take place in the following month and M. de Croy was with his regiment in the garrison at Strasbourg.

"You are very young," said Madame de Guerchy, with disapproval. "And who is to teach you all that you ought to know?"

Louise felt very lonely; she wished that she had not been brought up in the country; there were very few girls at court and the young married women seemed indeed much older than she was; she regretted M. de Croy, yet wondered if she really loved him and feared that he would soon tire of her rustic prettiness.

The winter was severe; the lakes in the park were frozen, the trees were outlined in crystals and the air full of snowflakes. There were sledge and skating parties but Louise was unused to such sports and kept away. M. de Croy had many relatives but they did not make much of Louise, for as they said: "Perhaps, after all, Hyacinthe will not marry this little nobody."

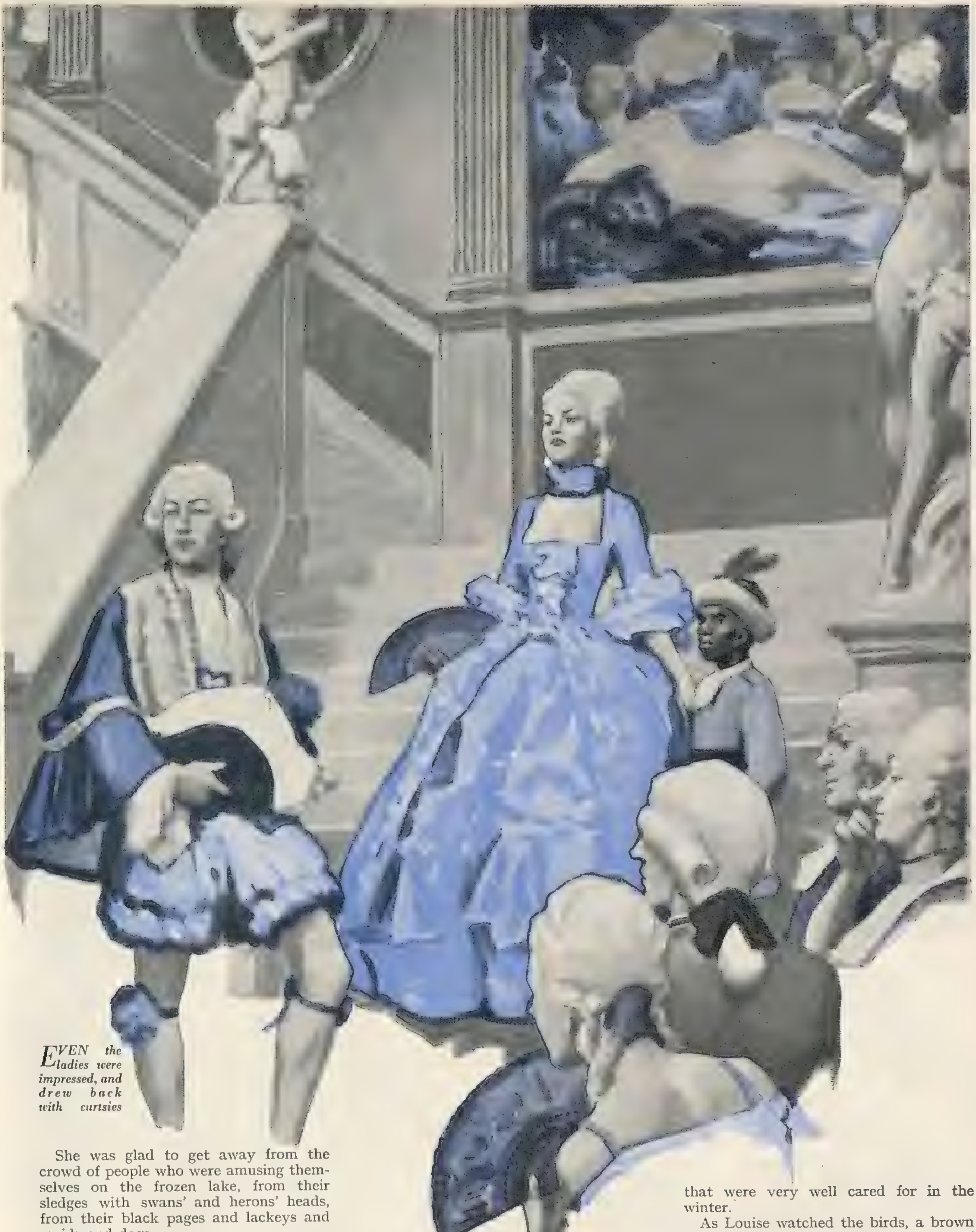
Madame de Guerchy was bored with her niece who seemed to have no wit or spirit and Louise disliked her and her elaborate dresses and her moods and whims. Several times the girl thought of returning home to her father and three sisters but she had no money and did not know how to contrive the journey.

M. de Croy wrote to her; he told her that he would return to Versailles for the Christmas festivals and he sent her a bouquet of precious stones to wear in her bodice and assured her that he loved her passionately.

Louise blushed when she received these letters and she wore the cluster of cold, brilliant flowers, but Strasbourg was a long way off, and supposing he never returned?

One day she put on her hood and cape of gibeline and taking a loaf of bread went into the park to feed the birds.

There were stiff, icy clouds overhead and a stretch of sky, clear like green water; the ground sparkled with frost that crunched beneath the furred boots that Louise wore.



EVEN the ladies were impressed, and drew back with curtsies

She was glad to get away from the crowd of people who were amusing themselves on the frozen lake, from their sledges with swans' and herons' heads, from their black pages and lackeys and maids and dogs.

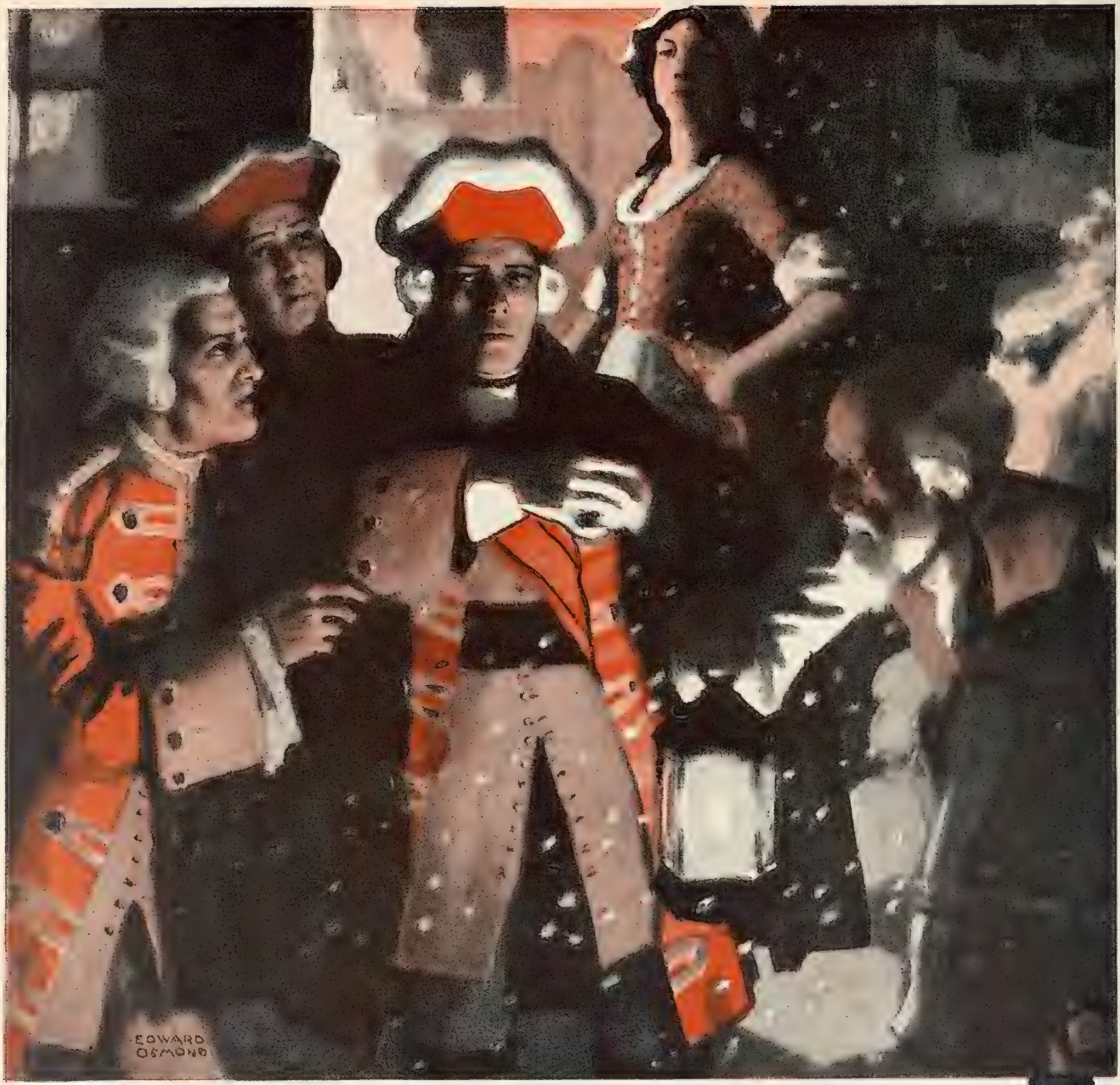
She hastened into the woods beyond the lawns; classic temples showed the whiteness of marble against the whiteness of the snow and a statue of Eros sparkled with icicles.

LOUISE paused under the bough of a vast oak tree and broke up her bread, scattering the crumbs far and wide. The birds set up a hungry twittering and fluttered to the ground; they were common sparrows about whom no one concerned themselves save Louise, though there were gorgeous birds in the royal aviary that were very well cared for in the winter.

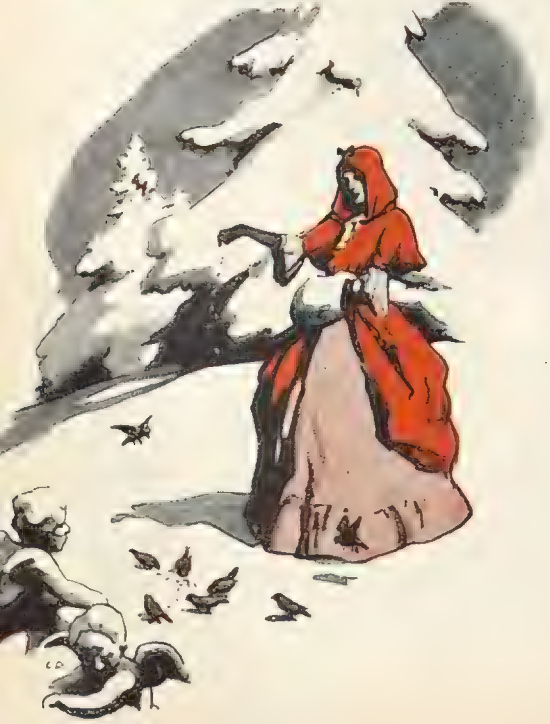
As Louise watched the birds, a brown monk approached her, he looked himself like a sparrow for he was drab and humble; his sandals made a track between the trees and his feet were blue and glazed with cold.

Louise made her reverence and suggested that the Franciscan should go into the house for warmth and food.

"There is no house here," he replied



ALL his people crowded about him, begging him not to trust himself to the crazy friar



with a tender look at the birds, "only a palace. And the people in the kitchens are prouder than the people in the state apartments."

Louise was sorry because she knew that was true; she had not before seen a monk at court or anyone who was poor; at home it had been different, there had always been a warm welcome for wandering friars, beggars and straying travellers.

"Are there no cottages, or huts?" she asked, "where one could get some coffee or soup, my father? For I am cold, too."

"There are only," said the monk, "empty temples to pagan gods, and statues to heartless deities."

The birds had eaten all the bread, but they lingered, chirping in the snow that they had criss-crossed with hundreds of little claw-prints; Louise considered and blushed.

"There is a woodcutter lives near the gates," she said at last. "He will be kind. Will you come with me there, father? I do not like to go to the palace either, for I am lonely and they laugh at me behind their fans."

So they went through the snowy wood and found the hut; the woodcutter gave them some vegetable soup and a piece of black bread.

The Franciscan had two little wooden crosses in his pouch; he gave one to the peasant and one to Louise Langallerie; then he gave them his blessing and went out through the little side gate that stood open while the great main gates were closed.

"My aunt will be angry with me," said Louise. "She will say that I am moping; I must return." So she gave the woodcutter a piece of money and slipped the friar's cross into her bodice behind the jewels of M. de Croy.

NO sooner had she stepped into the crisp, clear air than Louise noted a gentleman standing under one of the high, bare trees as if he was waiting for her; she was surprised and rather flattered, for, though she did not know his name, she had often seen him in attendance on the King and knew him to be a great gentleman.

"Ah, mademoiselle," said this personage smoothly. "I have long noticed you and rejoice at this opportunity of speaking to you."

"Indeed, monseigneur," said Louise with a curtsy. "You are very civil. I am only a country lady and feel rather lonely at court."

"So I have observed. I am the Comte St. Germain. You may have heard of me?"

She had, and not very favourably; she put up her mink muff to hide her flush of fear; he observed this and exclaimed with malice:

"I perceive that my fame has penetrated to the country even! Now what have you heard of me?"

"That you were a wonderful magician," stammered Louise. She was flattered at so great a personage noticing her, and made no demur when he fell into step beside her; she tried to remember at least some of the stories she had heard about him and glanced at him in some apprehension when she recalled that he was supposed to be a thousand years old and to have been present at the marriage feast at Cana and the Council of Trent.

The comte appeared to be no more than fifty years of age; had a dapper figure, a suave countenance, and several rubies of uncommon lustre in his ruffles.

"You must not believe," he remarked with condescension, "all the fables that you have heard of me—if it is true that I was not there when Nero watched Rome burning, it is equally true that I am a good deal older than I look, and that I know a good many precious secrets, even if I do not possess the elixir of life!"

Louise sighed; she felt excited and restless as if about to embark on some important adventure.

"I wish—I wish——" she stammered, and he took her up, gently:

"What do you wish? You are young, very pretty and about to be married to a rich young man."

Louise blushed at this praise and confessed:

"In truth, I feel dull. M. de Croy is too long away and I am not at all sure that I care for him very much. Here at court I feel a nobody and my aunt snubs me continually."

"Would you like me to show you a few marvels, such as the apple green diamond?" demanded the comte.

"An apple green diamond!"

"No less. The lustre is the shade of an unripe apple, with undertones of sea and acid green and it shoots out long rays. You know that I have the secret both of washing and fusing diamonds and this is composed of a dozen flawless stones."

Louise instantly longed to see this marvellous gem, but she began to be afraid to be in the company of this magician; the wood seemed very desolate, the wind blew very cold and the palace was very far away. She even thought with tenderness of M. de Croy and faltered:

"Indeed, I must return. I came only to feed the birds."

"Perhaps you disbelieve me?" exclaimed M. St. Germain, with an air of offence. "Wait, I will show you an example of my power." He raised his hand and Louise beheld a chapel before them, standing bleakly amid bare trees.

M. St. Germain drew her towards it and the door flew open at their approach; they entered and found themselves in the presence of death.

THE chapel was hung with black velvet, stamped with armorial bearings in silver; in the centre of the white marble floor was a catafalque which was reached by steps covered in black velvet. At each corner stood a candelabrum, pyramid-shaped, of silver gilt, with seven branches, each bearing an immense white candle of pure wax.

At the head and at the foot of the catafalque burned other candelabra, each bearing eight immense candles.

By this light it was possible to see very clearly the coffin, covered with black velvet, and studded with gold nails, that rested on the bier; this was filled with black velvet cushions on which rested the body of a beautiful woman, wrapped in a winding sheet of crimson velvet, adorned with gold fringe, lace and pearls.

Round her head, which was uncovered, was a gold band to which was attached an agraffe of diamonds encircling a portrait.

Gentlemen-in-waiting, maids-of-honour, and pages stood in attitudes of grief, like so many statues, and a quivering vapour seemed to be over the whole scene so that it shimmered as if reflected in lightly-stirred water.

"Why do you show this to me?" exclaimed Louise shrinking back.

"It is your lover's first wife," said the comte. "Go closer and perceive that it is his portrait she is to be buried with; his heart is in her grave, and he only desires to marry you in order to continue his line."

The magician snapped his fingers and the scene vanished as Louise burst into tears.

"Now, perhaps," smiled her companion, "you will forget this man who never cared for you, and pay me a visit in the apartments that His Majesty has given me for my experiments?"

"No," sobbed Louise, struggling against the spell he was putting on her. "No."

"But I can show you the green diamond."

But Louise broke away from him and ran back to the palace. Breathless and crying she broke into her aunt's apartment and told her of her encounter with M. St. Germain.

Madame de Guerchy paled a little, but said coolly:

"You knew that M. de Croy had been married before!"

"I never thought about it! And never guessed he loved her only!"

"Bah! You are a sentimental fool! But avoid M. St. Germain." She added, uneasily, "He is very dangerous."

"Who is he?" asked Louise.

"No one knows. He appeared suddenly at court about three years ago. He has been all over the world—and to other places as well, I fear. He has many names and is an adept in many secret sciences; he speaks many

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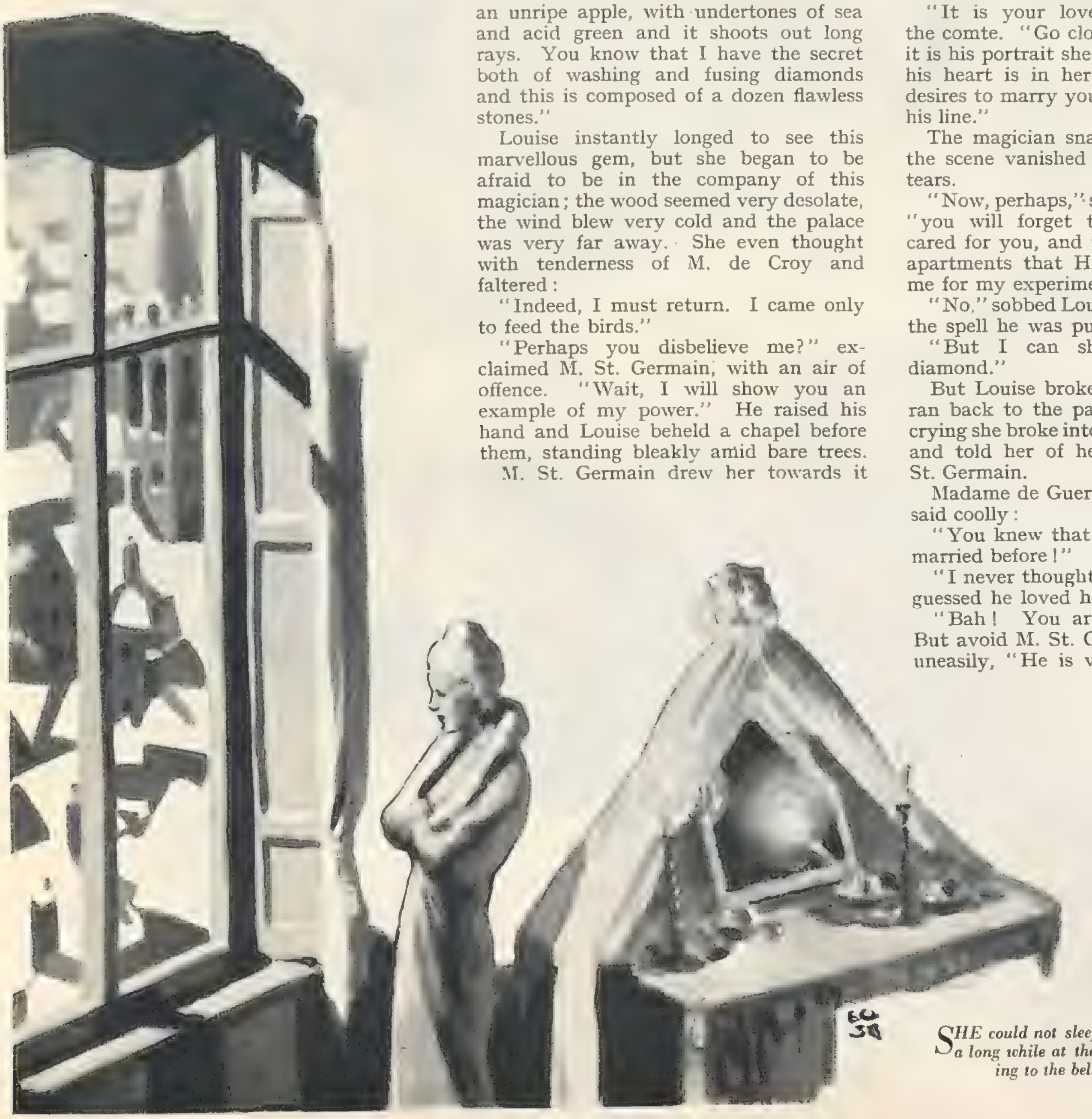


SHE could not sleep, but stood for a long while at the window listening to the bellringers

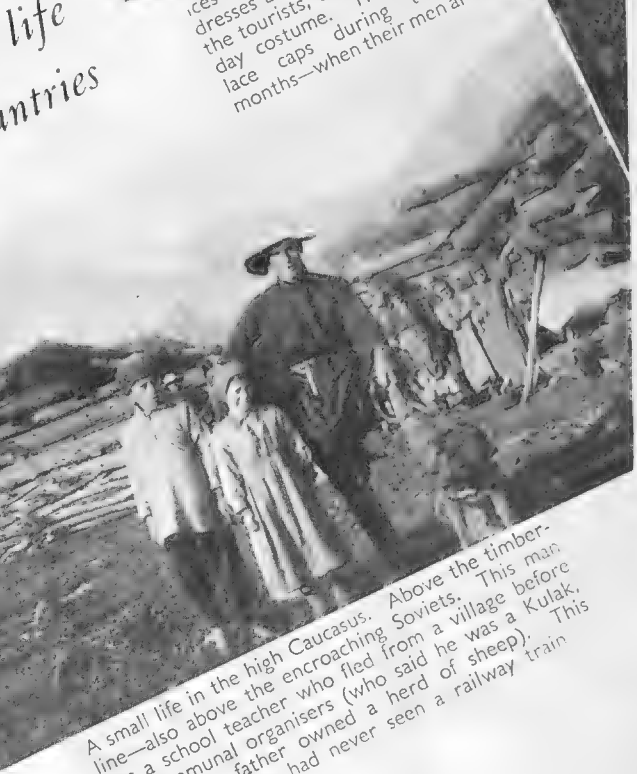
Small Lives

Negley Farson, *World-wide traveller and famous newspaper correspondent, draws dramatic pen pictures of the life lived by the little people in many countries*

HE owned a ship called the *Mary Immaculate*. An Irish nobby. We were trawling in Bantry Bay; and all the way out to the grounds, Old Devine, the oldest hand, was down in the cabin, down on his knees, praying and counting his rosary beads I knew why later, when I saw old Devine (he was sixty-eight) swinging on the end of a rope, trying to haul in the trawl against the divergent "otter"-boards. For if ever I saw agony, hopeless and unescapable, it was in that old Irish fisherman's unshaven face. Then another nobby slowly passed us. Her sails were patched like a tramp's trousers; they were drawing full, but she was hardly moving due to the drag of a deep trawl. Old O'Flaherty, who owned the *Mary Immaculate*, after he had got good and soaked by rain, put on his yellow oilskins. He had been too busy before; and when I pointed out that he was merely keeping the wet inside his slicker now, he muttered: "Doesn't make any difference, I've got rheumatism anyway."

An Irish "nobby" captain. The weather has not yet been invented that can stop these men going out—although the big trawlers are making their lives more irksome and less profitable every year. Nothing but a conscious, government protected, return to the *small* coast-fisherman's civilisation can save these independent men. They are a fine, philosophic type

Breton fisher girls, buying some ices on a fête day. These headdresses are not for the benefit of the tourists, they are their everyday costume. They make these lace caps during the winter months—when their men are at sea



A small life in the high Caucasus. Above the timber-line—also above the encroaching Soviets. This man was a school teacher who fled from a village before the communal organisers (who said he was a Kulak because his father owned a herd of sheep). This educated man had never seen a railway train

Bavarian farm-house—in the same family for 500 years. "The House of the Wolf," just under the shadow of the Zugspitz in southern Bavaria. One of the highest types of small, independent farmers in Europe—or in the world

That night, after we had sold the day's catch for £2 10s. 0d., and I was going to bed in O'Flaherty's house in Dingle, I made up my mind that I'd at last seen about all I wanted of the small fisherman's life. It was a miserable existence, not worth the living. Personally, I would prefer to trawl from the boat-deck rail of the *Olympic*. Old O'Flaherty had absent-mindedly eaten his dinner and gone to bed, because, he said, his body was hurting him. But as Mrs. O'Flaherty dried her husband's wet leather boots by the peat fire (for we were going out again before daybreak the next morning) she began to talk about what a fine life they'd had, and what a fine town Dingle had been, when she, old Tom, and the *Mary Immaculate* had all been young:

"'Twas before the days of them divvils, the big steam trawlers——" she said.

And once again I listened to the lament of the survivors of a vanishing small life, and all the civilisation that went with it.

Peasants cutting grain in Slovenia. In this ex-Austrian country the small farmers have reached a very high stage of Alpine civilisation. They make most of the essential things they use themselves

Where the small life has not changed much—before the Soviets—in the last 2,000 years. Shepherds of the Caucasus. Turco-Tartars, tribesmen with whom the author lived for weeks

THIS is a practical article. I'm not going to sentimentalise about the London office worker who daily catches the same morning train to town, although there's a lot to be said for that often enviable life where the day's details assume tremendous importance, and therefore give interest, such as mowing the lawn. I know half a dozen famous foreign newspaper correspondents who would give their eyes to stop *watching* life, and *live* it for a change. One of them, Webb Miller, European manager of the United Press, has recently written a book entitled *I Found No Peace!* which shows what he thinks of things. And he was walking around Abyssinia, between Italian bombs, with a copy of Thoreau's *Walden* in his pocket. He gets so satiated with sensations, sometimes, that he disappears into the country and walks for days, all by himself, sitting against hedgerows or sprawled on his back in open fields, trying to wrench his mind back from the dazzle of world events to some of the realities of a normal life. I'm country-bred myself, but when I was made to see that I couldn't remain out in the woods and fish and shoot, or paddle a canoe for a living, I resolved to get the best that a city could offer. The foyer of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York was my dream; to have enough money to eat in that splendid hostelry whenever I felt like it. Then, for eight solid months I lived in the most glittering hotel of all of them; the Astoria, in Petrograd, scintillating with the staff officers of all the Allies and the most glamorous cocottes from Poland. I got so fed up with the sham of it all that I deliberately took an unnecessary trip up to Archangel, where I lived in a little log-walled building called a hotel, the Gastinitza Bar, which had only nine rooms, and whose guests had to toss birch logs into the china fireplace all day to keep from freezing under the glistening snow of the vast, barren tundra along the Arctic Circle. In that comparative solitude my sanity, badly jaded, regained its normal health; and I can still remember the peace and contentment of those small days.

FOREIGN newspaper correspondents have a right to philosophise, and feel interested in the small life, because our work takes us to them. We see many of them being (*Continued on page* 92)

Breton sardine fishers—giving a final salt wash to their catch before selling them to the packers on shore. These Breton sardines are eaten all over the world. In these ports you can buy some two dozen—fresh—for about twopence—and have them grilled. Then you get the true, pungent taste of the real sardine—it is not just a small fish

By C. Patrick Thompson

Christmas *in a* Fur

IN the cold twilight of this cave under the steel and concrete palace I saw reindeer drawing a sled piled high with packages, roped on. There were six reindeer harnessed in couples, and the driver wore a red robe with fur showing at the hood edges, and his white beard blew sideways in the wind, and I felt the chill of snow on my face.

"A good idea, don't you think?"

I blinked, and the mind-picture of Santa Clause in full career winked out like an electric bulb gone dead. I was back with the shrewd man of commerce in his treasure house festooned with the pelts of the snow folk—thousands upon thousands of them, hung in the silence of the refrigerated vault. There were skins there which held a whole saga of the northlands where Nature clothes her wild children in warm, soft fur, and charges them nothing for the favour—except the risk of being hunted by *homo sapiens*, whose female, bare-skinned, prizes fine fur as a luxury excelled only by rare jewels.

I had not been thinking of Santa Claus when I descended with the master of the fur vault to inspect his hoard—a hoard he expects to exchange into half a million pounds' worth of money at best before the first crocus blooms in a London park, or at worst before the last Indian trapper packs his moose-hide tent, collects his wife and the papooses, harnesses up his dogs, and starts on his two thousand mile journey home from the hunting grounds of the far north.

IT was an idea of the fur man's which evoked the fleeting picture. He drew my attention to a pile of silk (rayon to you) stockings lying on a bench in an aisle between the row of furs. They looked fit for a foot of the god's giantess. But the fur lord explained that they were specially made to take a fox fur full length.

Having bought a stock of silver fox furs, to sell retail at prices ranging from four to ten guineas, they had this bright idea of stimulating sales through a direct appeal to the Santa Claus spirit. They expected many fathers, husbands, fiancés, and "the man friend" to be intrigued by the idea of buying the lady a fox fur as a Christmas gift. It is good psychology. The argument is that most males outside the husband category are shy about making a gift of fur, as a fur, in a box—even if the idea occurs to them. But if offered cased in a stocking, which can be hung on the bed rail, or wherever the girl does hang her stockings overnight (if anywhere), by a bribed maid, or delivered as from Santa Claus by a messenger on Christmas Eve or Christmas morning, they think it should break down sales resistance in the male mind, and decide him on the fox fur instead of one or other of the thousand and one gifts, from a bedside clock to a silver cucumber holder, which men buy for women at Christmas-time, in the hope of pleasing them.

For me, this filled in detail in the larger picture forming of Christmas 1938 falling at the height of a fur storm. The storm is already on. You may or may not have noticed it. Actually, it began to blow up in the summer. I should put it at half gale force by the time the autumn fashion *defiles* got under way in Paris. There, I first became aware of it.

I HAD gone to Nuremburg to hear Hitler's speech, and, returning via Paris, a young woman friend

Comes—
Storm

commanded my post-luncheon services as escort to a famous fashion salon in the rue de la Paix. After Nuremburg, the command, and the occasion, were as welcome as baby lamb after a steady diet of bear steak. Although we were still nearly three weeks off gas mask-fitting time, a certain tension was apparent, even in the Ritz and the rue de la Paix. After sitting through half an hour of the dress show, however, I was moved to murmur to my companion that it looked to me as if the fashion lords had got this thing wrong. It was the Germans the French were likely to find themselves fighting, whereas the fashion lord seemed to have gone to Napoleon's Russian campaign for his inspiration. All the mannequins were sprouting fur.

She muttered in reply : "But fur's in fashion." She did not add "you fool." Some women can say so many words in a voice tone.

I became interested.

Fur is fur. A fit subject for the male. Hunting and fighting men have always bent a keen mind and eye to animal skins. Even in fur trading you seldom find a female, except as a subordinate or appendage. It is one of the signs of our effete times, indeed, that women have practically monopolised furs—and that in spite of Catherine de Medici's celebrated exhortation to "leave furs to those old foxes, the men !"

In the good old days men wore furs as much for ornament as to keep warm. King John had his cloak lined with sables, but when he ordered a robe for Isabella, all she got on it was "nine bars of grey fur." Cedric the Saxon went in heavily for miniver, and Richard Coeur de Lion had a weakness for both ermine and sable. Henry VIII showered furs on his ladies as a modern millionaire showers jewels and orchids on his cabaret dancer pets, but he was as lavishly fur-trimmed as the most luxurious of them.

There are so many angles to fur. One recognises, for instance, as among the commonplaces of our complex existence, the demand for and exhibition of fur coats, neck pieces, capes, gloves, collars, and what not. But there is a fashion side of fur which is a whole esoteric study in itself. Any merchant who has had the misfortune to buy a score of latest fashion made-up fur coats and capes in 1937, and finds himself left over with them in 1938 or 1939, knows what I mean. But hearken to the fashion lords speaking in their own rococo language (fur, like wine, music and painting, has its own peculiar lingo).

One is proud of a new dropped armhole, another announces a modified dolman sleeve, a third has devised a wide mandarin sleeve, a fourth offers "a natural shoulder line as against the exaggerated effect of last year" (whereupon you may safely assume that next year we shall revert to "exaggerated effects" again, as against the "now *démodé* natural shoulder line of last year"). One also notes that below-the-knees length, while it may be warm, is not really *smart* for a fur coat this season. To be smart, your fur must now stop short above the knee, showing a fringe of brief skirt.

In Paris, London and New York, women are being exhorted to buy shorter, squarer, bulkier furs because, as one fashion lord puts it, "they make you look incredibly fragile and tiny." This ought (*Continued on page* 139)

A mink fur cape

An exquisite evening coat of Russian ermine

Top right : A three - quarter length coat of blue fox fur. The hat is also trimmed with fur

Another cape in luxurious blue fox. Very popular at present

HOLLYWOOD Presents: The Cinderella Corps, in a new and entertaining performance. Never before, in the twelve years I have known Hollywood, has there been such a line-up of intriguing new personalities, so many unknown personalities worth watching, so many girls and boys about to make good in no uncertain way.

Here are some names worth noting. Arleen Whelan, Richard Greene, Marjorie Weaver, Francine Bordeaux, Alan Curtis, Florence Rice, Ellen Drew, Wayne Morris, Marie Wilson, Joan Davis, Dennis O'Keefe, Louise Campbell, Mickey Rooney and Andrea Leeds all belong to the list. Some have been before the public longer than the others. But it is only recently they have become top-line performers on the silver screen.

Investigating the whys and wherefores of the arrival of all these newcomers in the studios, a surprising crop of Cinderella stories comes to light. From behind the counters of shops, from the ranks of waitresses, from the obscurity of a touring stage company in the English provinces, from small-time in American vaudeville—from backgrounds such as these have some lucky young girls and boys stepped forward to become famous.

Marie Wilson, a Californian farmer's daughter. At the age of sixteen she took herself off to Hollywood, to see and to conquer. Is twenty-one now. Played Susie in *Boy Meets Girl*

Ellen Drew, with Ronald Colman, in a scene from *If I Were King* in which she plays the important role of Hugette. Ellen Drew was discovered by William Demarest when she was working in a Hollywood confectionery shop

THE history of Arleen Whelan, for instance, might make a good short story, or even a full-length novel—and probably will. A year ago she was earning eighteen dollars a week—and that adds up to £3 12s. 0d. in hard sterling—as a manicurist in a barber's shop on Hollywood Boulevard. To-day she is a star, and if it had been possible for David Selznick to buy her contract from Twentieth Century-Fox, she would play Scarlett O'Hara, in *Gone With The Wind*. She may play it yet, if somebody deals the right cards in the right way.

Darryl Zanuck, the astute magnate who holds Arleen's contract, announced that he would wait two years, if necessary, for the right type of part to introduce his Cinderella-Girl to the film public. Luckily he did not have to wait anything like as long as two years. Along came a film—*Kidnapped*—and Arleen put on screen make-up for the first time. Now she has appeared in *Gateway*, with Don Ameche, and is in *Jesse James*, with Tyrone Power, starring before the end of her first year on the screen.

Cinderella

For Arleen seems to have exactly what it takes. To look at, she is astonishingly like Janet Gaynor. The same wide-set pansy-like eyes; the same cloud of glorious natural red hair; a very sweet expression, and a schoolgirl manner. It was in May, 1937, that Arleen sat demurely at her manicure table in Pat Regan's barber shop on Hollywood Boulevard. In came Director Bruce ("Lucky") Humberstone. He asked for a hair-cut; and in a few minutes a soft voice was inquiring if he would care for a manicure, as well.

He looked up, to behold a girl in a white overall, that

Alan Curtis, one time model for poster artists and commercial photographers, jumped right into fame with an outstanding performance in *Mannequin*

Louise Campbell tried for three years to crash into the movie game, without success. Is now due for a lot of popularity. Played in *Bulldog Drummond* pictures and *Wild Money*

Arleen Whelan a few months ago a manicurist on Hollywood Boulevard, is to-day a star. Played in *Kidnapped*, *Gateway*, with Don Ameche, and is in *Jesse James*, with Tyrone Power

Boys *and* Girls *of* Screenland

Newcomers who are Making Good To-day

By Margaret Chute

Majorie Weaver, sparkling young star of the screen, with Warner Baxter in a scene from *I'll Give a Million*. Although declared by a dramatic coach to possess the least acting aptitude of any member of his class, is now on the road to stardom

Richard Greene, a young English actor who has made a sensational success in Hollywood, where he has become a star after his first film

Left: Joan Davis, who has been on the stage almost the whole of her life, is the new comedienne of the screen. You will see her in Shirley Temple's latest offering, *Lucky Penny*

set off her amazing red hair, creamy skin, and huge deep blue eyes in a very startling way. Mr. Humberstone has not been nicknamed "Lucky" for nothing. He knows film work inside out, and can spot the kind of personality that will register with a camera, in the most uncanny way. Arleen Whelan was busy giving him a good manicure when she heard him say, "Ever had a screen test? Would you like one?" She laughed, politely; She had been manicuring just over two weeks, and knew that her male customers were often inclined to joke in that way.

Frankly, she did not believe Mr. Humberstone when he left the barber's shop promising to arrange a film test for her. He had to come back, accompanied by a cameraman, before she realised he was not one of the customers who liked to have their little jokes. So the test was made, and when it was run off the verdict came quickly: "Give her a try-out contract, and let's see what comes of it."

So she was handed over to Florence Enright, who is head of the laboratory theatre at Twentieth Century - Fox. Her speciality is handing out the kind of capsules that engender Charm. In the case of Arleen Whelan she had to deal with a girl who was literally terrified, living with the constant fear that everything she did and said was wrong. The first time she was told to walk across a room, in a lesson for carriage and grace, she burst into tears. Because she had always walked with her toes turned in, and was sure nothing would ever cure her of that shocking habit.

But Florence Enright did. She cured Arleen, too, of plastering her young face with slabs of make-up, and sticking her eyelashes together with so much mascara that it looked like glue—just to out-Garbo Garbo at the eyelash game, if possible. Arleen had to learn to say "Tuesday" instead of "Toosday"; and had to get five pounds off her hips which showed a slight tendency to bulge. A year ago her voice was

(*Continued on page* 150)

ONE WEEK of HISTORY

A dramatic record of those momentous seven days when the threat of War cast its dark shadow over Europe

DECEMBER joys! Think of them. No matter how foggy, biting, bleak and leaden grey the days may be, there is a curious thrill of expectation, a ceaseless lilt, a lyric underneath this veering of our earth towards her darkest days.

It is the song of Christmas, the never-ending song of Christmas.

It sends us about old preparations thinking up surprises for the young, ways to project greater happiness among the elder ones, new dishes for banquets. It is such a song of joy and expectation.

FAMILY dinner on Christmas Day marks the height of festivity: the very peak is reached when the plum pudding is brought in under darting tongues of flaming brandy.

Christmas Day this year is on a Sunday.

Sunday, 25th of December

How many at the moment when the Christmas pudding is brought in to songs of cheer, will think back to that same moment at lunch on **Sunday, 25th of September** when the Sabbath quiet of London's streets and squares was shattered by the raucous voice of loudspeakers summoning citizens to be fitted for their gas masks.

That was a song which forecast the depths of foreboding.

A BIRTHDAY lunch was proceeding in Grosvenor Square. The party had determined to forget the international situation, when their bubbling amiability was suddenly silenced by this interruption from loudspeakers on a motor car:

"*CITIZENS OF WESTMINSTER, go at once and be fitted for your gas masks.*"

Windows shot up at intervals round Grosvenor Square, heads popped out. The loudspeaker car was circling slowly round. "*YOU HEAR US, do not sit down. Your nearest fitting centre is at the chemist's at the north end of South Audley Street. They are waiting for you. THE MATTER IS URGENT. GO NOW!*"

Heads looked up. Above was a soft blue sky with softer clouds, serene. The square was drenched with sunshine, pale gold, not a leaf fluttered on the trees, all was breathlessly still in the dazed tranquillity of September.

"CITIZENS OF WESTMINSTER. GO——"

"Oh, shut the window," cried the host. "It's such an ugly sound. We'll have our lunch and then see what is is."

"WITHOUT DELAY . . . GO NOW," insisted the loudspeakers.

Minds reverted to the last News Bulletin broadcast at one o'clock. It had announced the Czech mobilisation, *and more*, for the Czech Government had added: "The Great Powers (France and England) have themselves made certain preparations towards mobilisation."

"It's the one who strikes a surprise blow who will have the advantage," cried one of the guests. "Do you think an air raid is on its way now?"

"No—no," said the host. "This is some stunt. There won't be war. It'll all blow over. Let's finish lunch."

Talk had already drifted to the air raids of 1914–1918. "And she spent every night for three years in the Tube with her jewel case. So silly. It killed her."

". . . I brought the old man into my house, and he said: 'But *why* are you so frightened. Let's climb to the top of the stairs and look out of a maid's

HERR HITLER. Here was a man unperturbed by the horrors of war

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN: "You know I am going to work for peace until the last moment"

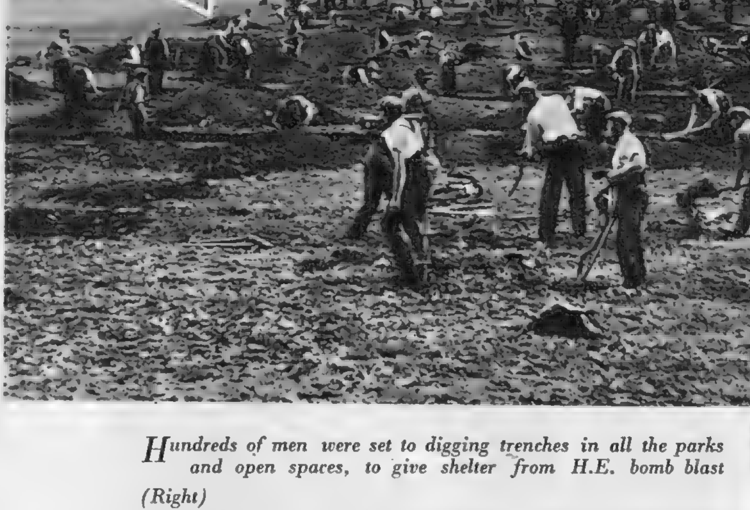
M. DALADIER who represented France at Munich in the cause for peace

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI who interceded with Herr Hitler in the recent crisis

City of Westminster
AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS
GAS MASK FITTING CENTRE
for all persons (men, women and children) residing in the City of Westminster, except children under 5 years of age for whom other arrangements are being made.
WAY IN

By loud-speakers from motor-cars and posters in the street citizens were urged to get fitted for gas-masks

As fast as gas-masks could be assembled they were issued to the public. This child could not have one as the smallest size made was too large for her



Hundreds of men were set to digging trenches in all the parks and open spaces, to give shelter from H.E. bomb blast

(Right)

Sandwichmen were used to parade the streets, warning people about air raid precautions

City of Westminster
AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS
FITTING GAS MASKS
METROPOLITAN
City of Westminster
AIR RAID PRECAUTIONS
FITTING GAS MASKS

bedroom.' And we did. The moon was coming out of the clouds. 'Look! Look!' he said. And *there* was the Zeppelin, like a ghostly cigar."

"CITIZENS OF BROOK STREET . . ." the loud-speakers were returning.

"Oh, let 's go and fit the damn things, or we shan't have any peace! It 's only a few hundred yards away. Then we can come back and enjoy ourselves," was the verdict.

But no one came back. It was only the citizens of that particular district who could be fitted at the chemist's in South Audley Street. Others in the party were advised to go home immediately and repair to their own particular centres. By now a vague uneasiness had possessed each and every one. No one knew what were the terms of the Godesberg demands. But everyone was aware that when Mr. Chamberlain had flown to Berchtesgaden ten days before, the German Chancellor had demanded the immediate cession of Sudetenland. Anglo-French pressure on Czechoslovakia had secured this cession, and Mr. Chamberlain had flown back to Herr Hitler (at Godesberg this time) with his demands, as it were, on a platter. Then, Herr Hitler had raised his terms. This had led to a breakdown in the conversations. Mr. Chamberlain had flown back.

Was Hitler determined to have war, then?

He had insulted Dr. Benes, the Czech President, in a fashion that repelled every sane-thinking man and woman. The Czech nation had made great sacrifices; they were brave; we could not very well leave them to face the music alone. Was England going to war? But even as the mind formulated the question, the prospect was so incredible it could not be taken in.

Meanwhile, at Kensington and Paddington, A.R.P. authorities had been calling from house to house. At Chelsea there had been motors with loud-speakers; also at Hammersmith; at Battersea the call from house to house.

(*Continued on page 26*)

(Centre)
The recruiting sergeant was never so busy. Some of the thousands who joined the Army to defend their country

The London County Council made arrangements to send all the school children out to the country, far away from the danger zones. The children seemed to think they were going for a holiday and were perfectly calm

Private schools also arranged to change their address, and the pupils were transported to the Western towns and villages

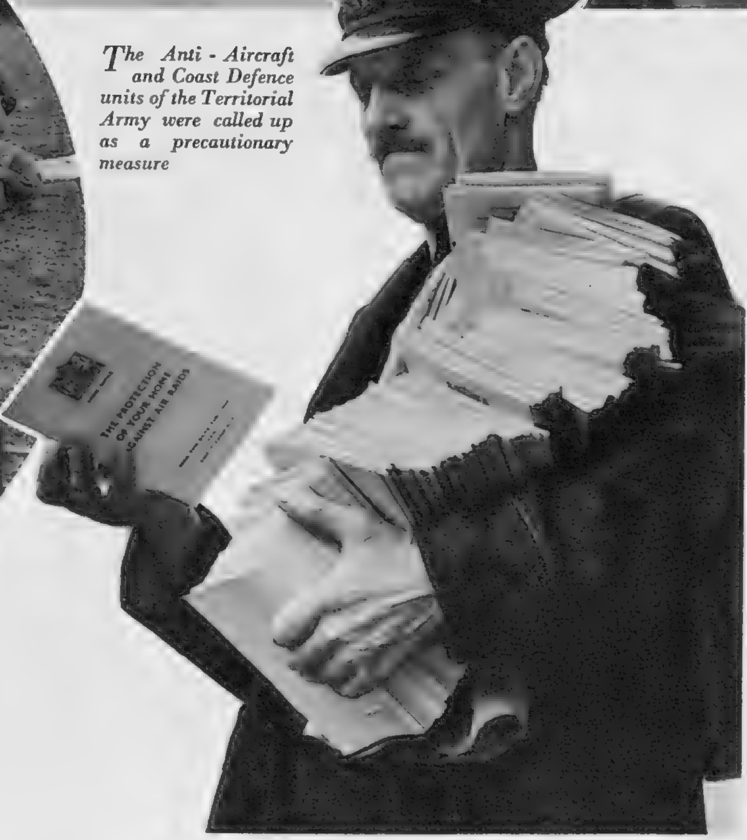
Families who were in a position to do so, took houses and lodgings in the country, and the London main line stations were crowded with intending passengers

Millions of sandbags were filled and used as protection from bombs. The boys at Eton College put away their books and prepared to protect their school

In Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens lorry-loads of workmen were being set down. They stood in squads. Presently a long line of lorries laden with timber halted in sequence before them. The workmen set to hauling off the timber. Sightseers crowded round. What was this ?

Families pressed down the streets in little groups to gas-mask-fitting centres. At one the approach was by a steep and non-stop flight of fifty stairs, which was thronged like Jacob's Ladder to Heaven. Two whole steps were taken up by a stout, didactic lady with three Pekingese dogs on branching leads. She caused embarrassment to those

The Anti - Aircraft and Coast Defence units of the Territorial Army were called up as a precautionary measure



THE PROTECTION OF YOUR HOME AGAINST AIR RAIDS

Searchlights were set up in the parks and other points of vantage, and (right) the postmen delivered millions of copies of a special A.R.P. handbook, issued by the Home Office to all householders

who were going up and coming down. " I can't help it," she kept repeating. " The doggies *must* be fitted."

Inside the gas-mask fitting-room, all was prompt and cool efficiency. " Make a cross with strips of cellophane paper, just a foot square, in the centres of your windows," the warden was advising every householder. " But only *if* and when you 're notified to collect your gas-masks. It prevents the windows from falling in as a result of percussion from H.E."

" What 's ' H.E.' ? "

" High Explosive." Really, from the familiar tone, H.E. might be expected as an everyday occurrence. Parents' attention was distracted by the struggles of their children under gas-masks. " We 're choking—choking ! " they all cried, once they were out of them., It then flashed, clear as lightning, on every parent that their first move was to get the children out of town.

FAMILIES went home to plan. But in every home the telephone rang incessantly. " B's husband was a Special Constable. He 'd been out all day."

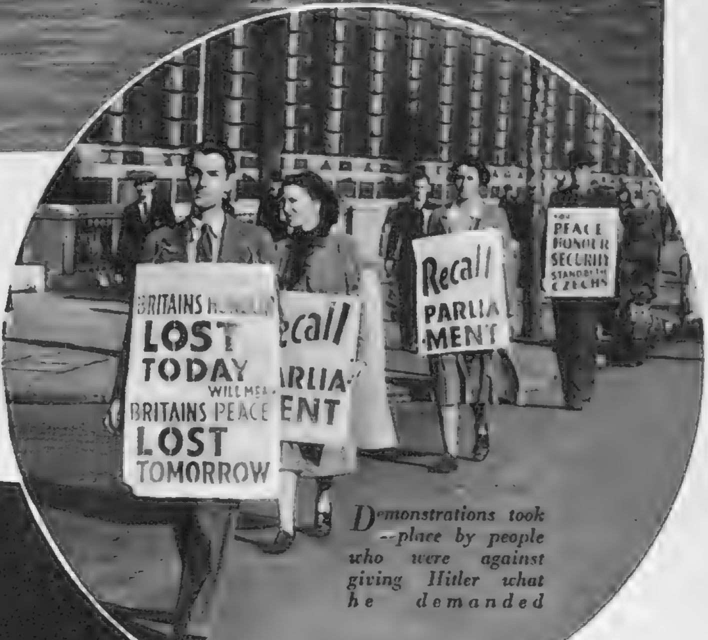
C said, with difficulty : " My dear, you know Gerald is a cadet. [Gerald was an only son of seventeen.] He 's been called up." D had been speaking to a relative whose brother-in-law commanded mine-sweepers. Apparently he 'd received his instructions three days before. G was triumphant and flurried : " Just bought a place in the country, my dear. Surrounded by woods—can't be seen from the air. Owners move out to-morrow. My stuff goes in Tuesday. Useless trying to store it in any London depository— they 're full. It 's ruined me, buying the place, but what is one to do ? " Grace came through in a numb voice that was to be heard from most young wives : " John joined the Territorials last May. He left this morning. What do you think ? "

(*Continued on page 28*)

In the heart of the City of London gangs of men filled sandbags as fast as they were delivered

The mighty British fleet was mobilised and the Navy Reserves called up

Journalists of the leading papers thronged Downing Street clamouring for news after each Cabinet meeting


BRITAINS HONOUR
LOST
TODAY
WILL MEAN
BRITAINS PEACE
LOST
TOMORROW
Recall
PARLIAMENT
Recall
PARLIAMENT
PEACE
HONOUR
SECURITY
STAND BY THE
CZECHS

Demonstrations took place by people who were against giving Hitler what he demanded

Whilst all the time people knelt in prayer at the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey

Who knew what to think ? Events were gathering into an avalanche that proceeded at vertiginous speed. Only *Hope* held fast.

" He was to be promoted to that new post at the Brussels Bank in November," she continued. " That 's why I 'm having the baby. But everything we 've worked for seems to be crashing in ruins. It can't be ! It won't be ! *It shan't be !* Say so ! Say so ! "

Outside in the parks men were laying long tapes in parallel lines over the grass. Other men were digging up the sod between these. Acetylene flares and pick-axes arrived by lorry. And more timber.

The 11 p.m. News Broadcast announced that the Inner Cabinet was sitting with the French Ministers—Daladier and Bonnet—who had arrived at No. 10, Downing

Street at 9.20 p.m. France had called up her reservists; that nation's course was evidently made up.

IN the parks, under the light of acetylene flares, men wielded pickaxes as though their lives depended on it, and unloaded timber throughout the night, non-stop.

WHEN this joyful bill appeared on the streets people bought the papers as fast as they could be produced

Black Monday, September 26

Placards said :

FRENCH C.-IN-C. FOR LONDON.

The Godesberg terms were published. But few people read and considered them. News-ink was scarcely dry on papers than the events they recorded were out-dated, pushed into the limbo of the past. News bulletins on the wireless were the thing. Moreover, if the Cabinet had been swirled into a maelstrom, so had the life of every private individual. It was not for laymen to seek to control the affairs of state, but to control their own. They went off to their offices. It was a gesture, for ordinary business was at a standstill. At their offices they planned the great flight of their families from London; they engaged rooms at the seaside, leased country houses; and, in strange contrast to the prevailing stagnation, house agents and furniture removers knew no respite.

PROVISION merchants also did a brisk trade. Many housewives set about storing in food.

Notices arrived from schools stating that these would close in the event of a national emergency. This was followed almost immediately by a notice from private schools, saying they were trying to find a place outside London. Then a notice came from public schools—both boys' and girls'—stating that they had received permission to take advantage of the London County Council Evacuation Scheme. Would parents come and hear about it.

Corridors in almost every home were lined with trunks. As family plans progressed, three professions were found to be "booked up." *Solicitors*, who were busy drawing up the exchange of house properties and wills; *dentists*, who were busy fitting in patients before the patients' exodus, and *doctors*.

THE 10.30 A.M. NEWS BROADCAST announced: General Gamelin, French C.-in-C., in conference at 10 Downing Street.

President Roosevelt had addressed an appeal for peace to Herr Hitler, President Benes, Mr. Chamberlain, and M. Daladier. This cable reminded them that every civilised nation in the world had *voluntarily assumed solemn obligations in the Kellog-Briand Pact of* 1928 *to solve controversies only by pacific methods.*

Mr. Winston Churchill had left a letter at 10 Downing Street stating his view on the ONE CHANCE OF PEACE: That a solemn warning should be presented to the German Government in joint or simultaneous notes by Great Britain, France and Russia, that the invasion of Czechoslovakia would be taken as an *act of war* against these Powers.

THE 1 P.M. NEWS BROADCAST announced that the Cabinet meeting between the French and British Ministers had concluded, with the governments of both countries reaching complete accord.

TERRITORIAL DEFENCE UNITS WERE CALLED UP, also ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS and COAST BATTERIES and BALLOON BARRAGE PERSONNEL.

THE 4 P.M. NEWS BROADCAST announced the despatch of Sir Horace Wilson by plane to Berlin, as special envoy to Herr Hitler from Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

ALONE, in the parks, the lives of nursemaids and their charges flowed evenly. Jogging their prams they watched in serried ranks the men who worked shoulder-deep like ants in a labyrinth of trenches.

Meanwhile, mothers had discovered that the price of children's winter woollen underclothing had risen twenty per cent. A deep resentment flared up in them against Hitler. Why were they packing? They were not oppressed German-Jews. They were English. London was their home. The incredible stupidity of it all. The wanton waste-plans cut hopes cut, all they had worked for destroyed. Children's education snapped, careers snapped, swept down into cataclysmic chaos Why? *Why?* Hitler had been promised Sudetenland, then why *this*?

HITLER'S SPEECH AT THE SPORTSPALATZ AT 8 P.M. IN BERLIN, relayed by all German wireless stations, was easy to pick up.

Listeners who understood German were dumbfounded. Here was a man unperturbed by the horrors of war, who desired it. "*I need not conceal from you that we are armed as no nation has ever been armed before,*" he proclaimed. And the answering roar of Nazi cheers almost cracked the transmitter.

THOSE who could not follow German complained that Herr Hitler's delivery was that of a snarling tiger—he harangued. Translated into English, the speech lost quality: it might have emanated from Hyde Park, but in German it was masterly, and judged from the standpoint of fulfilling its purpose, could rank beside any oration in history. The applause which punctuated it was never automatic it was fervent, spontaneous, irrepressible: the acclaim of a Nazi youth for their Leader, a man they had every reason to look on as their saviour. He had raised Germany in five years from a ruin to a power that could snap its fingers in the face of France and England. "The Czechs are a nation of seven million people. We are seventy-seven million . . . my patience is at an end," he declared.

That liar Benes was to deliver the territory which Germany demanded by Saturday (with fortifications, guns, installations, rail-heads and all properties intact, according to the memorandum), or else Germany would go and fetch it from him.

(*Continued on page* 132)

Illuminated

By WINIFRED LEWIS

Hardly anything so practical as artificial lighting has such magical qualities of decoration, too. Things are seldom useful and beautiful at the same time. Lighting is both if you handle it well

It is not always realised that lighting can fulfil all the practical functions required of it and at the same time bring real beauty to the surroundings. Perhaps this is the reason that the decorative side of it is neglected in many homes.

Lighting has endless possibilities in the decorative sense. It can camouflage shabbiness, it can enhance character. It can create the illusion of warmth just as easily as it can be cold and forbidding. The secret is in the handling of it.

Direct lighting has definitely given way to the indirect variety in connexion with the home. Reflected light is softer, more pleasing and infinitely prettier than that which falls direct upon its surroundings. That is why the central pendant fixture is no longer so popular as it was

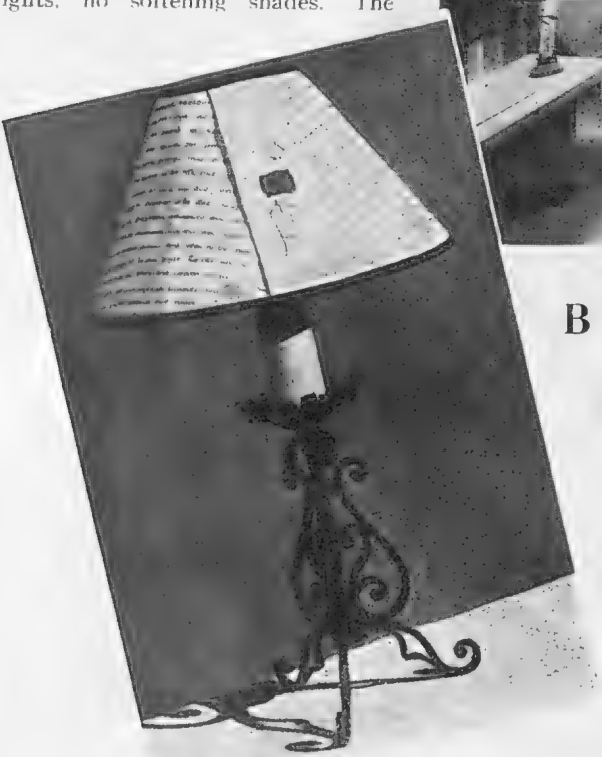
Take two exactly similar rooms for purposes of experiment; light one of them by means of a central fixture pendant from the ceiling. Light the other with wall brackets throwing their light upwards. Supplement these with lamps and then compare the two rooms.

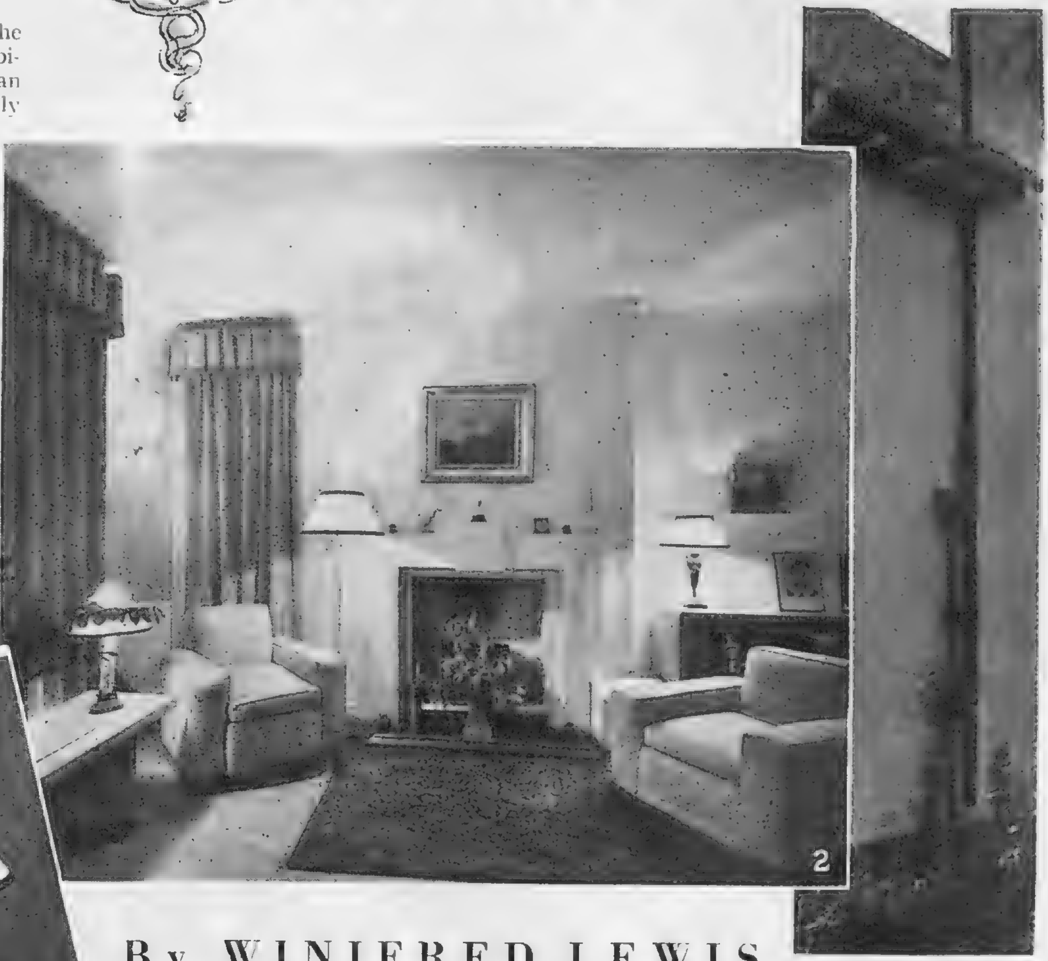
The first is bleak and flat—no highlights, no softening shades. The centre of the room is well lit, the sides and corners are almost certainly badly lit for reading or sewing though this may not be obvious to the naked eye.

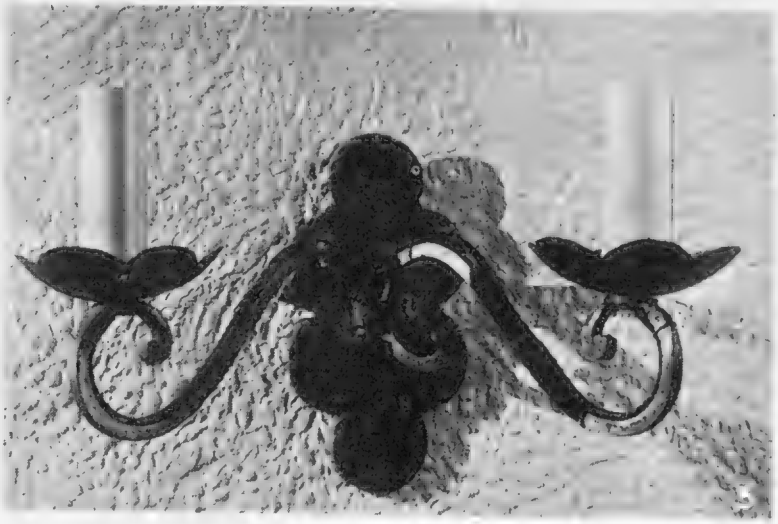
Now take the second room. There is warmth and character. The wall brackets distribute light at various points of the room. They give interest to the background, and the lamps, whilst also focusing light where it is most needed, enhance the warmth and character of the scheme.

The colouring of a room should be kept in mind when lighting is being arranged. Some colours react better than others to artificial lighting and it is advisable in the case of some to use tinted bulbs.

Blue walls turn slightly grey and muddy under ordinary artificial light. Grey will lose its delicacy of colouring and become drab.







1. Black wrought-iron electric candlestick 14 ins. high. A table standard for a period scheme. The stand costs 30s. and the shade 10s. 6d.

2. Local lighting is by far the best method of concentrating light just where you want it, and it is infinitely decorative. The comforting impression of this sitting-room is very largely due to the arrangement of lamps

3. A wall candlelight for two bulbs wired for electricity. It is made of wrought-iron and a chandelier can be had to match. Price 26s.

Address

Tinted bulbs cost no more than the ordinary variety, and it is worth while to experiment with them in order to make sure that the colour scheme of a room loses none of its beauty by artificial light.

It has been newly discovered that matt-finished walls reflect more light than the glossy variety, so if you are interested in the welfare of your sight more than in the decorative effect of your lighting, you will stick to dull surfaces sooner than those fascinating glosses which mirror the light and add so much to the beauty of a scheme.

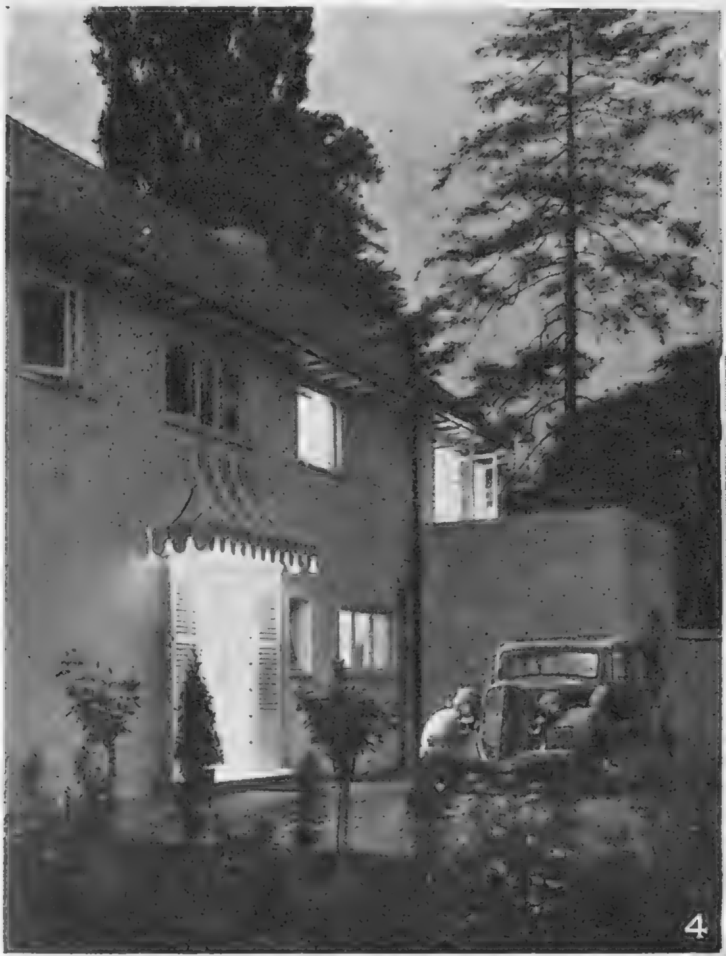
Light colour backgrounds naturally make rooms seem brighter even in artificial light, but if you are tied, for any reason, to a dark wall surface, use local lighting as liberally as you can to cheer up the effect and assist your eyesight.

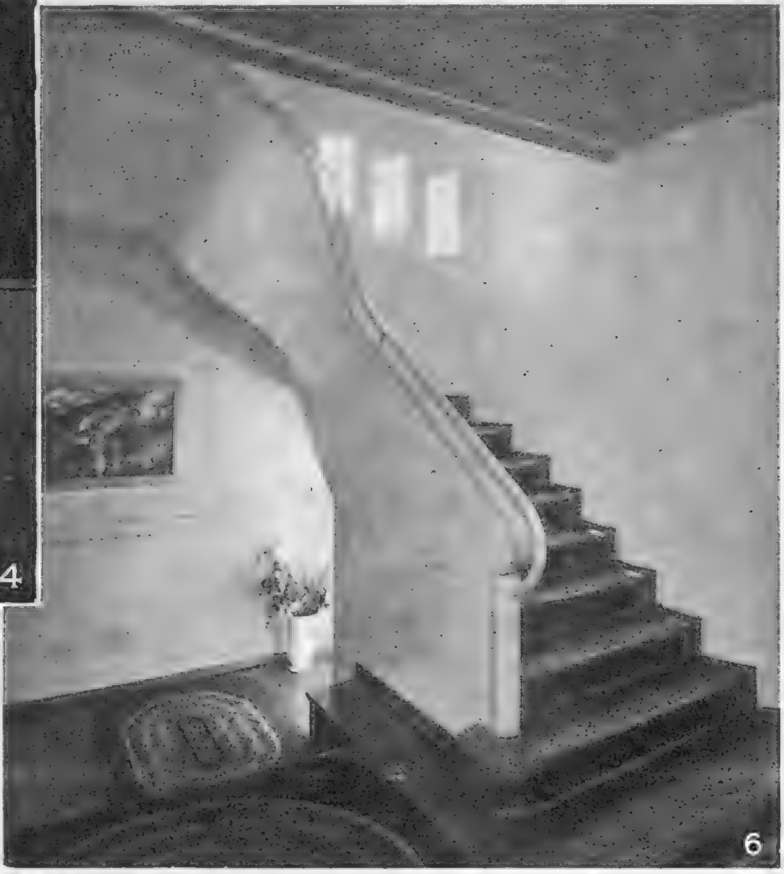
Concealed lighting is tremendously favoured now, and it can often be arranged quite simply and at a low cost.

A single electric bulb let into a central panel of a dining-table makes it possible to arrange flowers and fruit or decorative china in the most dramatic way, whilst the practical illumination of the table is improved.

A bulb behind a frosted glass panel let into the mantelshelf is another good idea and simple. Flowers are arranged over it so that the light is thrown upwards through them or the panel is used to illuminate some beautiful piece of china or even a picture.

A bulb behind the pelmet board throws flattering light downwards on to curtains at night and makes a focal point of the window. If the curtain treatment is beautiful enough, this is well worth while.

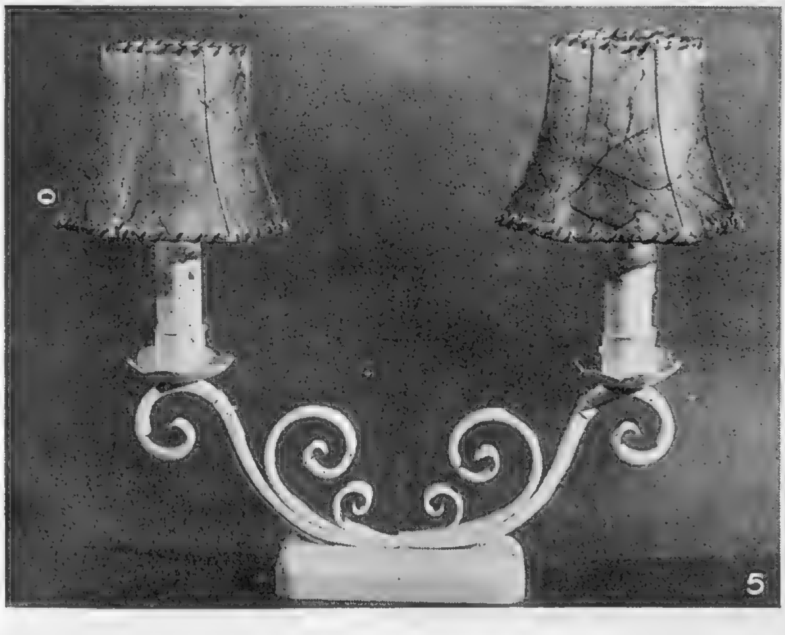




4. An irresistible effect of welcome is achieved by exterior lighting. Two forty watt lamps are used beneath the decorative zinc canopy of the porch illustrated

5. Two-branch, cream painted, wrought-iron electric candlestick. Height, 9½ ins. The six-sided shades are of treated skin. Stand 30s. Shades 4s. 6d. each

6. Stair lighting from three panels gives ample illumination where it is most needed and makes an interesting *motif* against the severely plain wall



Outdoor illumination is growing more and more inspired. Some attractive form of illumination for the front door has become as essential to the modern house as the windows

Decorative wrought-iron lanterns look well on houses of the period type, but the more candidly modern architecture calls for something different.

The house at the top of this page, obviously proud of its beautiful front door, has a lighting unit concealed under the zinc canopy. The effect is to give an atmosphere of cheerful welcome to the entrance as well as to illuminate the delightful architectural features of the porch.

It is not rash to say that good lighting can make the simplest room seem glamorous. Nor is it right to suppose that decorative lighting costs more than that which is purely functional.

If structural alterations need to be made to instal some new form of lighting, then the cost will naturally mount up, but there is always portable lighting as an alternative and what could be more effective?

A FIRE, A

1

If you were to analyse the qualities which make a home endearing, restfulness would probably head the list.

The home which has an atmosphere of rest, which invites you to relax and be at ease, is indeed a place to be thankful for.

So many homes, well and tastefully furnished, admirable in their way, completely lack the means of relaxation. They are stiff and precise in their arrangement. You could never pull your easy chair up to the fire, or sprawl in indolent quietude, entirely at ease.

The other sort of home has chairs that are inviting. There is always a chair to suit your purpose—whether you wish to lounge and read, to sit upright and take your literature more seriously, or to scan a page or two and doze off.

Books are everywhere in this home. They are not arranged in the formal, forbidding perfection of tidiness that gives them an air of existing for their decorative value only. They are neatly, invitingly set out. Easy to get at, yet protected as their value deserves.

Every home that caters intelligently for the comfort of its occupants should have a reading corner, if a library is out of the question.

Modern bookcases, more especially the unit variety, make it possible to turn one corner of a sitting-room into a miniature reading-room whilst adding to the comfort and beauty of the ensemble.

You can line the walls of your cosy corner with books if you have enough of them. Nothing makes a room seem so attractively "lived in." The lighting should be adequate and restful. The easy chair precisely to your taste.

Study the illustrations on this page. See how carefully and yet how informally comfort has been brought to these quiet reading corners.

In one, a corner of a small modern sitting-room is shown. There was not much space available here, so a neat built-in corner fitment was chosen to hold a few treasured books and an ingenious lighting arrangement to give beauty and added illumination

2

The corner fitment has been painted to match the walls because the room is small. This gives a greater appearance of spaciousness. A deep, easy chair is near at hand. The whole is bathed in soft but adequate lighting which is reflected well by the matt surface of the walls.

Another picture at the top shows a charming group around a high-backed wing chair. This for those who prefer to sit upright when reading, with support to back and head. Extra light is cast about the chair by the table lamp, and the screen in the background keeps off draughts.

CHAIR, A BOOK

1. Fireside in the library of a country house. A tranquil and cosy setting for reading or study.
2. Corner bookcase built in to a modern lounge and painted to match the walls. A panel light illuminates the flowers.
3. The right chair, the right book and a fire. What greater joys in life are there than these. The chair in this case is a Minty.
4. For those who like a low chair for reading this one in white birch is luxuriously comfortable. The covering is red and white. China and furniture by Hamptons.
5. The high-back wing chair is one of the most comfortable for reading purposes. This one is richly upholstered in pink. Furniture by Liberty's.
6. Bookshelves have been carried all round the wall to give this cosy sitting-room corner the atmosphere of a small library.

5

3

4

Another low, modern chair—ideal for the shorter person who is swamped by a deep lounge chair—is shown near centre of page. In spite of its formal modern shape, this chair is softly sprung and restful. Perfect to draw up to the fire.

The big Minty chair shown in the centre of the page is the average man's ideal. It is soft yet resilient, capacious yet supporting in the right places.

If you aim to make your home a haven of ease, look to your chairs. Overhaul them or replace them if they do not fulfil the most exacting demands of comfort. Arrange them so that every advantage of their comfort can be enjoyed. If the occupants of your house are never at a loss for a good fire, a good book, and a good chair, there cannot be much that is lacking.

When you choose easy chairs, look for points other than those of appearance.

Buy each chair with a purpose in view. Each should be designed for some special use or, more important, for some particular individual. Choose chairs to fit you.

Most good makes are obtainable in several sizes. You can, for instance, buy a Minty chair in three sizes. One for the short person, one for the medium, and one for the very tall.

Seats and backs that are removable, as in the case of Minty chairs, have a very special advantage. The chairs are more easily and far more thoroughly cleaned and the making of loose covers becomes simple enough for an amateur to attempt.

Loose cushions are, in any case, an advantage. By constantly turning them about, the life of the most used part of the chair is prolonged. Wear is more evenly distributed and the shabbiness which often shows in patches is avoided.

6

The Luck of the Pentons

A Christmas Story of a Monte Carlo gamble

By James Francis Dwyer

ALTHOUGH it was Christmas Eve this resort, ruled by the Goddess of Chance, gave little indication that the evening was in any way different from all other evenings of the year. Christmas Eve mattered little to the devotees of the Wheel. At midnight there would be gay *réveillons* at the grand hotels, but now in the early evening the business was gambling, with no thought given to associations connected with the night.

One hundred thousand electric bulbs lit up the gaudy casino, the gay tropical gardens whose flowers were never allowed to sleep, and the wide terraces that looked out over the sea of Romance. Across the *Place du Casino* to the big doors the gamblers moved in an endless stream. Old, middle-aged and young; English, French, American, Spanish, and a score of other nationalities, hoping and praying that the goddess to whom this temple had been dedicated would be kind to them in their bouts with the Wheel.

In a small hotel in the Beausoleil Quarter an English girl of nineteen years counted a little pile of French notes. The pile represented all that was left after every trifling debt of "Lucky Larry" Penton had been paid. Larry had died in the Principality of Monaco when his luck was not running strong, and it had cost a lot of money for doctors, nurses, and the funeral. In that strange territory there is little sympathy. Diane Penton had to pay, and pay quickly.

On his last day Larry Penton had called his daughter to his side. "Diane," he whispered, "stand close to me. I am going to pass the 'Luck' to you."

It was "The Luck of the Pentons" that had descended from one Penton to another since the days of the Crusades. Larry made Diane place her little hands in his, then together they recited the short prayer that was inscribed in old English on a scrap of ivory-tinted parchment. It was the "Penton Prayer," and had been written, so legend said, by a holy man whose life Sir Gerald Penton had saved. Softly and solemnly the man and the girl intoned it. A sweet, furiously-worded prayer.

"Now," whispered "Lucky Larry," "the world is yours if you believe. Belief is everything. Never weaken in the faith. Kiss me good-bye."

DIANE PENTON was alone in the world. Here in a foreign country she possessed French currency to the value of thirty English pounds, and with this sum she had the "Luck." From the window of her little room she looked down on the white glare by the sea, and all the stories of "The Luck of the Pentons" danced through her shapely head.

The Pentons, so ran the legend, were especially favoured by Lady Luck. Through the long centuries they had again and again upset the laws of chance. The men of the race denied fiercely that casual nexus which governs all happenings, maintaining that certain things occurred because the Pentons wished them to happen. They offered proof. Lots and lots of proof. No stay-at-home lads were the Pentons. A Penton rode with Cardigan and came back unscathed. A Penton was decorated by Wellington at Cuidad Rodrigo, the only man of his company who returned after a desperate attack on Marmont's cavalry. Pentons defied the sea and its storms. They climbed peaks that were unclimbable, luck walking with them and shielding them from accidents.

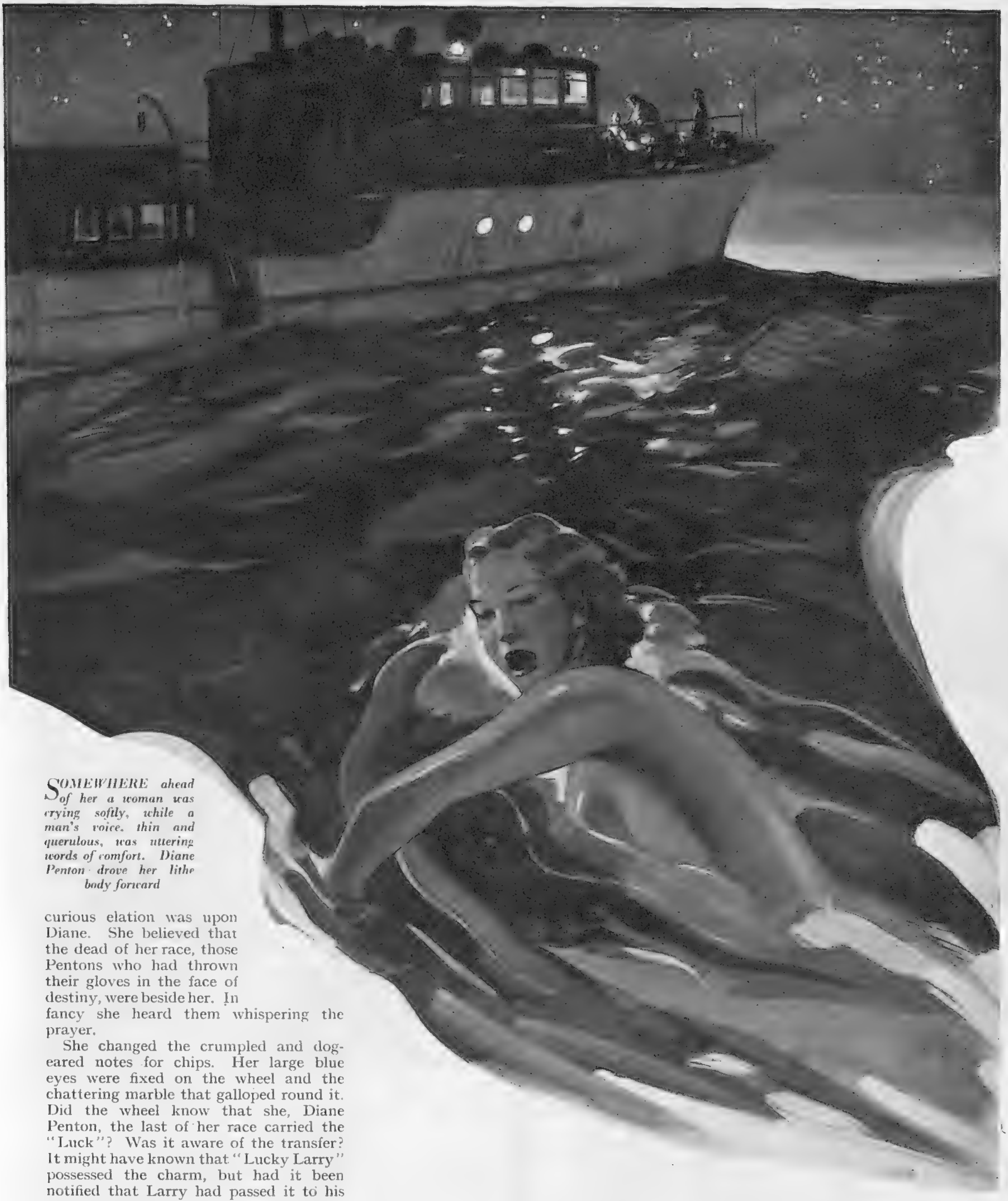
If the Pentons backed a man to win a fight he won. If they backed a horse to win a race the horse won, no matter how small his chances appeared to others. There is the well-known story of the wildly-generous Sir John Penton, who fancied Kisber, the winner of the Derby of 1876. The owner, Mr. Baltazzi, told Sir John that the horse had no chance, but Sir John laughed, put his last thousand pounds on the horse and slept soundly while the race was run, quite certain that Kisber would win. And there were stories of Pentons who in the golden days of Continental gambling had swooped down on Enghein and Homburg and Carlsbad and carried back large swags to England. They cared not a fig for the odds against them. They carried the "Luck."

Diane Penton glanced at the miserable pile of dirty notes. Crumpled fifties and hundreds; the few pastel-tinted thousands, a little soiled and dog-eared, for the *Banque de France*, unlike the Bank of England, lets its notes work till they are a trifle unhygienic. She recalled "Lucky Larry's" advice regarding small sums which he alluded to as "leftovers." "Throw them on a horse or a wheel," he would say. "They're too small to breed on their own."

Diane Penton rose and dressed herself. On this sad Christmas Eve there was no horse on which she could place the remnant, but beneath her was the much illuminated House of Chance to which she had entrée. Going down the steep slope she repeated the prayer inscribed on the scrap of parchment.

GAMBLERS, male and female, stared at her as she entered the *Salle de Jeu*. Firstly because she was beautiful, secondly because she was the daughter of "Lucky Larry" Penton who had gone to a better world.

Diane was indeed truly beautiful. She had the dawn-like complexion that needs no aid from skilled specialists, and on this evening the knowledge that she carried the "Luck" of her race brought to her a sweet wild glamour that made men and women turn to glance at her as she walked across the great room with its massive tables, those broad altars on which the gamblers laid down their offerings to the fickle goddess. A



SOMEWHERE ahead of her a woman was crying softly, while a man's voice, thin and querulous, was uttering words of comfort. Diane Penton drove her lithe body forward

curious elation was upon Diane. She believed that the dead of her race, those Pentons who had thrown their gloves in the face of destiny, were beside her. In fancy she heard them whispering the prayer.

She changed the crumpled and dog-eared notes for chips. Her large blue eyes were fixed on the wheel and the chattering marble that galloped round it. Did the wheel know that she, Diane Penton, the last of her race carried the "Luck"? Was it aware of the transfer? It might have known that "Lucky Larry" possessed the charm, but had it been notified that Larry had passed it to his daughter?

Diane staked, choosing the number that corresponded to her age. Number nineteen. Her father had always said it was better to hook a bet to a number or a word as such a hook-up bred faith. And faith was everything.

Now the gamble was on. One tenth of the sum in Diane's possession was on the green cloth. She watched the marble as it jolted around the bowl. Leaping over the little barriers of the compartments, chattering madly as it fought the opposing force of the cylinder revolving in the contrary direction.

It slowed down. It dropped into a compartment Diane Penton uttered a little cry of horror. The wretched marble had fallen into number fifteen, and there it squirmed as if maliciously delighted at fooling the girl.

Diane stared at it. It was unbelievable. The stupid ball was insinuating that she was not fit to carry "The Luck of the Pentons."

As she stood immobile she overheard an answer made in response to a query from someone on her right. A man's voice, coarse and loud, and with an accent that told plainly that English was not his mother tongue, struck her ears. "Why

Illustrated by Albert Bailey

she's 'Lucky Larry' Penton's daughter doing in whatever the old boy left her."

She turned, her eyes blazing. The speaker was a large, heavy-jowled man who seemed under the influence of drink. "Don't get mad, sister," he muttered. "It's the truth. *N'est-ce pas?*"

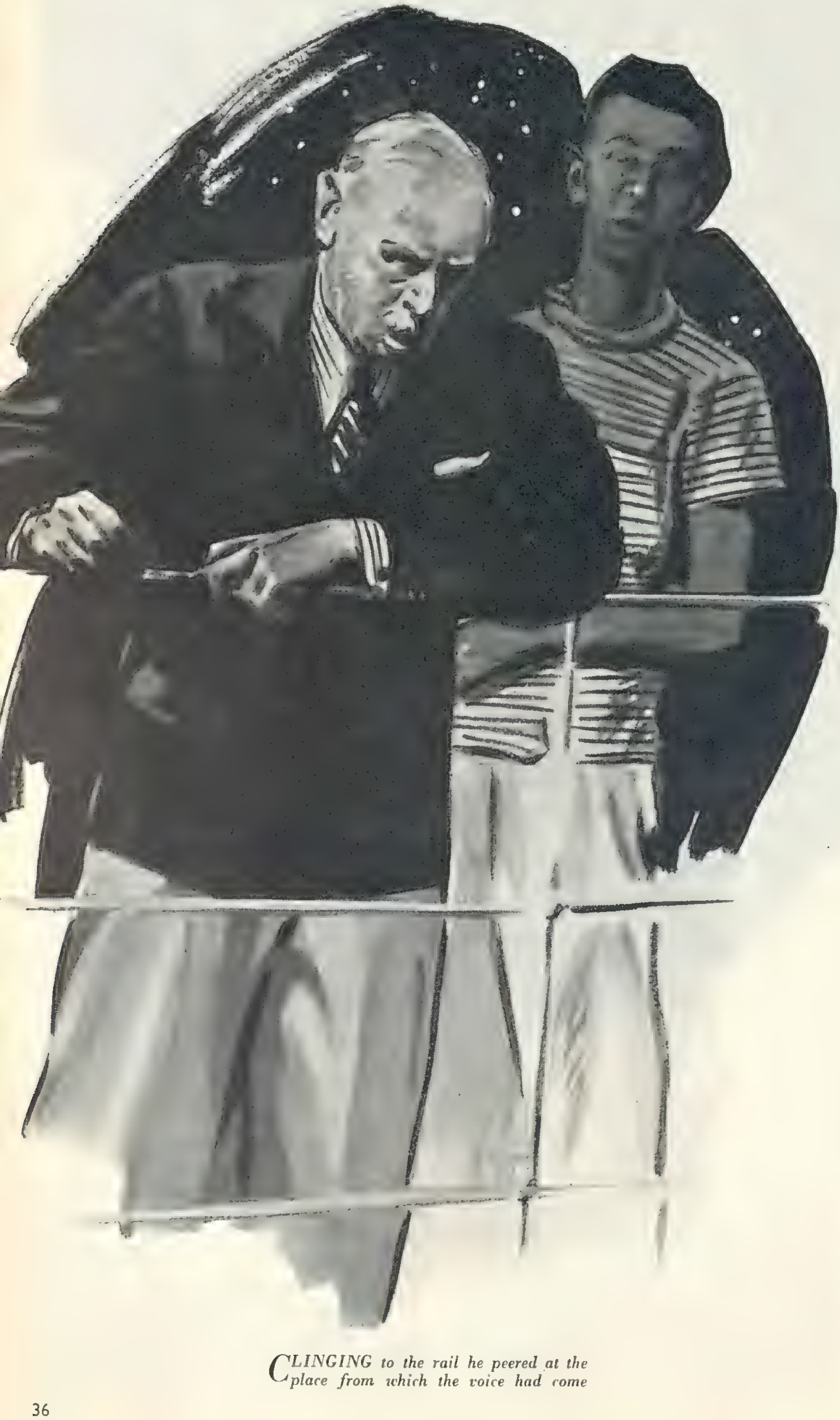
A tall athletic young Englishman glanced from the girl to the hoodlum. The young man tapped the lapel of the fat man's coat and spoke in a hot whisper. "Get away from here," he hissed. "If I lose another bet I might get angry and blame you! Go!"

The fat man dropped back from the table, and the young Englishman spoke to Diane. "I'm sorry if he annoyed you," he said. "Don't let it worry you. Someone asked the fool who you were."

The girl turned to the table and staked in response to that whining cry of "*Messieurs, faites votre jeu!*" Again the ball started on its rocky road. It slowed, looked for an instant as if it would halt in nineteen, then, maliciously changing its mind it hopped into the neighbouring compartment.

Terror struck at the heart of Diane Penton. Larry had told her that one had to support the "Luck" with belief, but it was hard to muster belief when the rake of the croupier scooped in her pile of chips.

The young Englishman was standing beside her now. She glanced at him and he smiled in a friendly fashion. He was placing his chips with careless indifference and she tried hard to absorb something of his manner. But it was difficult. Her lips quivered in spite of her efforts to control herself; her heart beat faster as the rake shot out once more to gather in her pile.



CLINGING to the rail he peered at the place from which the voice had come

The young man sensed her fears. He spoke to her in a comforting whisper. "Don't let it rattle you," he said, as she flung her chips blindly at the cloth. "Take it easy."

She didn't resent his advice. She knew she was acting stupidly. She lacked the coolness under fire that had been one of the qualities of the dead Larry. Her father had the rare ability to keep his head when the going was bad. Five score times she had seen him turn a rout into a victory. His judgment was sharpened by the pounding of fate, so that often, on the last race of the day, his keen eye would pounce on an outsider at long odds, and by putting his remaining few pounds on the non-fancied one retrieve his losses.

"Steady," whispered the young man. "Your dad wouldn't like you to bet wild."

But the young man's advice was useless now. She was rattled. The "Luck" that had been given her refused to stay. Perhaps she was not worthy of such a gift. The wheel and the galloping ball proved it. They laughed at her efforts to win. *Rouge* struck her staring eyes when she staked on *noire*; *pair* when she prayed for *impair*; *manque* when she wished *passe*. . . .

The rake came out and grabbed her last few chips. With a little gasp of fear Diane Penton turned and hurried from the room.

ON the *Place du Casino* the steps of Diane Penton were halted by a strange disturbance. Up out of the comparative darkness of La Condamine had come a wild-eyed bearded man bearing aloft a sign, on which in large red letters ran the words:—

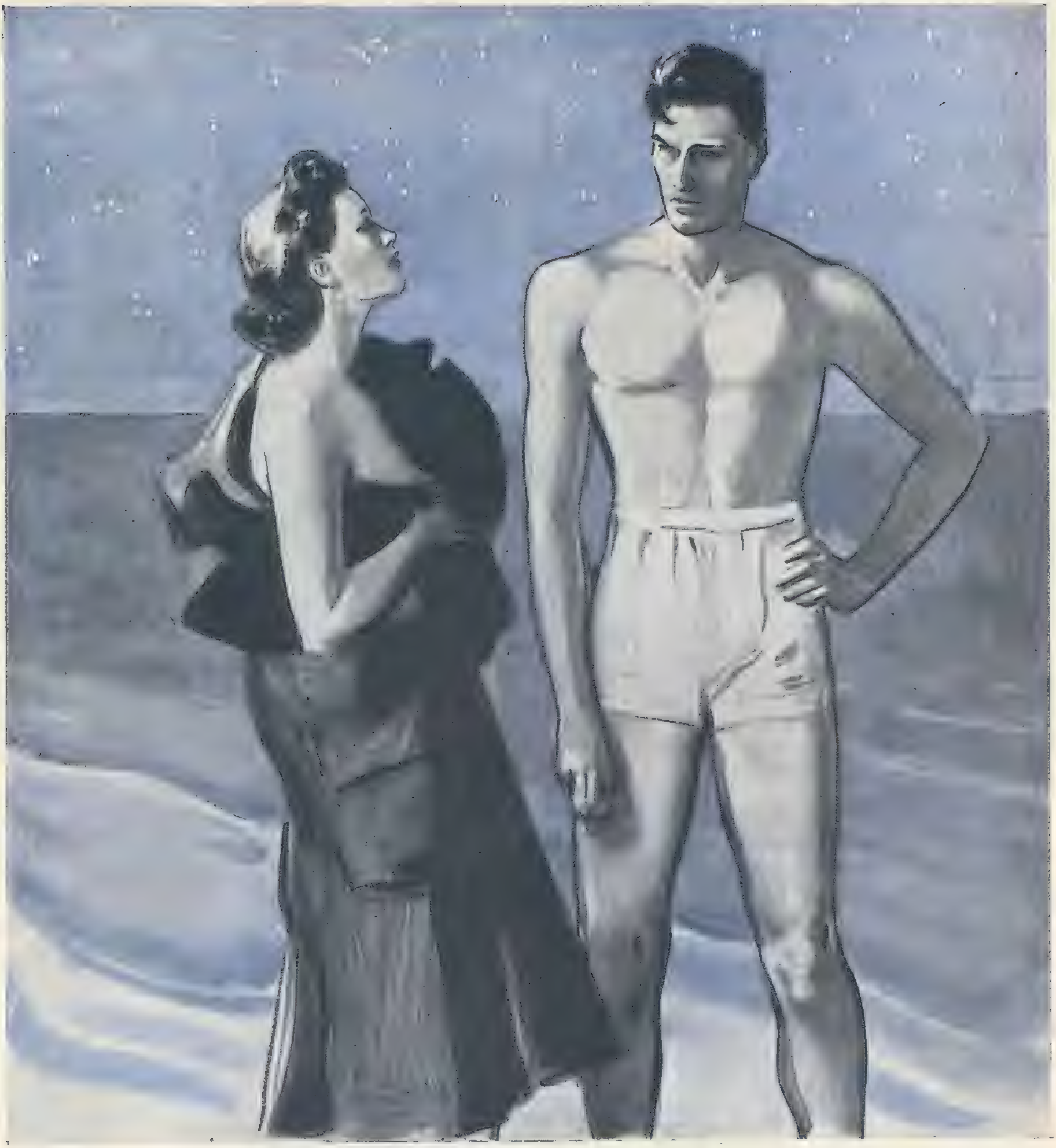
> "*And, lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them till it came and stood over where the young child was. St. Matthew* II. 9."

In both French and English he had written the verse, and now with slow steps he marched towards the door of the casino.

The picturesque police of the Principality pounced on the evangelist. They were astonished and indignant. They hustled him into the darkness, his voice protesting loudly, telling them that the Son of Man had come to earth and that the House of Chance was an abomination in His eyes. The cries of the sign-bearer came back out of the shaded avenue, adding to the nervous strain of the girl whose retreat from the casino was held up by the disturbance.

The soft breathing of the sea came to the ears of Diane Penton. It drew her down flowered paths where the sleepy blossoms sighed with sympathy as she hurried by. It called her away from the hot, glittering House of the Wheel.

The words of the heavy-jowled man danced within her brain. "'Lucky Larry' Penton's daughter doing up whatever the old boy left her." They were true words. Her empty handbag was the proof. The wheel had laughed at the "Luck of the Pentons." A fat lot it cared for the simple prayer that she and her father had uttered together on the day "Lucky Larry" died. The little prayer that commended Sir Gerald Penton and all of his race to the special care of the Lord.



SHE told him of her desire to put an end to her troubles, by swimming far out into the Mediterranean, and sinking when she grew tired

Now the whispering night brought Diane to the deserted beach. The white stretch of sand on which the tideless Mediterranean lapped softly. She sat herself down and made a valiant effort to compose herself. She considered "The Luck of the Pentons." It seemed curiously alien to the Principality. The thought worried her. She reviewed all the stories that her father had told her of the "Luck." Pentons had defied the laws of chance in many countries, but she could recall no story where they had won out in the little soulless principality where "Lucky Larry" had met his death, and where the tables had taken the last *sou* from his daughter.

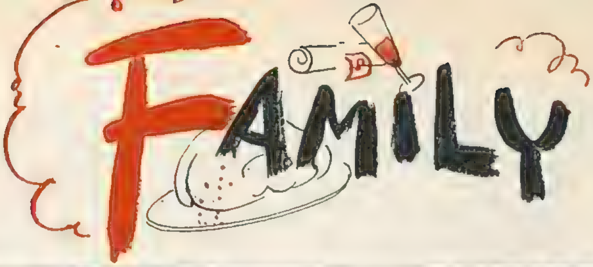
The knowledge depressed her. She became a victim of terror. Before her mental eyes was the red-lettered sign of the bearded man that the guards had hustled into the darkness. *"And, lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."*

A strange madness crept into the mind of Diane Penton. The sea called her. High in the east rode a star. She was penniless. She was without friends. Larry had departed to a world where gold and silver were unknown. Nothing remained.

The night prompted her. There was a way out. A way that had been taken by many after being defeated by the wheel. The soft breezes soothed her with little fingers as she slipped from her gown. They approved of her decision. They would follow her as she swam out into the warm sea, and when miles and miles from the shore they would breathe a farewell as she sank gently into the depths. They assured her that no hand would touch her dead body. No horrid inquest would be held in an effort to find the motive. There would be no mournful funeral service that would give other heavy-jowled gamblers the chance to speak of "Lucky Larry" Penton's daughter who had backed the wheel and lost.

(*Continued on page* 157)

FAMILY



STIRRING TIMES. Chippy, Nicky and Georgina help with the pudding. Stoning the raisins is a sticky responsibility but if Sarah is not too watchful, it pays

DECOR BY MOTHER AND FATHER, with improvements by Magg, the dachshund. The children have gone to bed, otherwise nothing would get done

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS. Perhaps Santa Claus was too busy after all to get here himself. A pity, of course, but father is a pretty good emissary.

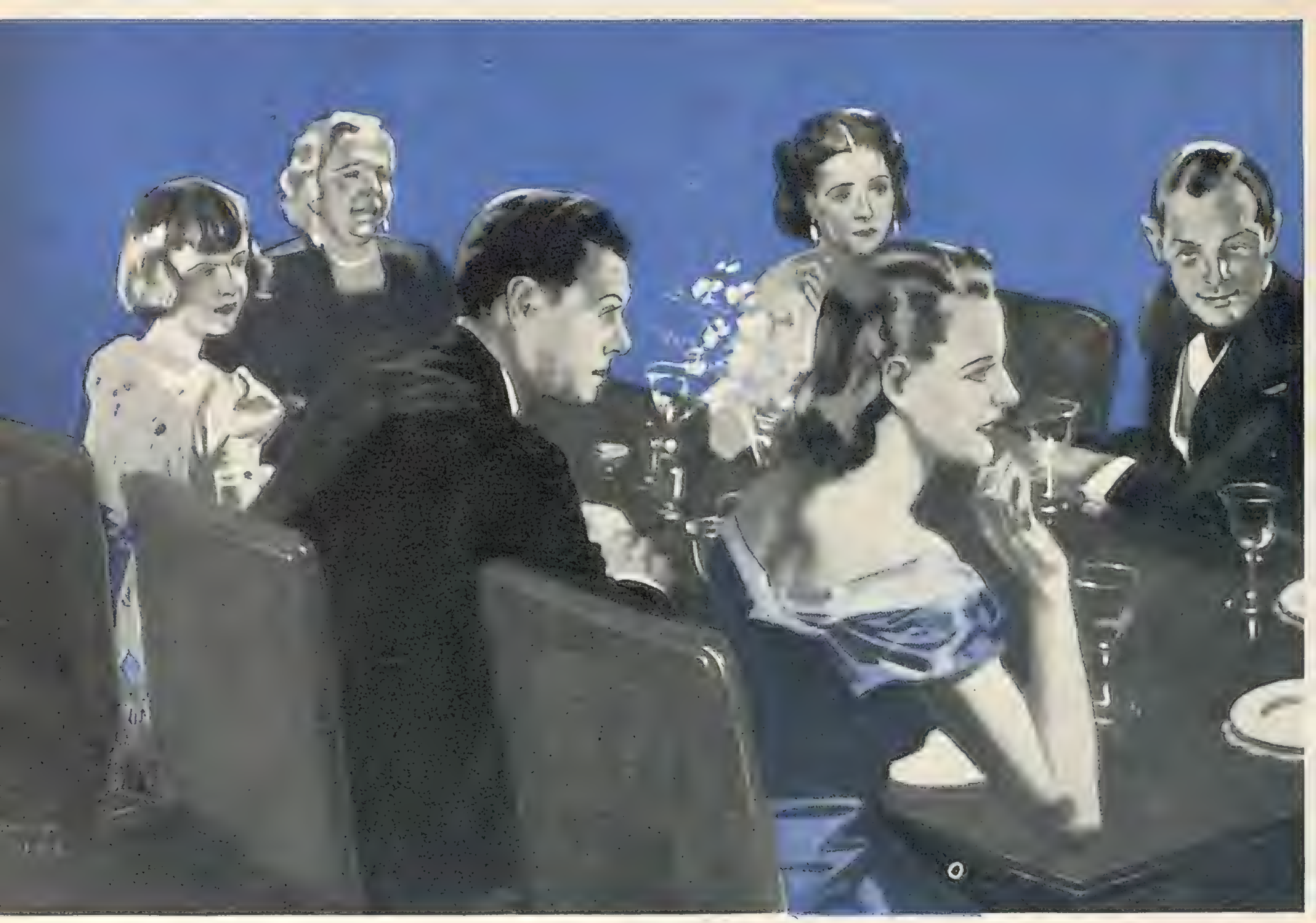
CHRISTMAS

TALKING TURKEY. It's the [illegible] [illegible]. That bird never enjoyed so much attention in its lifetime. Georgina says crackers are fine if you don't bang them.

"SILENCE, PLEASE!" That's the worst of grown-ups, they never realise that drums are made for drumming and boxing gloves for boxing with. Fancy sleeping on Christmas afternoon. . . .

SING, BABY, SING. Let's stir them up with a few carols. Georgina isn't singing the same tune as us, but it's volume that counts.

EDWARDIAN, DID YOU SAY? The veil tickles and you have to mind your feet, but what's a little discomfort when you're playing charades?



"Lion Heart"

The breaking between Stage

"IT would break your grandfather's heart," sighed Mary Neville.

The third generation of Nevilles knew the slogan well. Yet they remained curiously respectful. For grandfather's was no ordinary heart. It was noble and leonine; it was massive and resistant. It was the heart, in short, of Sir Marcus Neville, the Grand Old Man of the Victorian stage. Born in 1868, he had made his début at the age of eight in the approved fashion as Little Arthur. Octogenarians would still recount to his grandchildren and great-grandchildren how they had been moved to tears at the way he had spoken the lines:

> "*Have you the heart? When your head did but ache*
> *I knit my handkercher about your brows—*
> *The best I had, a princess wrought it me—*
> *And I did never ask it you again;*
> *And with my hand at midnight held your head,*
> *And like the watchful minutes to the hour,*
> *Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,*
> *Saying 'What lack you?' and 'Where lies your grief?'*"

Jessica, his favourite grandchild, had thereupon shocked the narrator by remarking that it was enough to give *anybody* a headache, to have a little boy hanging over you and asking silly questions every minute. And then went on to be flippant about Hubert omitting to return the princess's handkerchief.

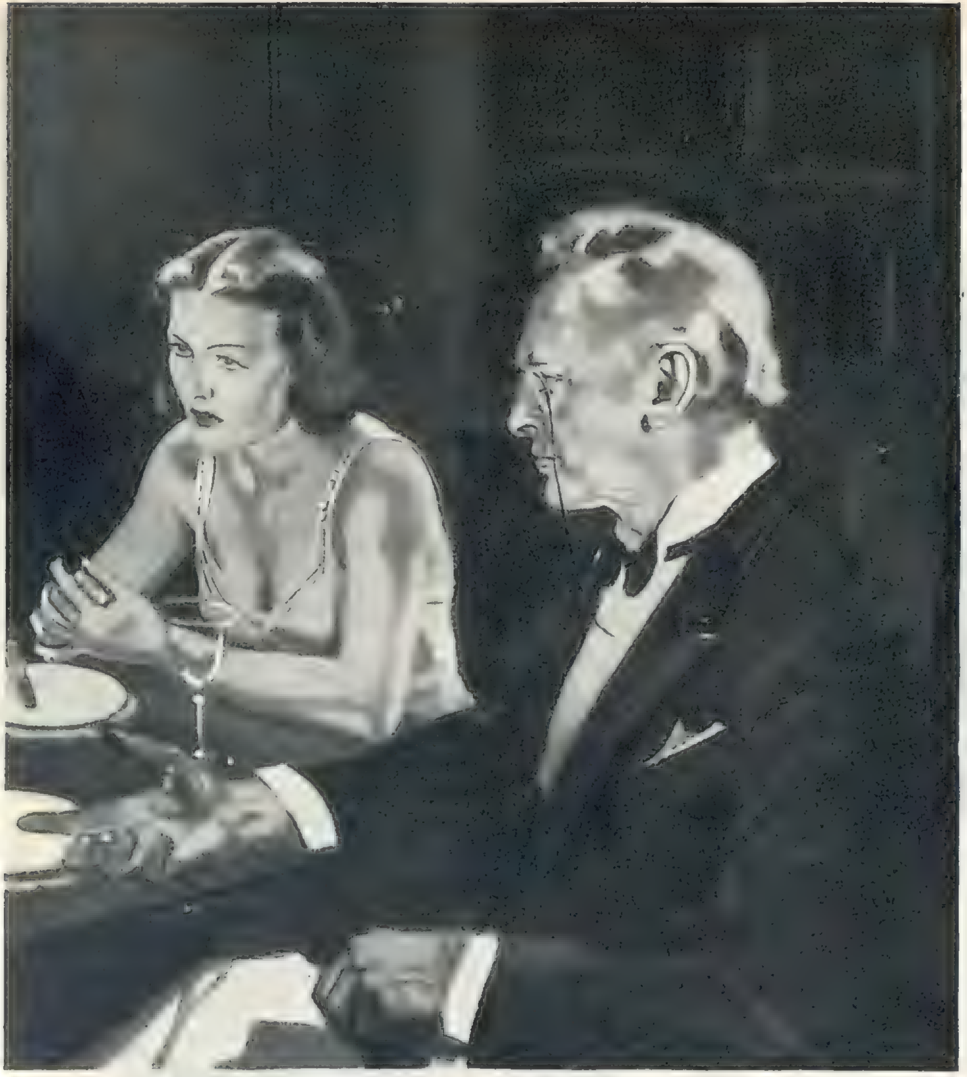
Jessica was the boldest of the whole family, which had now split into several branches; yet all chips of the old block, loyal supporters of the Neville tradition.

But the last few years had been made increasingly difficult by the grand old actor's determined resistance to the films. Not only did he growl like the M-G-M lion at sight or sound of anything remotely connected with the studios and celluloid, but he also behaved like a bull dwelling in a very flutter of red rags. He would make a short rush, and then stamp and paw the ground, lower his head, roll his eyes and breathe stertorously (the description again came from Jessica).

ACTUALLY of course, Sir Marcus was a man of immense dignity. They were all very proud of him. He retired when he was sixty-eight, and had so frequently stepped out of his retirement since then, for benefit performances, anniversaries and "special occasions," that it seemed his retirement was purely a formula; except that he made no money and saved none, and had in recent years lost a good deal by obstinate productions on a large scale that were foredoomed to noble failure.

All the members of the Neville family could act, and some could act very well indeed. Moreover, they were all good-looking and had personality. "You would know a Neville anywhere," people said, "by the voice and walk." So that naturally vast offers rolled in both from Hollywood and British studios, and as far as the Nevilles were concerned, had to roll out again. "It would break your grandfather's heart," repeated Mary Neville to her rebel daughter; for Jessica had come home with the offer of a more than usually exciting contract from Lukemann Film Productions.

Louis laughed. Louis was Jessica's brother, and perhaps the least gifted of the family; but he was very handsome and featured marvellously in a test. Grandfather, of course, did not know that he had had a test. Nor did anyone except Jessica. Mary Neville had been "resting" for several months. So had Theo Neville, grandfather's youngest son. The elder son had taken out his own company to tour Australia. Theo's wife, Fanny, was not on the stage, and it was she who ran their roomy old house. This was an excellent arrangement when her sister-in-law Mary was in London playing every night, but did not work quite so well when Mary was at home.



HE looked extremely distinguished, sitting at the head of the table with his assembled family

# of the barrier and Screen

By G. B. Stern

And now they were all at home, even the great-grandchild, little Monica Roy-Neville, daughter of Theo's daughter, Dorothy, who had married into musical comedy. Sir Marcus's consent to the latter had been his nearest approach to tolerance, and Dorothy was still breathlessly thanking him, even though Monica was already of an age to play in Shakespeare and Peter Pan. She, too, had had a wonderful offer from Hollywood, and two from England; but unluckily for any hope the younger Nevilles may have had for melting down prejudice in the crucible of artistic tolerance, the Ashchurch Film Company, biggest and boldest of any in the British film industry, had built a Taj Mahal which they called their studios, down at Manor Green, not half a mile from the dilapidated old mansion where the Nevilles had dwelt in peace for nearly fifty years. Sir Marcus's temper while the building went on had been in so precarious a condition that his daughter-in-law Fanny hardly dared to change the brand of jam which appeared on their breakfast table, for fear lest some accidental association would provoke an outburst on this vulgarity which men call progress.

So now Mary repeated: "Jessica darling, you really must *not* go to your grandfather with this fantastic idea of yours—especially not to-day."

"Why especially not to-day?"

"Because of Doris," her Uncle Theo reminded her in a hushed voice.

But Jessica had been up in London for two days; and did not know that Doris, their pretty young parlourmaid, daughter of grandfather's dresser and a great favourite with him, had left suddenly without giving notice; and not only left, but gone to be a waitress in the studio canteen at the Taj Mahal, in the hope that one of the directors at his midday meal would catch sight of her, fall into the soup, and sign her immediately at a star salary.

Jessica chuckled: "What a hope. There are eight hundred Dorises storming the man's doors all day and all night."

"How did the Gom take it?"

"The Gom" was their pet name for that Grand Old Man, who was Sir Marcus Neville.

Her Aunt Fanny squeaked in horror: "My dear Jess, you don't suppose we've *told* your grandfather. It would break his heart."

"He'll have to know some time," said Louis, nonchalantly lounging at the window. "When we hear a crash in the study like one of the great elms coming down in a gale, we'll know that our little Monnie ran up to the Gom, piping: 'Me wants my Dowis and her's gone to the naughty picture-men.'"

"I shouldn't," indignantly from Monica, "and I don't talk like that, Uncle Louis. The critic of the *Daily Post* said I had the Neville voice, clear and resonant as a bronze bell chiming in the hearts of the British public."

"Hurrah!" cried Louis. "Jessica did not know there was talk of filming *The Tempest* and that they were thinking of me for Ferdinand? Do you suppose the Gom would mind much less if it were Shakespeare?"

"He'd mind much more," from his sister, his mother, aunt, uncle and cousin in chorus. "He'd call it sacrilege—and the Gow would back him up."

"The Gow" was grandfather's elder sister, Harriet Neville, Grand Old Woman of the English stage, now frail and tremulous, but obstinate as a witch.

Jessica went across to Louis and slipped her arm in his. "We're both up against it, Louis; it's no use looking glum. If we said: 'Please, Gran, may we go in the films?' and he died on us, we'd feel awful for the rest of our lives, and the public would tear us limb from limb. . . . Hello," he broke off "here he comes, white hair blowing in the wind and looking like Lloyd George and King Lear rolled into one.

"He must have heard about Doris," moaned Mary Neville.

They waited in some trepidation. A moment later, grandfather stormed in. He had not heard about Doris; that was still a treat to come. But returning from his afternoon stroll, he had discovered in his very road, outside their very gate, a small unit from those damn studios, shooting an exterior scene and actually daring to use the Neville wall and a bit of the Neville avenue as background.

"What did you do?" asked Jessica, a little breathlessly.

"Do? Do? I threatened to smash their camera if they dared use it, and an

insolent young photographer, using their filthy jargon, actually replied telling me not to worry for they already had it in the can. In the can!" repeated Sir Marcus Neville. "In the can! Yes, that's where we now have to look for acting—in the can! Tinned! Potted! Reeled out like a yard measure. Cut with scissors. Tacked together again by a race of shams and charlatans."

Sir Marcus spoke like a natural human being, a humorous, tolerant, intelligent and affectionate human being, except on this one subject, where he exaggerated so immoderately that his wild pronouncements lost all value whatsoever.

Sir Marcus Neville always wore a mole-coloured velvet jacket in the evenings. This was his only concession towards a picturesque Bohemianism. He looked extremely distinguished, sitting at the head of the table with his assembled family. And that particular evening, to their great astonishment, he also looked benevolent and even mischievous. His sister wondered what the boy was up to—as though he had still been ten and she eleven. At last, in a pause of conversation, he announced carelessly as though it were of little interest: "If we go into rehearsal at once, we ought to open on Jessica's birthday, April 16. You'll like that, won't you?" and he beamed at his grand-daughter.

"Rehearse *what?*"

"Open *what?*"

The chorus rose from all round the table except from Jessica herself, who was quick-witted and already guessed the full horror of her grandfather's plan.

"I'm going to revive *Lion Heart.*"

And that was that.

Lion Heart had run for over a year in the early days of the reign of King Edward VII. Since then, it had been revived twice, sent on innumerable tours, and even paid a visit, humiliatingly brief, to New York. The colonies clamoured for it, the provinces flocked to see it; all over London and the suburbs the older generation were still saying with a retrospective sigh: "Ah, you should have seen Marcus Neville in *Lion Heart.* That was acting. Nothing to compare with it now."

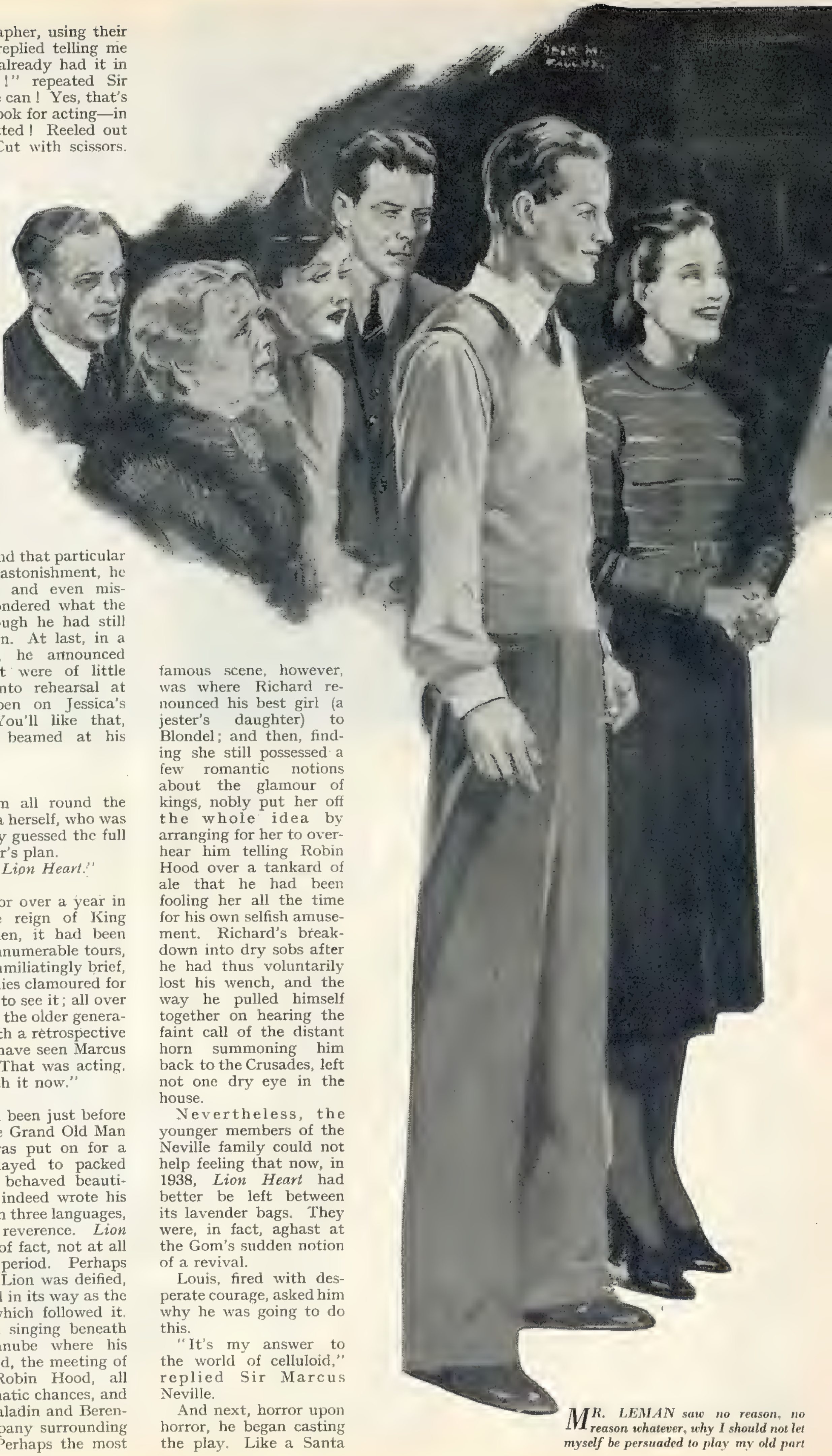
THE final revival had been just before the retirement of the Grand Old Man of the footlights. It was put on for a fortnight only, and played to packed houses. All the critics behaved beautifully; except one, who indeed wrote his true opinion of the epic in three languages, but he had no bump of reverence. *Lion Heart* was, as a matter of fact, not at all a bad example of its period. Perhaps King Richard Cœur de Lion was deified, but deification is as good in its way as the fashion of debunking which followed it. The episode of Blondel singing beneath the castle on the Danube where his sovereign was imprisoned, the meeting of King Richard with Robin Hood, all presented effective dramatic chances, and Scott's *Talisman* lent Saladin and Berengaria to the noble company surrounding Richard of England. Perhaps the most famous scene, however, was where Richard renounced his best girl (a jester's daughter) to Blondel; and then, finding she still possessed a few romantic notions about the glamour of kings, nobly put her off the whole idea by arranging for her to overhear him telling Robin Hood over a tankard of ale that he had been fooling her all the time for his own selfish amusement. Richard's breakdown into dry sobs after he had thus voluntarily lost his wench, and the way he pulled himself together on hearing the faint call of the distant horn summoning him back to the Crusades, left not one dry eye in the house.

Nevertheless, the younger members of the Neville family could not help feeling that now, in 1938, *Lion Heart* had better be left between its lavender bags. They were, in fact, aghast at the Gom's sudden notion of a revival.

Louis, fired with desperate courage, asked him why he was going to do this.

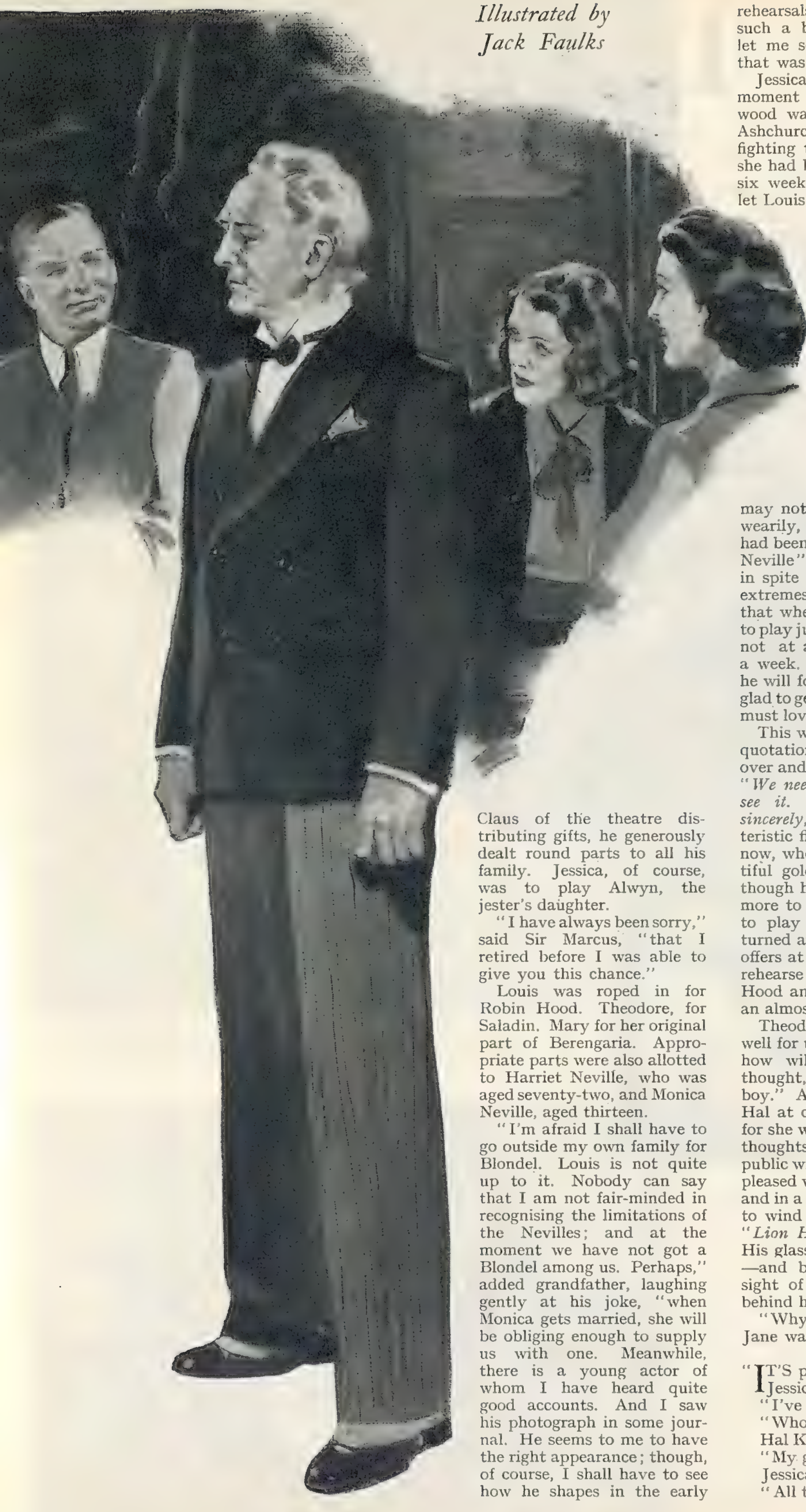
"It's my answer to the world of celluloid," replied Sir Marcus Neville.

And next, horror upon horror, he began casting the play. Like a Santa



MR. LEMAN saw no reason, no reason whatever, why I should not let myself be persuaded to play my old part

Illustrated by
Jack Faulks



Claus of the theatre distributing gifts, he generously dealt round parts to all his family. Jessica, of course, was to play Alwyn, the jester's daughter.

"I have always been sorry," said Sir Marcus, "that I retired before I was able to give you this chance."

Louis was roped in for Robin Hood. Theodore, for Saladin. Mary for her original part of Berengaria. Appropriate parts were also allotted to Harriet Neville, who was aged seventy-two, and Monica Neville, aged thirteen.

"I'm afraid I shall have to go outside my own family for Blondel. Louis is not quite up to it. Nobody can say that I am not fair-minded in recognising the limitations of the Nevilles; and at the moment we have not got a Blondel among us. Perhaps," added grandfather, laughing gently at his joke, "when Monica gets married, she will be obliging enough to supply us with one. Meanwhile, there is a young actor of whom I have heard quite good accounts. And I saw his photograph in some journal. He seems to me to have the right appearance; though, of course, I shall have to see how he shapes in the early rehearsals, before I finally select him for such a big part. His name—ah, now, let me see—what was the name? Hal, that was it—Hal—Hal Kingswood."

Jessica did not think this was quite the moment to reveal either that Hal Kingswood was the leading film hero of the Ashchurch Film Studios, with Hollywood fighting to get him over there. Or that she had been engaged to him for the last six weeks. So she remained silent, and let Louis rush in with an injudicious:

"Hal Kingswood! Good God, you'll never get *him*, not in a thousand years."

Grandfather slowly screwed in his monocle, so as to look more effectively down the table towards an obstreperous grandson.

"May I ask why not?"

"He's a big pot. They're paying him about five hundred pounds a week in the films. There are Hal Kingswood Fan Clubs all over England."

"I am not aware of what that may mean or what it may not mean," said Sir Marcus Neville wearily, forgetting that in 1900 there had been a flourishing K.O.N. ("Keen-on-Neville") Club, not ungratifying to himself in spite of his indulgent censure of such extremes. "But I can assure you, Louis, that when Hal Kingswood gets the offer to play juvenile lead with me in *Lion Heart*, not at a salary of five hundred pounds a week, if he has the true actor's spirit he will forget his silly shadow-show and be glad to get a chance to act again. 'We needs must love the highest when we see it.'"

This was Sir Marcus Neville's favourite quotation, and one which he had written over and over again in autograph albums. "*We needs must love the highest when we see it. With all good wishes. Yours sincerely, Marcus Neville*"—and a characteristic flourish. So that his family knew now, when he brought it out in his beautiful golden voice, rolling the words as though he loved them, that there was no more to be said. Grandfather was going to play Richard, and they, with faces turned away from a score of exciting film offers at fantastic salaries, would have to rehearse as Berengaria, Alwyn, Robin Hood and so forth; loyal Nevilles facing an almost certain flop.

Theodore and Mary thought, "All very well for us; we know what's coming. But how will *he* endure it?" And Louis thought, "Hell, this will about kill the old boy." And Jessica thought, "I must see Hal at once." But Harriet Neville said, for she was the only person present whose thoughts could be made audible: "The public will be *thrilled*!" And grandfather, pleased with the sensation he had created, and in a thoroughly good humour, wanted to wind up by giving them the toast of "*Lion Heart*, and may it run a year!" His glass was empty, so he looked round—and became aware of the unfamiliar sight of Jane, the housemaid, standing behind him.

"Why, what's this? Fanny, why is Jane waiting at table? Where's Doris?"

"IT'S practically a museum piece," said Jessica.

"I've heard it was awfully good."

"Who told you?"

Hal Kingswood thought for a moment.

"My great-aunt," he said at last.

Jessica's "*Well!*" was eloquent.

"All the same, (*Continued on page* 154)

Looking After

"AND what——" asked the attractive young Swede, "Is *your* opinion of the status of your women workers?"

She was making bright conversation in an earnest attempt to interview the British visitor for her newspaper. Like any other Englishwoman I immediately displayed the paralysed ignorance that afflicts our countrymen when asked what democracy is really doing. It has been left for that intelligent traveller and writer, Cicely Hamilton, to suggest that what we badly need is a "Society for Cultural Relations — with US!" But it is not a bad thing for the spoilt British democrat to have to discover and display his own assets: and later, with my Swedish questioner as my guest, politely impressed already by the Tower and Stratford-on-Avon, I set out to correct her amiable scepticism as regards our place in the modern world.

She was on a tour of modern Europe and was already dazzled by clinics, gymnasia, autostrada, collectives and crêches. So I ventured to claim one morning of her time and take her, quite modestly, on one of London's newer Underground stretches—explaining as best I could that this was not a State enterprise but originally the enterprise of some ordinary citizens.

We disembarked at Wood Green—streamlined cleanly station, proving that they know very little of modern London who gyrate around its centres only. There is a great deal to be said for the cheerful modernity of the newer districts; but, just as my Swede was telling me of the wonders of the stores that served new towns in another land, I took her by the elbow and steered her into the shining glass and chromium interior of one of the 228 Marks and Spencer's stores, to point a moral and adorn, as it does, my tale.

She paused in frank admiration by the shining glass shelves of the fruit stall—to say that here at last the Government was giving the people cheap, fresh foods. She was disappointed that it was not run by the Ministry of Alimentation: but delighted with the chance of exploring what democracy, at its best, really does when it gets going. "Any other country——" she said, with sorrow, "would have a Ministry of Propaganda telling us about this." But it is the best answer I could give her to her question about modern women workers in Britain. And we went behind the scenes to check-up on the real rank-and-file.

Behind Mary Smith—serving fruit—is a great deal more than her customer knows. Mary is one of some 16,000 workers on whose welfare £100,000 was spent by this firm—to *supplement* those services already provided by the State.

The Young Ladies Line Up! The canteen opens for them for their mid-morning ten minutes. For four shillings a week they get their working-day meals

The fresh fruit stall with its glass and chromium is all that's modern

Enjoying their mid-morning break. Notice especially the high level of coiffeur and general health and beauty. Betty the cook gets credit and so does the firm for subsidising good meals

A mannequin and chief assistant with yard-stick. Miss L. has been with this department since Mrs. Woolf started it

Mary Smith

By Joan Woollcombe

Betty, the cook, with one of the staff. The baking-dish contains a black-currant pie in the making

The staff's rest room. A radiogram has been installed to entertain them when off duty

Below: A before noon conference. A staff manageress in her office with an assistant and another officer of the store at Wood Green

I tried to explain that all this has been spontaneously generated and under no compulsion: and that it was just as important a phenomenon to study as the regimentation going on elsewhere.

So we went upstairs to see the real working of the branch and to show to the Swedish guest modern Englishwomen against their background of modern work under excellent conditions. Above the shining counters of the store and away from the aspects seen only by the public in this materialisation of Marks and Spencer's sense of responsibility to its workers; this we vaguely call "welfare" . . . it spells security for both Mary Smith and for married Mrs. Robinson—who is also on the permanent staff, without the sacrifice of the individuality of either—and the private life of each is entirely without interference.

What is this machinery of "Welfare" that gives the modern shop assistant and her immediate superiors in such a business *personal* care? How does Mary, aged sixteen and a half, and Mrs. Robinson, aged twenty-two get security in terms of health and happiness affecting every detail of the pattern of their daily lives? We are rather vague, on our side of the counter, when we benevolently say that such-and-such a firm, we hope, "treats their girls well." What *is* good treatment? Here it is.

The scene is "upstairs" at Wood Green in the office of the (woman) staff manager, herself married. She agrees enthusiastically with the employment of married women. "You'll see that lots of us wear wedding rings. . . ." Accustomed to the surreptitious rings of certain harassed civil servants—this is good hearing. Pressed, she tells her own story. She herself has risen from the ranks: with few exceptions the higher grades all have. "They always endeavour whenever possible to promote by service and merit . . ." she says. This "Field-Marshal's baton" is no myth in this firm as is seen from the bald enough typed notes given their local Labour Exchange: " . . . there are prospects for capable sales assistants. Office staff, floor supervisors, stockroom assistants and window dressers are selected from amongst the sales staff." All are given training for the posts to which they are promoted and the firm has a training branch also.

The staff manageress began as a salesgirl nine years ago; from this she worked her way up, through various

(*Continued on page* 146)

BOOKS:

Reviewed by Alan Seymour

CHARLES LAUGHTON AND I
ELSA LANCHESTER
ROYAL ESCAPE
THE DARK COMMAND
W.R. BURNETT

CHRISTMASTIDE is a romantic time. Stirring deeds and tender interludes fit aptly into the picture, and in the mellowness which suffuses us what better than that these things should be recaptured from the past and brought before us now?

Thus *Royal Escape*, by Georgette Heyer (Heinemann, 8s. 6d.) makes particularly suitable Yuletide reading.

Miss Heyer's gifts as an historical novelist have never been more brilliantly displayed than in this story of Charles II after Worcester.

The story opens on a note of tense drama, on the day of the battle, with the king desperately but vainly exhorting his Scots troopers to a last charge which might have turned the day.

The ensuing vicissitudes of the unluckiest of kings and his associations with Jane Lane—"My Life," he called her—and later with Juliana Coningsby and his ultimate flight to France aboard the *Surprise*, all these are told with startling vividness, while as a background to these major events are a succession of deft sketches of Charles's hapless friends and advisers and a number of really thrilling adventures and escapes while he is "on the run."

How royal hopes rise time after time, only to be rudely dashed again, is shown in a manner which must enlist the sympathies and excite the apprehension of every reader.

To read *Royal Escape* is to be transported from the present back through the years, to that time when life offered so much more of gallantry in the settlement of a nation's affairs than it does to-day, and when the individual played a dominant part in the destinies of future generations of Britishers.

I cordially recommend *Royal Escape* as a romantic and adventurous means of contemporary escape.

I AM glad to have had the opportunity to know the *real* Charles Laughton through the penetrating biography of his wife. (*Continued on page* 112)

The Book of the Month

Voice of Europe, By Cesar Saerchinger (Victor Gollancz, 15s.) is no ordinary book, for it combines a high quality of interest with valuable documentary records of and intimate glimpses at men who have made post-war history.

By far the most outstanding characteristic of this book, however, is its essential readableness.

There is not one of its 416 pages which fails to tell us something of absorbing interest.

Cesar Saerchinger styles himself "The World's First Radio Newsman," and the facts presented by him justify the claim.

In 1930 he was one of the correspondents sent over from America to attend the Naval Conference, and he stayed over here to succeed Frederick William Wile as London representative of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

This job brought him into contact with all the leading men of the day—although contact with them was often more of his volition than of theirs and he had to resort to many an ingenious subterfuge in order to obtain the desired interview.

Thus the author's adventurous pursuit of Trotsky, after the banished Bolshevist's escape from Prinkipo and how he ultimately "got his man" is quite one of the most exciting stories of recent years.

Incidental to the particularised events which comprise Mr. Saerchinger's stirring and human narrative, is an authentic history of transatlantic broadcasting from 1924, which saw the first experimental European programme transmitted to the United States, up to the complicated arrangement including the Coronation commentaries.

The author's references to the broadcasting genius of King George V are all the more moving because they show that that genius was purely the outcome of an intense sincerity.

Among others whose broadcasting manners and mannerisms are analysed in a most fascinating way is the present King, of whose abilities Mr. Saerchinger holds a very high opinion, describing His Majesty's 1937 Christmas broadcast as "a flawless performance."

Gandhi, Dollfuss, Mussolini, Haile Selassie, Hitler, the Duke of Windsor and even Bernard Shaw are others of whom he writes intimately.

One surprising fact which emerges from *Voice of Europe* is the disproportionate ratio of America-to-Britain and Britain-to-America transmissions.

Mr. Saerchinger tells us that for every programme radiated to this country across the Atlantic something like twenty broadcasts take place from us to America, while during the September crisis more than two hundred individual transmissions from this country were received and relayed by the various American broadcasting companies.

An Excellent Mixture of Six

Edward of Kent. By David Duff (Stanley Paul, 18s.). Biographical spotlight picks out Queen Victoria's father and the resultant light and shadow study is amplified by twenty-eight illustrations. His life was one of many ups and downs.

Cesar Ritz. By Marie Louise Ritz (Harrap, 12s. 6d.). The rise from humble beginnings to universal fame of the man who made eating an art. Subject: Restauranteur. Author: Raconteur. Result: Food for thought.

Mistinguett—and Her Confessions. Translated and edited by Hubert Griffith (Hurst and Blackett, 15s.). Most famous of Parisian entertainers entertains with gaiety and not a little naughtiness in this book. Mistinguett seems to have met everyone—and to know something unusual about them.

The Dog In Sport. By J. Wentworth Day (Harrap, 8s. 6d.). The world has waited for Mr. Wentworth Day to tell it exactly *why* the French poodle is trimmed the way it is. The reason he gives is extremely interesting—but then, so is the whole book.

Honest Thieves. By Patrick Pringle (Robert Hale, 12s. 6d.). A complete history of the old-time smuggler, with many intensely exciting pen pictures. If you are human you cannot fail to thrill at this book and thoroughly enjoy it.

Written With Lipstick. By Maurice Dekobra (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). The confessions of this famous French novelist and globe trotter are satirical, but never bitter. The book is witty and eminently readable. Its author has got a great deal out of life and here he passes on his acquisitions.

AMONG WOLVES
WARWICK DEEPING
THE MALICE OF MEN
JIMMY WILDE
FIGHTING WAS MY BUSINESS
GUNS OR BUTTER
R.H. Bruce Lockhart
WE SAILED FROM BRIXHAM

Music-Hall Memories

GUS ELEN, *the coster comedian specialist*

Reminiscences of the Grand Days of Variety

By Harry J. Greenwall

VESTA VICTORIA, a singer of very popular chorus songs

LITTLE TICH was another genius. amous for his patter and his big boots

HOW the memories of variety live on. Do you remember how we fidgeted excitedly in our seats when the numbers in the gold frames on either side of the stage changed, and up went a number announcing, say, Marie Lloyd?

Do you remember the songs she used to sing; do you remember the choruses?

Shall we talk of R. G. Knowles, in his top hat and his white duck trousers? Would you be reminded of Vesta Tilley and Vesta Victoria?

Let us recall Tom Costello and his catchy chorus songs. There are many, many memories; some perhaps that will make your eyes blink when you recall the words, and the jingles come back, slowly, but surely.

This is really a story for people of all ages. The old and the middle-aged will remember, and the young may perhaps learn something of what they have missed. I am not old enough myself to remember the days of the chairmen; I understand those days were very gay indeed; when young blades would save up money to go and sit near the chairman and offer him liquid refreshment. It was a very fine thing to be seen shaking hands with the chairman. Perhaps we should call him an announcer to-day, because that was his function: to announce the name of the next performer. I would like to recall for your pleasure those days when the auditorium was under a pall of grey smoke. We sat back comfortably in our seats. What a feast there was. Perhaps there was nothing very sophisticated; maybe the wit was not of a very high order, though I do think that we had the very best opportunities for relaxing those evenings in the music-halls of old.

MARIE LLOYD. Shall we ever see her like again? She was London, London on the spree. . . .

Let us start on a short tour of the West End music-halls. Long before the system of two houses a night came into existence, the music-hall performers, men and women, worked very hard indeed. The star would sing three songs, say at the Oxford music-hall, near the corner of Oxford Street and Tottenham Court Road, and then rush through the stage door, jump into a hansom cab or perhaps into a private brougham, and rush off to another theatre and sing three more songs; quite likely, there would be three more songs to be sung at another music-hall,

(Continued on page 96)

Old Tales Re-told

Herod and Mariamne:

The Story of a Jealousy that Laid a Curse

Written and Illustrated

By F. Matania, R.I.

THAT the world has always been a boiling crater and that man has never succeeded in living for long in harmony are undisputed facts, but when we seek to discover in what condition this world of ours was before the Wonder Birth in Bethlehem, history horrifies us by its answer.

Let us take a period just preceding the Christian era, and a land linked with the names of those two opposites in character, Christ and Herod. Let us take a page of history, human and inhuman at the same time, a page that should have been a story of love, but turned by jealousy into a story of hatred.

Originally jealousy induced the male to defend the female against the intrusion or the interference of an outsider, so it may be considered as something quite instinctive and natural. We see it in the animal as the sole reason for fighting amongst those of the same species. In fact, man is the only animal whose superiority of intellect has enabled him to invent so many other reasons for enmity against his fellow man, and so many various forms of jealousy.

As long as the world exists, jealousy will ever continue to add new chapters to the eternal book of human life, to cause new tragedy, and will always be an inexhaustible source of every kind of dramatic literature.

Practically every writer or poet, whose works have touched upon the principal problems of human romance, has devoted a conspicuous place to that passion. Homer's great work, the *Iliad*, rests chiefly on this human failing, and upon it Euripides has based much of his Greek tragedy. Boccaccio, in his brilliant and satirical masterpiece, has also given tremendous importance to the same subject, and the great Shakespeare, second to none, would not have been complete in his stupendous work if *Othello* had never been written.

Thousands of instances go to prove that the course of world history has been at the mercy of this torture that destroys the serenity of the human mind, driving man to mad excess. When the victims of this insanity have been powerful enough to be able to dispose freely of other peoples' lives, they have not hesitated to immolate human beings, to overthrow kingdoms in a vain attempt to relieve the incurable torment.

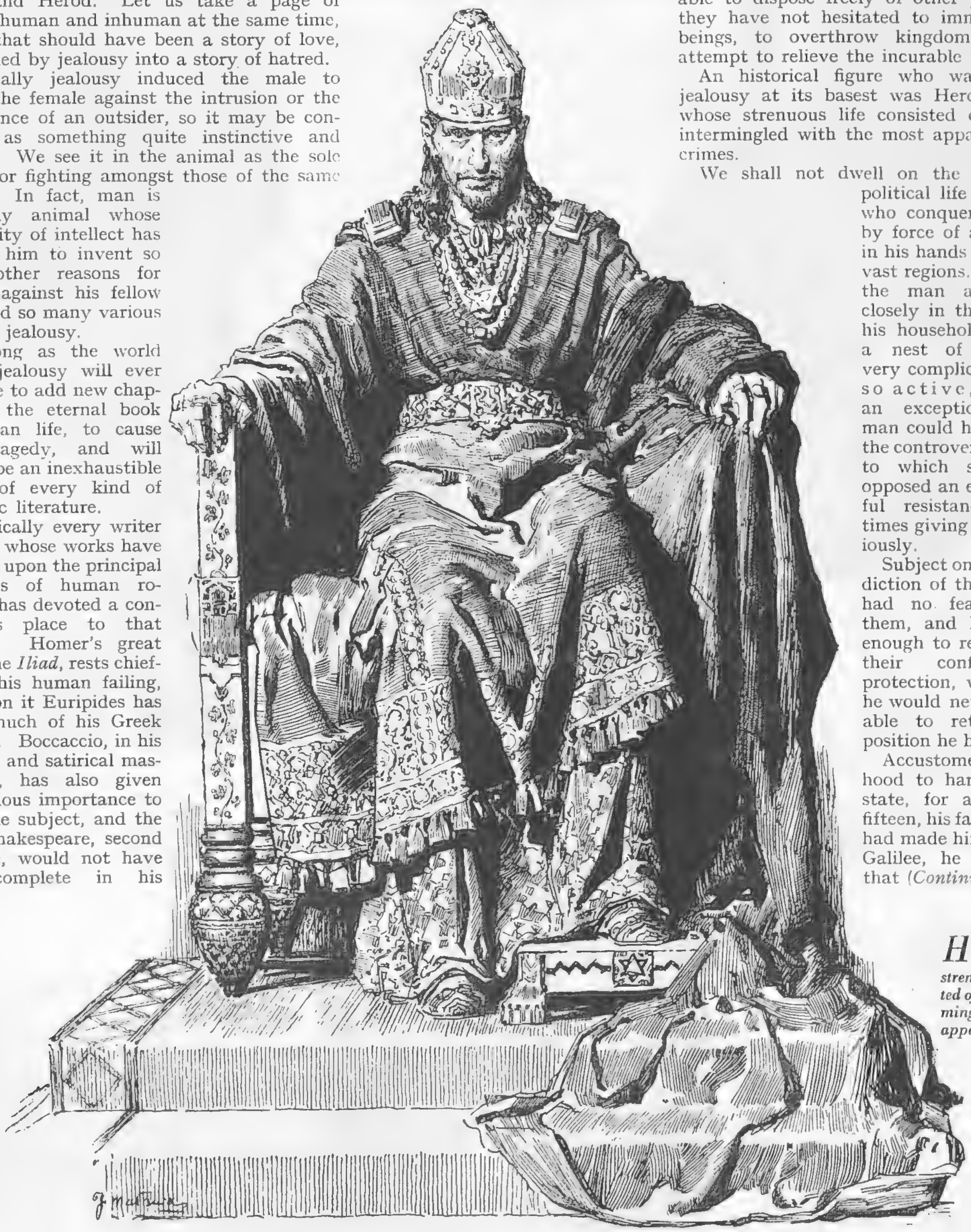
An historical figure who was a prey to jealousy at its basest was Herod the Great, whose strenuous life consisted of fine deeds, intermingled with the most appalling series of crimes.

We shall not dwell on the extraordinary political life of this King, who conquered Jerusalem by force of arms and had in his hands the destiny of vast regions. We shall see the man a little more closely in the intimacy of his household, which was a nest of intrigue, so very complicated and also so active, that only an exceptionally strong man could have withstood the controversial influences to which sometimes he opposed an equally powerful resistance, at other times giving way ignominiously.

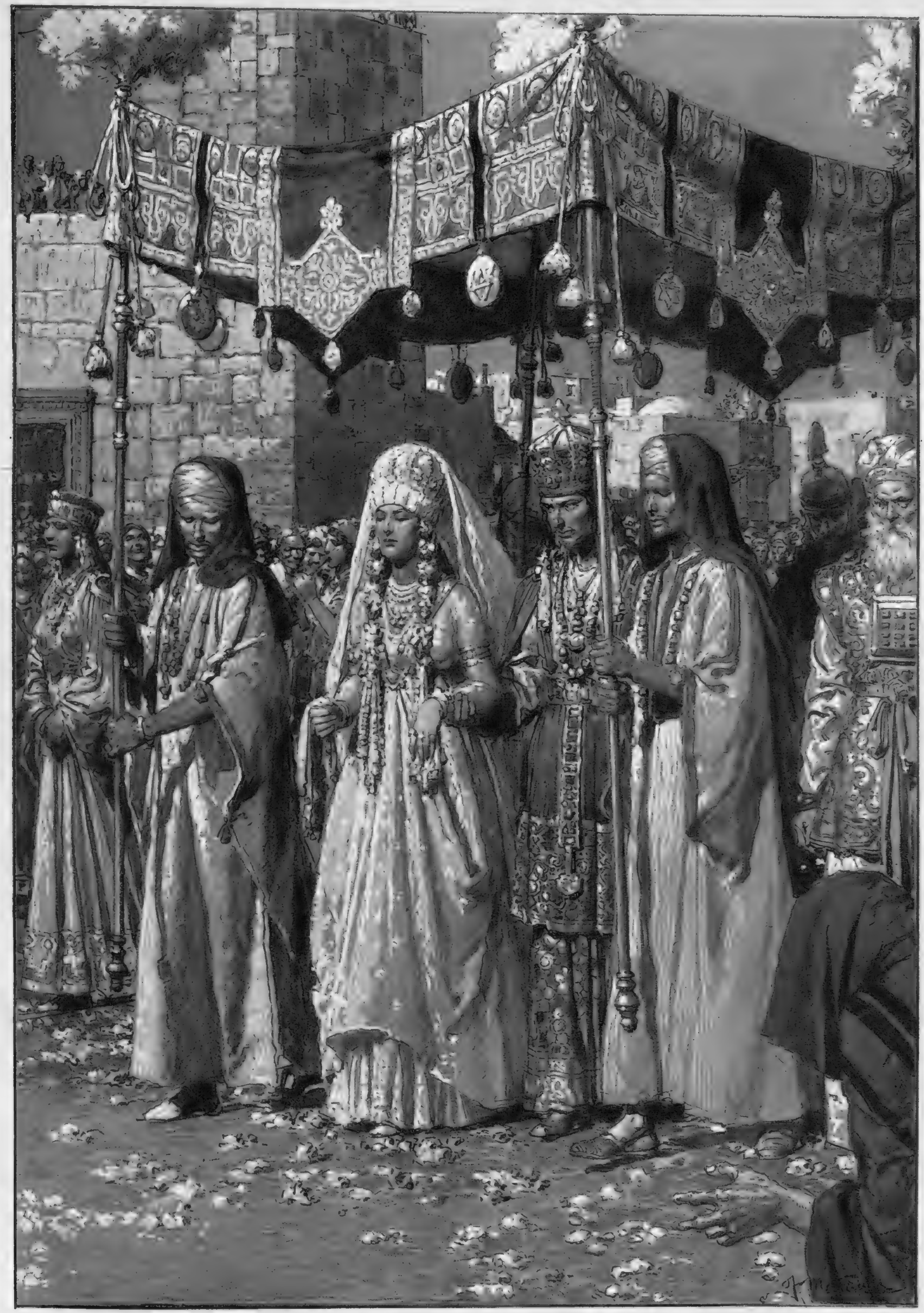
Subject only to the jurisdiction of the Romans, he had no fear, except of them, and he was lucky enough to repeatedly gain their confidence and protection, without which he would never have been able to retain the solid position he held.

Accustomed from childhood to handle affairs of state, for at the age of fifteen, his father Antipater had made him Governor of Galilee, he had acquired that

(*Continued on page* 50



HEROD THE GREAT, whose strenuous life consisted of fine deeds, intermingled with the most appalling series of crimes



At Samaria the royal pair, attended by their relations and their retinue, celebrated their nuptials with the most sumptuous splendour that Eastern imagination could conceive courage which in many serious instances consolidated his foothold on every step of his ascending career.

While still adolescent he was given tasks, not only of an administrative nature, but was entrusted with the extermination of several bands of robbers. Herod, then about sixteen years old, succeeded in mastering this evil, and signed the death sentence of their leader. This episode soon brought him recognition. It provoked the practical impossibility of any opposition to his will, hence the necessity for continuous plotting whenever any of the members of his extraordinary family wished to induce him into some action or other.

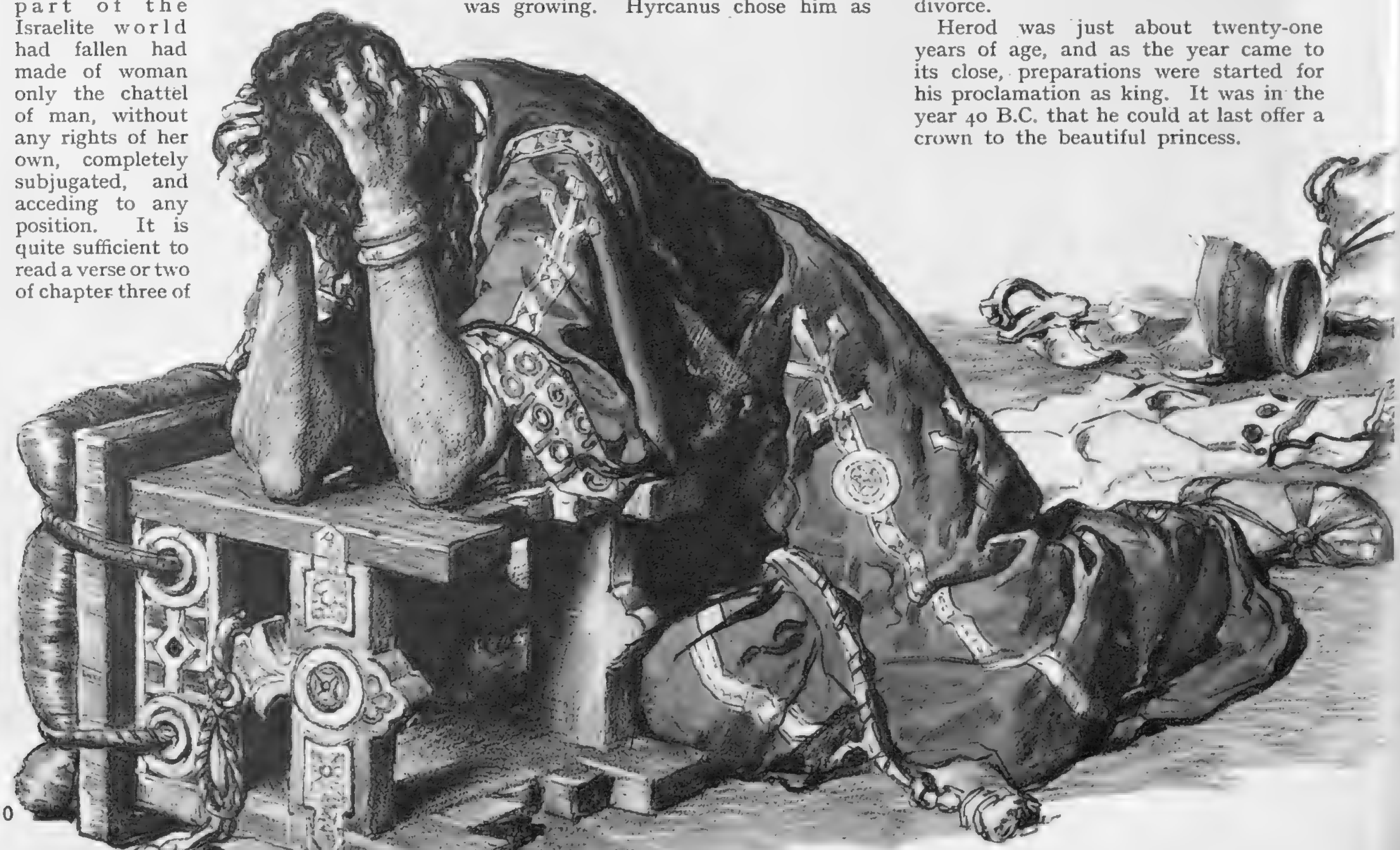
HISTORY does not say very much about Herod's first wife Doris, except that she bore him a son, but relates a tragic sequel of events in connection with the beautiful young Mariamne, who only a few years later sat beside him on the throne.

It was at a time when the rigid laws of Moses and the sacred bonds of marriage had assumed the most degrading elasticity, even amongst ordinary people, and we can well conjecture with what lack of respect these laws were considered by those whose power was equal to their incontinence.

Whenever the connection became distasteful to the husband he had full right to undo it. Even a parent was at liberty to reclaim his married daughter from her husband, and throw her into the arms of another.

At that time the characteristic Hebrew woman was not as we know her to-day. Two thousand years of the intermingling of the races in every region of the world has completely destroyed the original type. At the time of our story the Hebrew woman was practically Arab, slim and very similar to the Indian, but with a skin as fair as that of a European.

The loose customs into which part of the Israelite world had fallen had made of woman only the chattel of man, without any rights of her own, completely subjugated, and acceding to any position. It is quite sufficient to read a verse or two of chapter three of Hosea to see how easily a young woman could be bought for fifteen pieces of silver and a homer and a half of barley (the homer being an ancient wine measure; and we may also presume that what was meant by barley was barley-wine, in other words beer, which was already known at that time, being the national drink of the Egyptians). That woman was not legally a slave nor recognised as a wife.



And so we see Doris falling into oblivion, whilst on the horizon dawned another celestial body which was to inflame Herod's heart.

THE throne of Judea at that time was occupied by Hyrcanus II., the feeble-minded high priest who was struggling hard to maintain his supremacy. The old man had a married daughter called Alexandra. This woman played a dramatic part in the drama that punctuated the life of her beautiful young daughter Mariamne.

It was not difficult for Herod to establish a friendly relationship with Mariamne, especially considering their respective ages and the beauty of Mariamne.

Hyrcanus, disgusted by the long and treacherous opposition of his own relations, bestowed on Herod his favours, completely ignoring the rightful succession. Nor did he discourage the idea of a closer tie with this promising young man. But the spiritless and tired Hyrcanus had not read the character of his protégé as correctly as Alexandra had done. The perspicacity of a woman is always endowed with a finer and deeper probe with which to penetrate the mystery of a man's character. She had, however, no justifiable reason to oppose what was steadily maturing, and when she saw that Mariamne was not indifferent to the eager glances that Herod was levelling at her, she gave her consent when the time came, but not without a deep sense of reluctance and foreboding.

In the meantime Herod's reputation was growing. Hyrcanus chose him as companion and colleague when he set out on his journey into Syria to pay a visit to the great Marc Antony. All Asia was resounding with the success that the latter had gained at Philippi, a feat that had rendered him the supreme arbiter of all the East.

Introduced by the venerable Hyrcanus, Herod made such a favourable impression on the great Roman general that they both obtained the full confirmation of their power in Judea. Yet this eventful journey and the great honour of having personally known such a man whose romance with Cleopatra had rendered him still more conspicuous, did not occupy all the attention of Herod's mind.

He had conceived a deep love for Mariamne. Not less deep was the penetration of the poisonous needle of jealousy. He had left Mariamne behind, and the sole fact of being parted from her began to be a torture in itself, despite all the considerations that should have given him serenity and security. As a matter of fact, the laws concerning the morals and conduct that the family of a high priest should have observed, were extremely severe. The punishment of the daughter of a priest found at fault was to burn her alive. The code of Moses did contemplate similar punishment for any other offence. Unfortunately, in human psychology there is no security which can pacify a distrustful nature.

Herod's return was a glorious event, for it was with the sanction of the Roman Empire that now he had firmly established one foot on the throne of Judea.

It was only when he saw his Mariamne, as beautiful as ever, her big eyes expressing the obvious calm of the one who has nothing to hide, that he felt relieved and happy.

Herod hastened to celebrate the rite of the betrothal — a bond considered as sacred as the bond of marriage, for it could not be broken without legal divorce.

Herod was just about twenty-one years of age, and as the year came to its close, preparations were started for his proclamation as king. It was in the year 40 B.C. that he could at last offer a crown to the beautiful princess.

A YEAR before Herod's accession to the throne, the betrothal of the young couple was solemnly celebrated, very much against the secret wishes of two other members of Herod's family, his mother Cypros, an Arabian, and his sister Salome. They had, however, fostered the association with Hyrcanus only because he could pave the way for Herod, but they were determined to use every means they could afford in order to undermine the domestic arrangement that Herod's infatuation was about to establish.

Another source of trouble was Mariamne's younger brother, Aristobulus, not for any fault of his own, however, but because he constituted the object of very high ambitions on his mother's part and of secret fears on the part of Herod.

At that time Aristobulus was only sixteen years of age and so handsome that he resembled an Adonis chiselled by the hand of Phidias. He and his sister seemed almost unreal, so perfect was the beauty with which nature had endowed them.

The prospect of becoming the Queen of Judea, added to Herod's love, made Mariamne look with disdain on the hypocrisy that Cypros and Salome did not succeed in disguising.

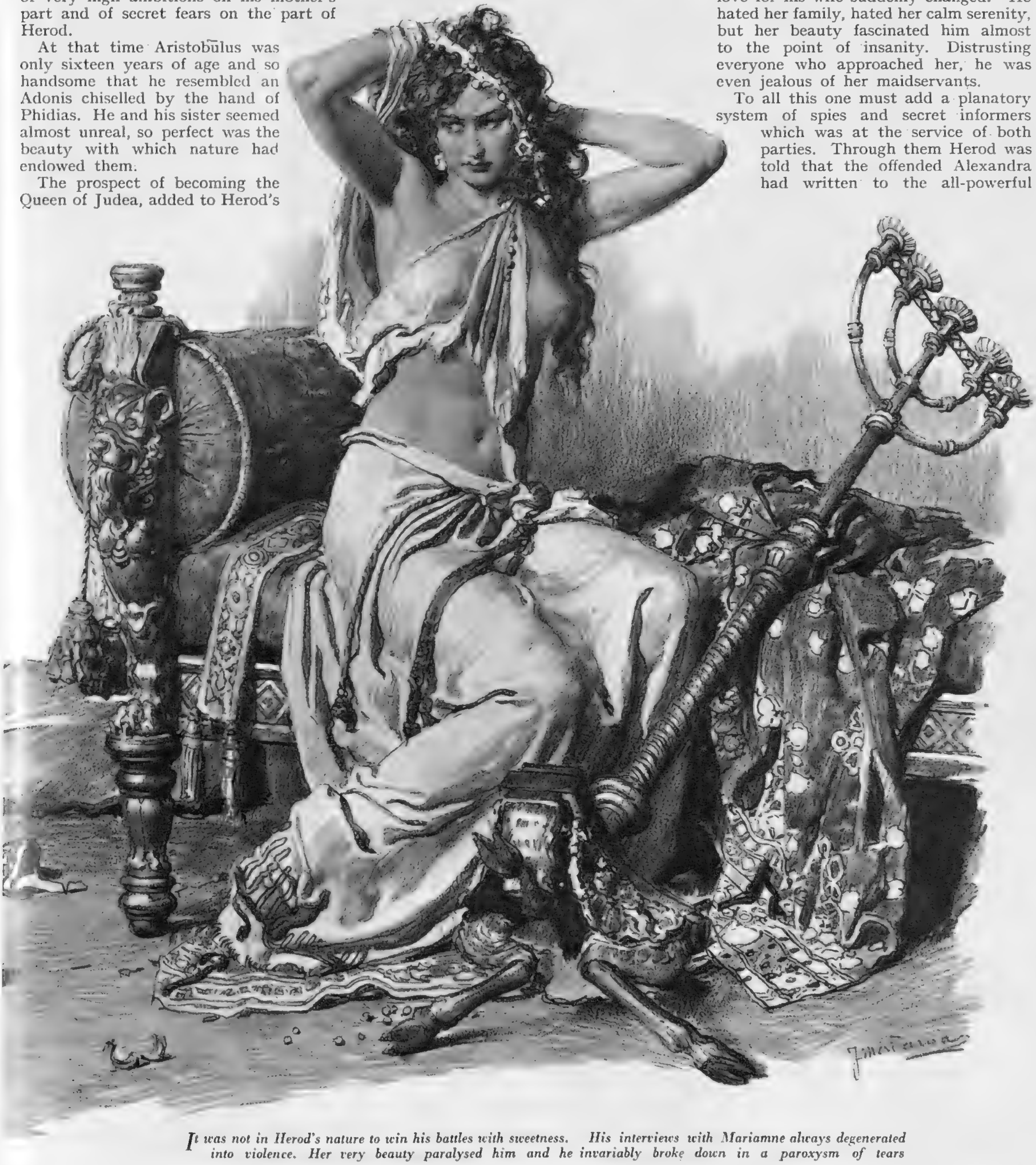
This, briefly, was the position when at Samaria the royal pair, attended by their relations and their retinue, celebrated their nuptials with the most sumptuous splendour that Eastern imagination could conceive.

But in that same year peace was shattered when Jerusalem was attacked by the Parthians. The army of barbarians, with their king Orodes I. at their head, was so powerful that the forces of Hyrcanus and Herod together with Roman reinforcements were not sufficient to repulse them. With the excuse of negotiations for peace, the Parthians succeeded in decoying old Hyrcanus out of the fortress of Baris, and the old man was captured. He had reached the ripe age of eighty, and was very much inclined to retire, and his only wish was to spend the remainder of his years forgotten by that world which had made of his existence one uninterrupted struggle. He was, however, liberated, but not before submitting to the outrage of having his ears cut off.

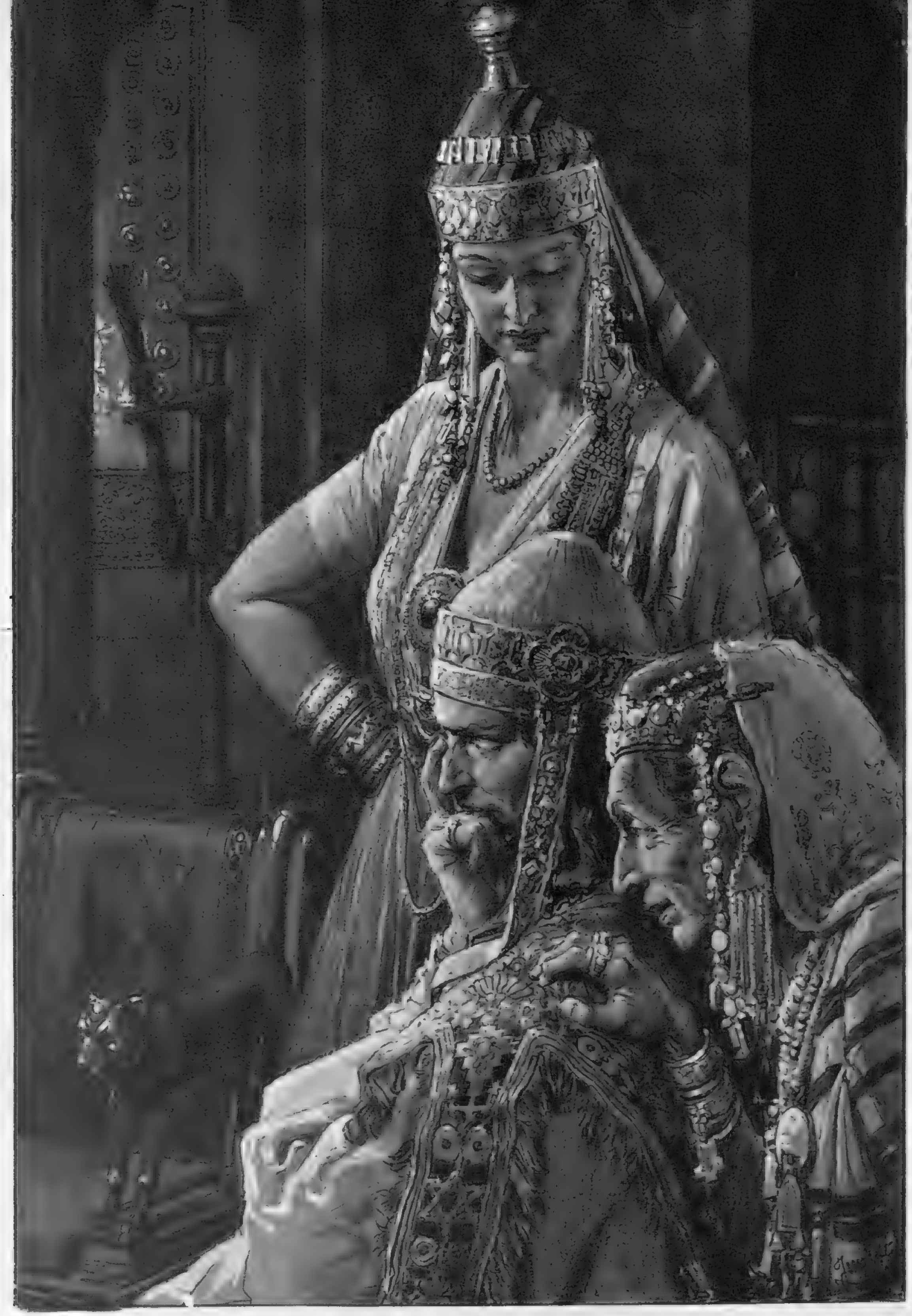
This event aroused another storm in Herod's family, for the high priesthood was given to an insignificant person, whilst Alexandra had coveted it for Aristobulus.

In this venomous atmosphere Herod's love for his wife suddenly changed. He hated her family, hated her calm serenity, but her beauty fascinated him almost to the point of insanity. Distrusting everyone who approached her, he was even jealous of her maidservants.

To all this one must add a planatory system of spies and secret informers which was at the service of both parties. Through them Herod was told that the offended Alexandra had written to the all-powerful



It was not in Herod's nature to win his battles with sweetness. His interviews with Mariamne always degenerated into violence. Her very beauty paralysed him and he invariably broke down in a paroxysm of tears



Herod showed signs of wanting to grant Mariamne a reprieve, but Cypros and Salome soon suppressed that feeble spark of conscience

Cleopatra relating the injustice done to her son. The letter was conveyed to the Egyptian enchantress hidden in the musical instrument of a travelling musician. Further spying acquainted him with something that aroused all the ferocity of his nature.

Alexandra, knowing how sensitive Marc Antony was to physical beauty, and hoping that he might take Mariamne away from Herod, had secretly managed to have the portraits of both her children painted and despatched them to the general. His reply also came to Herod's knowledge. It was to the effect that such a beautiful pair seemed generated by God rather than by man, and he invited Aristobulus to pay him a visit. This was a bitter blow to Herod, who being calculating, however, had the strength of will to control his temper.

Thereafter he was cordiality itself towards his mother-in-law, and he actually granted the high priesthood to the godlike Aristobulus. At last the proud mother had the joy of seeing her son elevated to the honourable position that she had so desired for him, of seeing him adored by a frantic crowd when, in the temple attired in his sacred robes, the seventeen-year-old pontiff officiated for the first time. He appeared to be the true impersonation of gracefulness, innocence and dignity.

Meanwhile, under the dazzling veneer an evil genius was spreading its net. A few days after the festivities, Aristobulus was invited to a swimming-party by some of the court officials. The day was a very hot one and the sport-loving Aristobulus enthusiastically welcomed a dip in the cool waters of the river. Some time later Aristobulus's companions carried indoors the lifeless form of the handsome high priest. . . .

Alexandra, distracted by the unexpected blow, understood who was behind the tragic incident, but she wisely kept silent.

We shall see how, at first sight, these isolated episodes were combining slowly but surely to increase the disastrous jealousy Herod had of his wife.

Herod was quite confident that his apparent sorrow at the death of Aristobulus, coupled with a magnificent funeral, had convinced the public of his innocence, whereas, in reality, it was only fear that had kept everyone silent. But when he found himself alone with Mariamne and noticed for the first time that shiver of repulsion that no honest woman could have repressed, he realised not only the silent accusation, but also that he was losing Mariamne's love.

Once two lovers are divided by a secret, peace of mind vanishes. Not a single kiss is given or received with serenity any more, and whilst the ghost is there between them unmentioned, they only drift into acting a comedy without even managing to deceive each other.

Mariamne's frigidity plunged Herod into a state of infernal misery.

Outside his private apartments everything seemed quiet and normal, nor could he detect anything unusual depicted on the masks of flattery that surrounded him.

ONE day a bombshell shook the royal household and with it the whole kingdom. Marc Antony had sent a summons for Herod to appear before him to defend himself against the accusation of having murdered Aristobulus.

Herod would have given his right arm in preference to leaving his wife in the state of mind in which she was. He could not disobey the peremptory order, nor did he dare to take his wife with him for fear that Antony might cast his voluptuous eyes on her. That would have meant a sure condemnation and the end of everything. So he had to resign himself to leaving Mariamne before he had succeeded in improving her disposition towards him.

This time he really felt the ground giving way beneath him. Who could have informed Marc Antony? Alexandra surely! Had Mariamne had anything to do with it, and was she going to be the price promised for this revenge?

With his brain in a turmoil he conceived a plan that by its very ingenuity evidenced to what a degree of selfish jealousy he had gone.

HEROD had a brother called Joseph to whom he used to entrust many affairs of state, especially during his absence. This man had been wise enough to keep himself aloof from the family intrigues.

After having given Joseph all instructions concerning official matters, Herod made him swear that he would faithfully carry out all that he would ask him, telling him that he was doubtful whether or not he would come back, for the result of the trial might go against him. If that were so, he wanted to die with the consolation of knowing that Mariamne too would die at the same time. Joseph asked: "Why, and who is going to kill an innocent woman?" The answer came: "As soon as you know that I am no more, you are going to!" In so saying he left the honest Joseph wondering whether he had heard right or not.

During Herod's absence an alarming rumour spread about Jerusalem causing a great upset in the Royal family. It was said that Antony had put Herod to the torture and to death. This news put Joseph in a terrible state, for he was confronted with a task that he had had neither the chance to refuse nor the heart to execute. But more precise information dispelled the nightmare.

Herod was returning safe and sound, and his plea of not guilty had been fully accepted. When he arrived he resumed the difficult task of effacing from Mariamne's brow the cloud of suspicion. But it was not in his nature to win his battles with sweetness. Their interviews always degenerated into violence, and whenever his horrid temper revealed the brute and he felt in his grasp the tender flesh of the defenceless girl, her very beauty paralysed him and he invariably broke down in a paroxysm of tears. This more on account of his own weakness than for any feeling of repentance.

It was during one of these scenes that he was enumerating all the proofs of love that he had given her. She asked him whether the order to kill her had also been a proof of love. That question was sufficient to make of Herod a wild beast. He refused to believe that Joseph had mentioned it to her only as an example of excessive love. Overthrowing all that stood in his way, he left the room shouting that without a guilty intimacy such a confidential secret could not have been divulged.

He ordered the immediate execution of his brother, refusing even to see him or to hear what he had to say. And so Joseph was the second piece that was removed from the chessboard. Now for the first time there cropped up the implicit accusation of unfaithfulness against Mariamne. The insinuations of Cypros and Salome were very slowly and surely making their insidious way in.

Every one obeyed the tyrant and so did Mariamne. But with her there was something of an abstract nature that did not obey, did not consent, something indestructible for it was impalpable. Herod had the strange sensation that she was receding further and further away from him even when she was strongly held in his arms.

ANOTHER upheaval was caused by the downfall of Antony. The struggle against Rome had ended with the complete collapse of the alliance Cleopatra-Marc Antony. The army was scattered, the fleet annihilated, the lovers had committed suicide and Octavianus Augustus was taking possession of the East.

Herod had lost his friend! What would his successor do? His private as well as his public life had been so full of excesses, that when he was called to appear before the new Emperor, he feared that that which had not happened under Marc Antony might happen under Augustus.

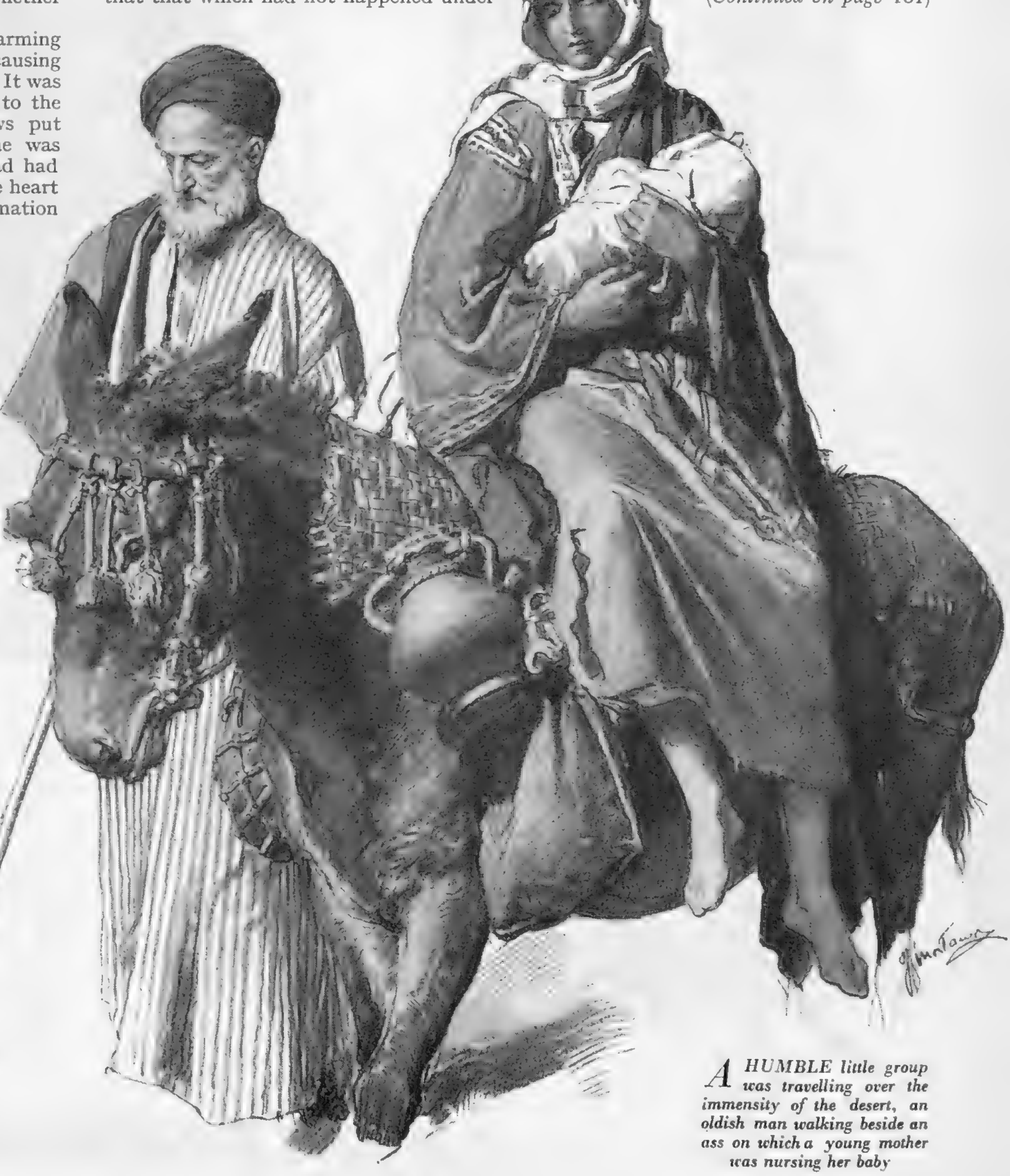
At the prospect of another journey he was again seized with that insane fever of jealousy, but this time in a worse manner, for before he left, knowing that one or more murders would have the same weight with Roman justice, he found an excuse to condemn the octogenarian Hyrcanus, and ordered Alexandra and Mariamne to be incarcerated until his return.

It was evident that step by step Cypros and Salome were reaching their goal with the inexorability of fate.

The two unfortunate women were brought to the fortress of Alexandreium not knowing that two of Herod's dependents, Josephus and Soemus, had accepted the same grim task that had previously been given to Herod's brother.

Again Herod returned triumphant, his privileges confirmed and every apprehension dispelled. He recalled his wife, and like every born brute, expected to find her all smiled and tenderness. Instead he was confronted with still more aversion. Soemus had unwisely confided to Mariamne the instructions that he

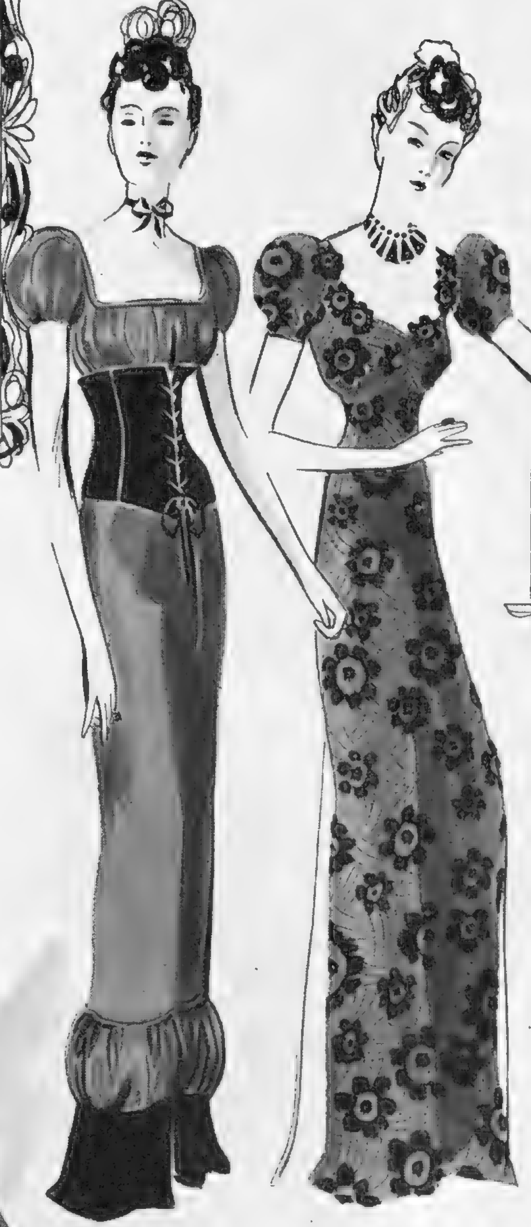
(*Continued on page* 101)



A HUMBLE little group was travelling over the immensity of the desert, an oldish man walking beside an ass on which a young mother was nursing her baby

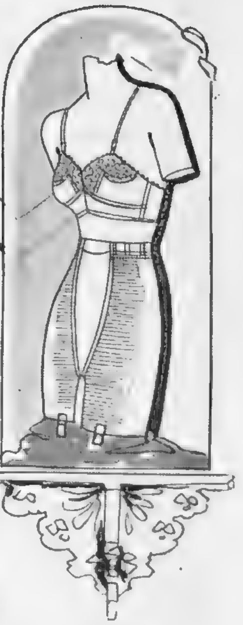
THE DRESSES

1. Grey chiffon crinoline with black velvet strips and bows, palma violets on shoulder and muff.
2. An inset black velvet corset laces tightly over sleek black taffeta with a velvet hem.
3. Fine black lace, appliquéd with black velvet flowers, a moulded high bosom, a princess-slim line.
4. Wine-red crêpe shirred to define the corset area, flounced down the front, around the corsage.
5. Heavy white crêpe cutting sharply beneath the bosom, trimmed with sequin and gold thread embroidery.
6. Tucked black faille woven with a cerise lamé stripe, a real bustle, a frilled net petticoat-train.

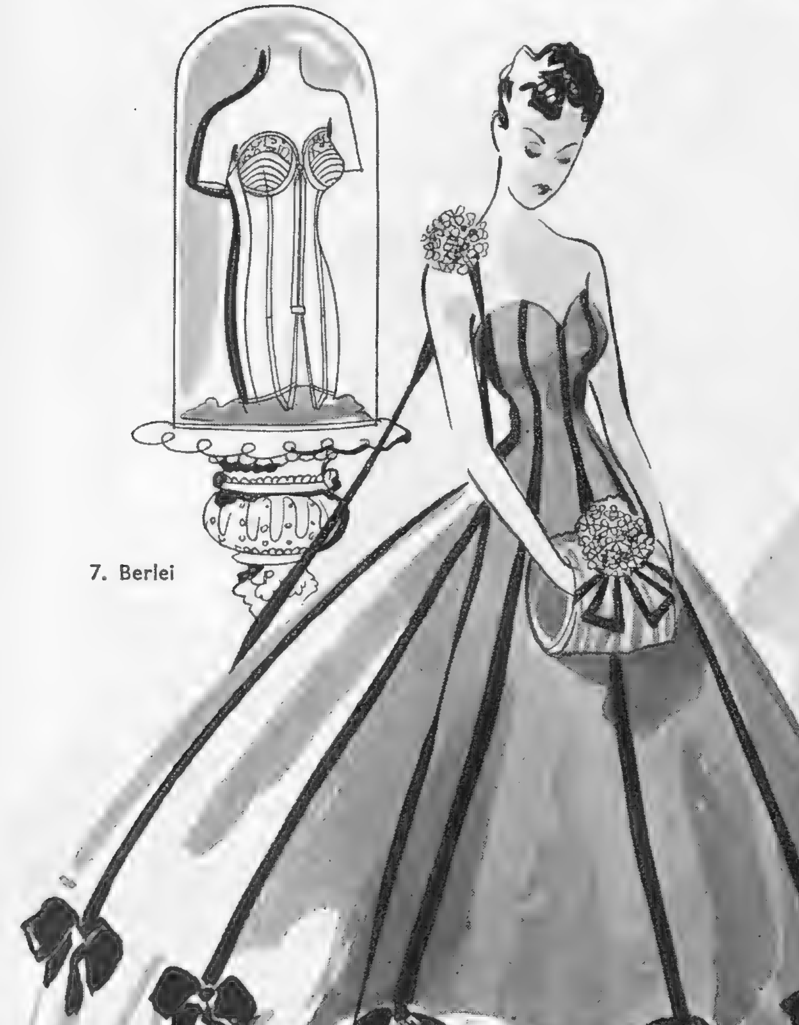


2. Tracquair

3. Guy Olliver



8. Le Gant



7. Berlei

1. Roundpoint, Gooch's

Go as you please in the new evening styles. Crinoline, snaky line, naked shoulders, covered necks . . . there is something for all, but it is all for nothing if waist, hips, bosom, diaphragm are not properly taken care of. For whatever line you choose, full-skirted or svelte, it has to look flat through the middle. If you are not built that way, hold your stomach well in—thus you will gradually acquire muscle control—and, meanwhile, put yourself into a good foundation.

FASHIONS BY

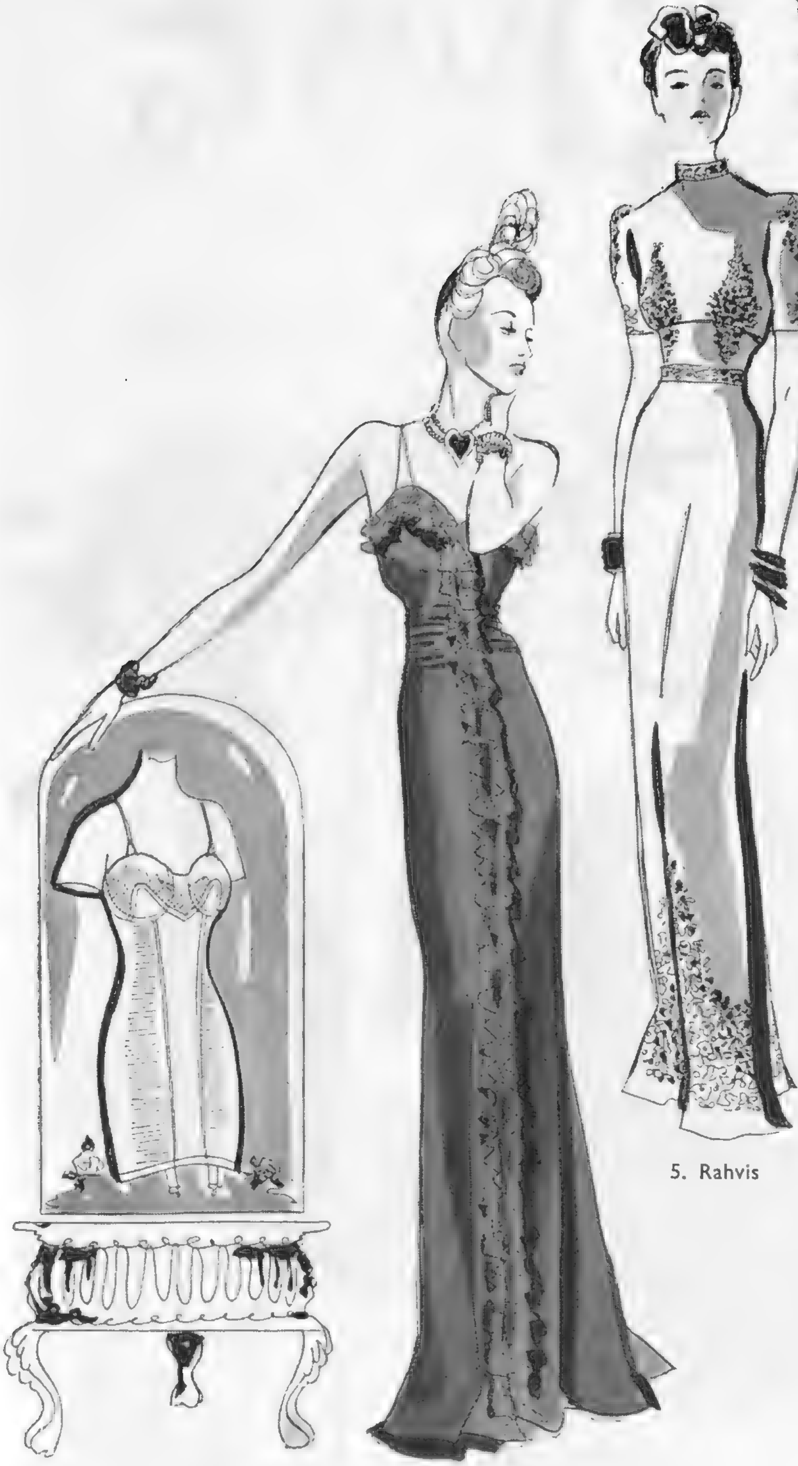
THE FOUNDATIONS

7. Berlei's strapless discreetly boned evening controlette with lastex satin panels to give controlled and comfortable support, uplift bras, zipp front.

8. Le Gant evening pantie in open weave lastex fabric with lastex satin front panel, detachable suspenders. Its big feature is the Sta-Up-Top, a smooth band of lastex yarn with boned pockets woven in which stops riding up and waistline rolling.

9. Le Gant evening foundation in Power Lastex net and satin. The net stretches both ways, the satin panels stretch only up and down, this combine giving constant control, flattening the hips.

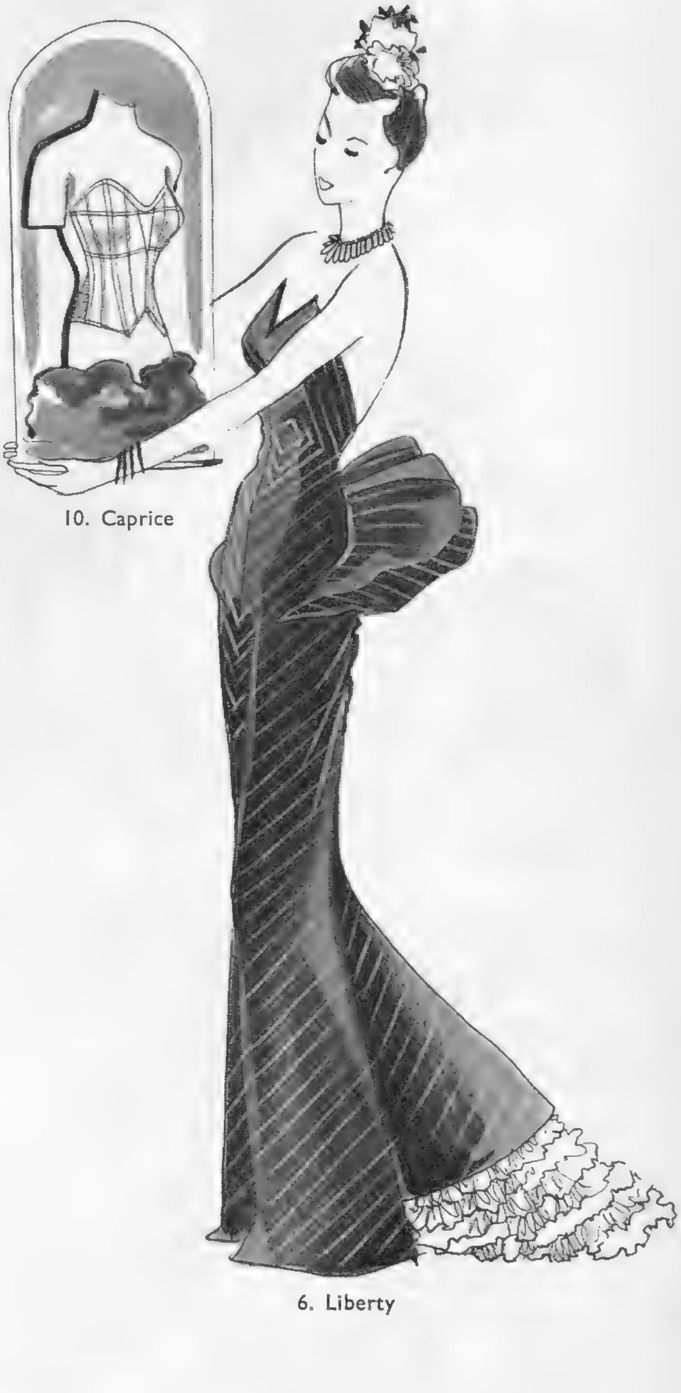
10. Caprice's peach lastex net brassière-bodice to wear beneath strapless evening gowns, featherweight boned. Over the bosom the bones are shaped out to give a young, curving line.



5. Rahvis

9. Le Gant

4. Marjorie Castle

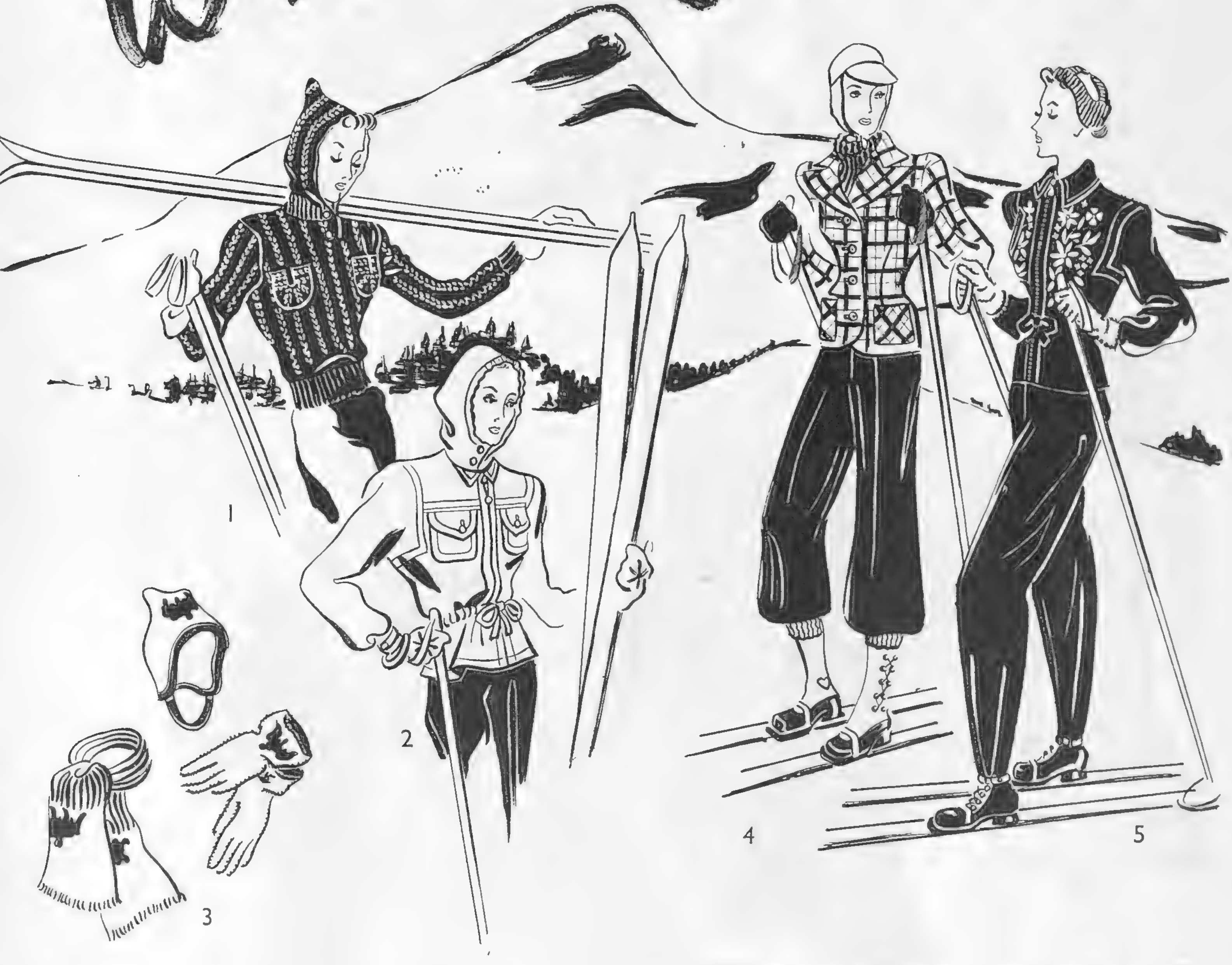


10. Caprice

6. Liberty

JEAN BURNUP, Editor Women's Department

Winter Sports



Question: I am going out for the first time. What is the least amount of clothes and equipment I need?

Answer (by Lillywhites): One suit or wind-jacket and trousers, one pair of boots, one pair of mitts, two pairs of socks, a cap, goggles, and a rucksack. This need not cost you more than £6.7.0.

Question: Is that all?

Answer: That is the basis. You can supplement it of course with plenty of things. Take your country shirts, woollies, scarves. You can hire skis, ski sticks and skins. Take snow-shoes for all walking in the snow. Take a fancy dress for evening. Get our Winter Sports Catalogue, which tells you everything.

1. *Woollen shaker with hood in a coarse ribbed stitch. In many bright colours, 37s. 6d.*

2. *Amorak with zipp front and patent zipp at collar back, through which the hood goes when not needed. In many colours, 52s. 6d.*

3. *Hand-knitted cap, glove and scarf set in several two-colour contrasts, 25s.*

4. *Tweed jacket, a useful extra for active and spectator wear, 4½ guineas. Zipped tailored plus-fours in navy or black proofed, double tricotine, 2½ guineas. The waterproof canvas gaiter is 18s. 6d., the boots, fitted with sole protectors, 32s. 6d.*

5. *Gaily embroidered proofed windjacket in navy, black, light blue, white, 3 guineas. "Vorlage" trousers with a patent inside grip at the waist, in grey or navy gabardine, 2½ guineas.*

All from Lillywhites

Are You Handy With Your needle?

1. *A velvet bow attached to flying black tulle, a fascinating flattering head-dress.*

2. *Three green birds on a plain black velvet disc tilted on to Up hair.*

3. *The tail of a discarded fox piece could ake one of the currently smart fur caps.*

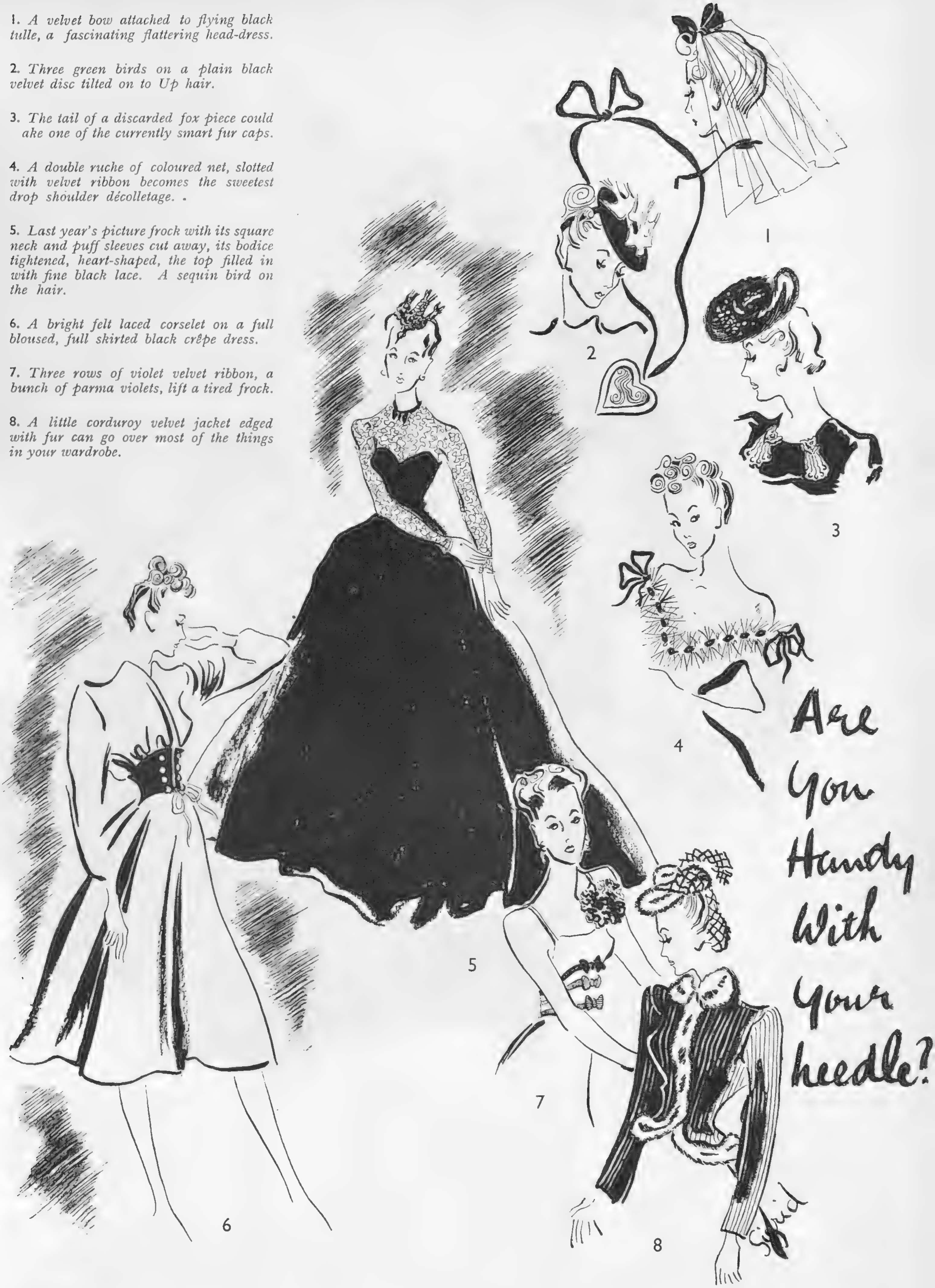
4. *A double ruche of coloured net, slotted with velvet ribbon becomes the sweetest drop shoulder décolletage.*

5. *Last year's picture frock with its square neck and puff sleeves cut away, its bodice tightened, heart-shaped, the top filled in with fine black lace. A sequin bird on the hair.*

6. *A bright felt laced corselet on a full bloused, full skirted black crêpe dress.*

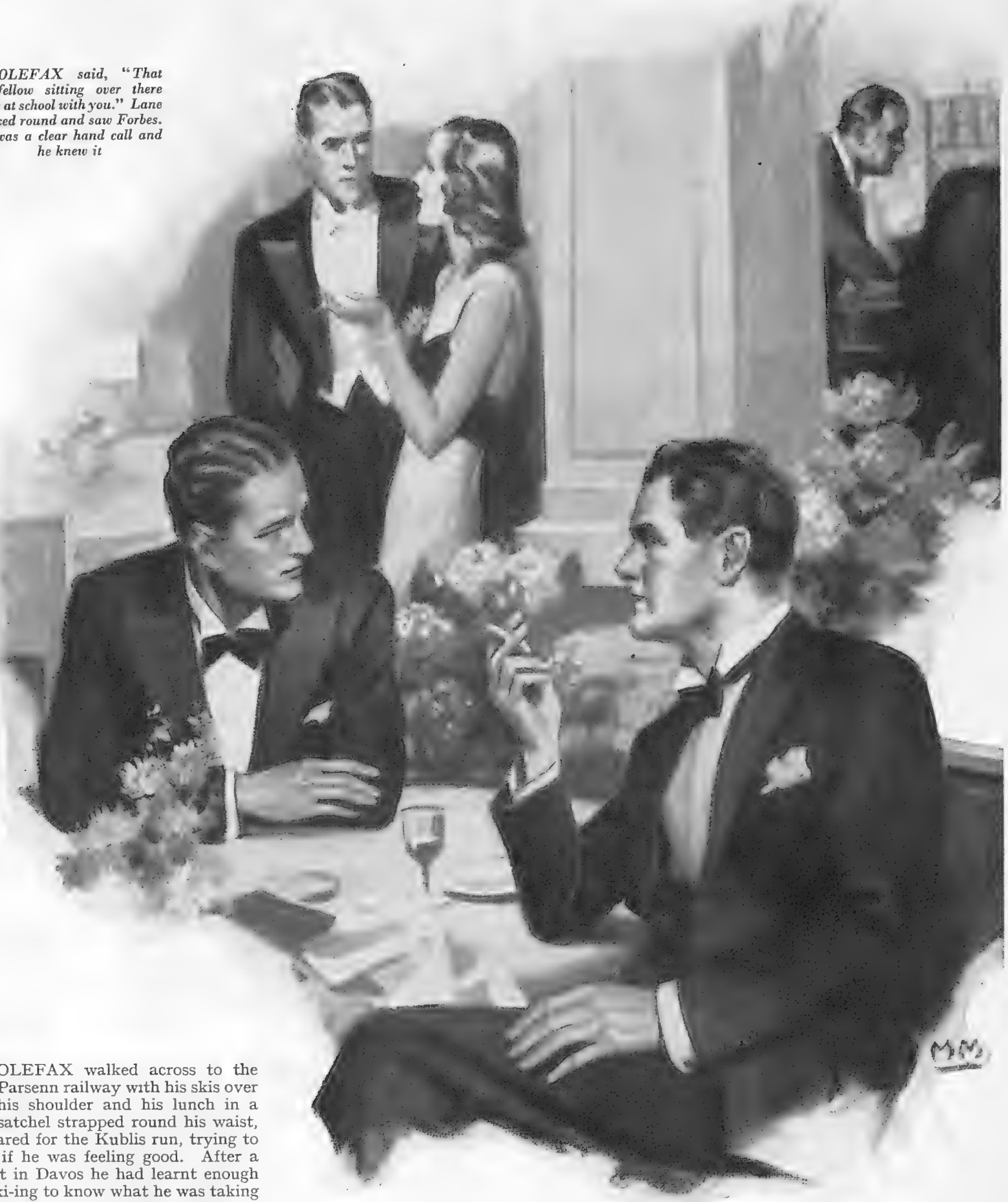
7. *Three rows of violet velvet ribbon, a bunch of parma violets, lift a tired frock.*

8. *A little corduroy velvet jacket edged with fur can go over most of the things in your wardrobe.*



Illustrated by M. Mackinlay

COLEFAX said, "That fellow sitting over there was at school with you." Lane looked round and saw Forbes. It was a clear hand call and he knew it



COLEFAX walked across to the Parsenn railway with his skis over his shoulder and his lunch in a satchel strapped round his waist, all prepared for the Kublis run, trying to look as if he was feeling good. After a fortnight in Davos he had learnt enough about ski-ing to know what he was taking on. Being an athlete with plenty of nerve he had gone through the schools fast; he could take a slope straight, side slip, stem, and make a christie of sorts; he had done the Wolfgang and Strella runs with B class and was now promoted to C. To-day he was to make his first run with his new class. His uneasiness arose from doubts as to how he would shape.

"Yes, you can kom," Fritz, the C class instructor, had said, when Colefax had asked if it would be all right for him to attempt the Kublis on the first day he joined his new team.

Fritz was a tall Swiss, young, active and a first class professional skier; he had the reputation of making his class do their runs fast. A speed greater than he could maintain was one of the things Colefax feared. He knew the whole merciless business so well. What it was like to find yourself at the tail of the class, trailing along like a damaged kite; they would wait for him, but only just long enough to give him time to catch up; then tired, breathless, bruised and nerve shaken, on he would have to go again. If he fell too much he would suffer the supreme ignominy of being dropped out of the party at the half-way hut and sent down with a separate guide. It was get on or get out in that company. Those who wanted to poddle about and come home and say they had been to winter sports, had an unhappy time at Davos.

Colefax saw some of the party were already waiting at the funicular; he shifted the weight of his skis to enable him to throw back his shoulders; he must walk up with a good face.

As he approached the group he saw

It Isn't Done

He risked his life to redeem his school colours

By Arthur Mills

that only six had arrived; there had been twelve in the class overnight.

"Where are the others?" Colefax asked a man, who was staying in his hotel.

"They don't like the weather." Colefax's acquaintance, an ex-rugby football player, pointed to the overcast sky, from which flakes were already falling. "We shan't be able to see much."

"I suppose Fritz will take us?" Colefax said, thinking that the Kublis was one of the longest runs in Switzerland.

"These guides know when it is all right," the big footballer answered.

COLEFAX looked round the party; there were five men and one girl, besides himself. The girl was with her husband, a young Belgian, who was a very good skier and came on the class tours to be with his wife. Looking at the sky again Colefax thought it was a good thing the party was small; Fritz would have enough to do keeping them together as it was; indeed, as he saw that the snow was falling more thickly, he thought it likely the run would be cancelled.

At this moment Fritz came up. He saw that only half the class had turned out; after looking up at the sky and brushing some snow from his eyes, he asked, "Are you ready?"

Nobody demurred. If Fritz said it was all right to go it must be. They piled into the funicular carriage with a dozen other skiers, who were going on individual runs; at the half-way station a party of four got out; Colefax's class and eight others continued to the top. At the summit they clattered into the ski hall and Fritz went out to take another look at the weather. At 9,000 feet the visibility was better than it had been below; the snow was falling languidly; the conditions were those of any overcast day on which ski-ing went on as usual.

After standing outside a minute and looking all round the skyline, Fritz came back.

"We will do the Wolfgang; it will not be so long," he announced.

Colefax was not sure whether he was disappointed or thankful. The Wolfgang, which he had already done, was the shortest and easiest run at Davos; a good skier would get down in a few minutes; a class would probably take an hour. He thought that Fritz could not be too certain of the weather or he would not have made the change. Certainly the Kublis would have been a formidable undertaking with snow driving into the eyes. It was 11¾ kilometres. But the Wolfgang! They would manage that easily enough. Relieved, Colefax went outside, lined up with the others, and buckled on his skis.

Fritz checked his party and led off. Tailing one behind another the class took the first slope; the speed was much faster than Colefax was used to, but, to his surprise, he did not fall; he had no time to think, and did things automatically that he could never have done on the nursery slopes.

"Goot!" Fritz said, as Colefax came up at the first check.

Fritz always led the run; he would make a point and wait there and watch his class come down; no one could go on until everyone was in; if one of the class was making a bad run and falling frequently the others had to wait for him. This rule was essential for the safety of all, for they were 9,000 feet up in the high Alps in mid-winter.

When his class had mustered, Fritz started on the second stage; this began with a sharp descent that was taken in traverses, then eased to a long slope that gave a lovely run out to the point of a spur.

The leading member of the class had reached the bottom of the steep part; Colefax was about half-way down when the blizzard broke.

To Colefax, it seemed to happen in a few seconds; he had been ski-ing easily and confidently, making his turns and keeping his place, when he suddenly rounded a guide post and found himself in the face of the hurricane. The heavy hickory skis enabled him to keep his balance but an icy wind, thick with flying snow, blinded him. His first thought was that he must not lose touch with the skier in front of him, for the visibility was so bad that it was hard to see the posts that marked the run. And if he got lost Fritz would have to come back for him and the whole party would be held up. At this stage it did not occur to Colefax that if he got lost Fritz might not be able to find him again. He did not know what it meant to be caught in a blizzard. He had heard the expression and read descriptions in books, but he did not realise that this was it! He just thought that a most frightful gale had got up and that it was very difficult to see. Nor did it immediately occur to him that if he lost touch with his party for a few seconds he might not be found again alive. No one had told him that when a blizzard was blowing in Nebraska, farmers fasten one end of a rope round their waists and the other to a post before walking a few yards from the front door of their own homesteads. He just took a firmer grip of his sticks and went on. When he joined up at the next check, Fritz was looking up at the sky, shaking his head and smiling.

"We must go back," Fritz said.

Colefax judged they had come down about a quarter of the way; he could see for himself that conditions were extremely difficult, but even so it would surely be harder to climb back than continue downwards.

"Why don't we go on and try to make a hut?" he said, in an undertone to the rugby football player.

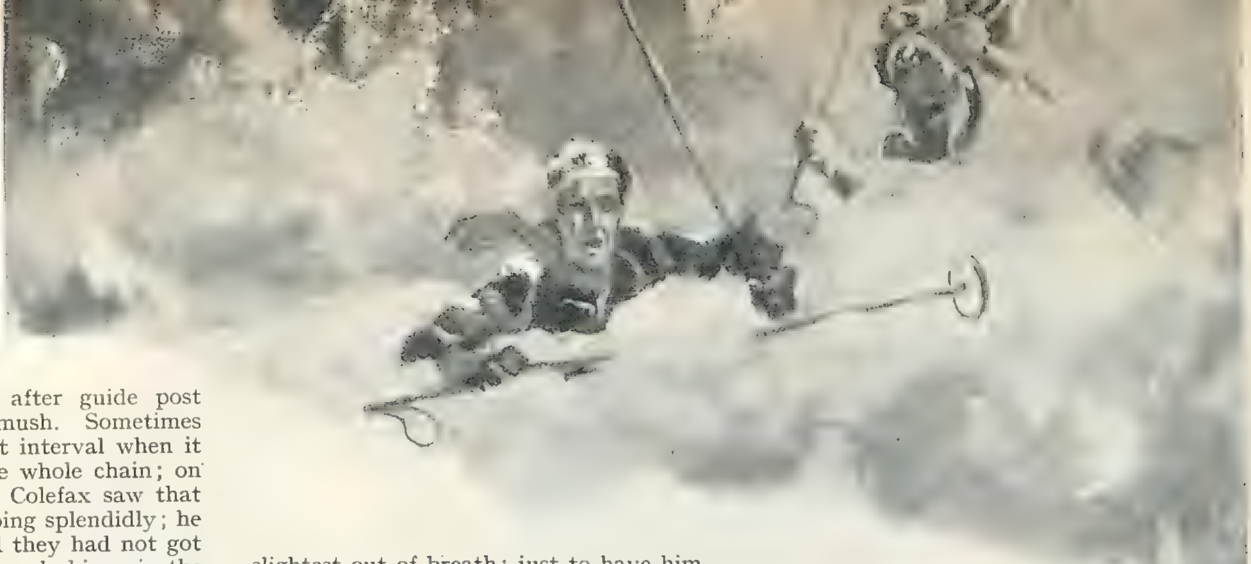
"Couldn't keep warm."

Fritz looked over his party; he saw one of the ski-ers had no ear muffs, opened his own rucksack, took out a spare hood, and put it over the skier's head.

"Now follow me," Fritz said.

THE party fell into line, the rugby football player was at the end; Colefax was last but one; the girl married to the Belgian led the party following next to Fritz; nobody showed any nervousness; they just had to make a climb and get back to the summit, where a warm hut and a funicular railway waited them.

Meanwhile, the snow was piling over the track, but the gale was coming up the valley, so that they had the wind sometimes in their backs and sometimes across. Fritz led off. Looking



YOUNG Lane had taken the schuss without a fall, at seventy miles an hour—faster than any avalanche could travel

at the guide's powerful figure, Colefax realised how completely they were in his hands. If he lost the way for a few yards they might never find the line of posts again. Fritz never looked like losing his way; he led his party in single file back, guide post after guide post looming up in the mush. Sometimes there would be a short interval when it was possible to see the whole chain; on one of these occasions Colefax saw that the Belgian girl was going splendidly; he thought it providential they had not got a number of inexperienced ski-ers in the party; with the snow piling up and the blizzard growing worse, everybody had to go on. The storm closed in again.

"Don't lose touch," the big footballer called out.

Colefax looked at the man in front and saw he was losing distance; he tried to put on speed, caught the point of his ski in heavy snow, and fell; he struggled to get up, but couldn't.

The big footballer came up with him. "What's the matter?"

"I—c-can't get up," Colefax panted.

"Hi! Wait!" the big footballer bellowed to those going on.

The line came to a halt; Fritz made his way back to Colefax; the rest of the party stood in their tracks in the cutting wind, ice forming over their faces and round their throats.

Fritz bent over Colefax and saw that he had got his skis crossed in the deep snow so that he could not move; he stooped down, loosened the buckles, and took off the skis.

"Now get up; you will be all right." The guide's voice was gentle and reassuring.

Colefax got to his feet and put his skis on again. He wondered how much longer he could go on. While he was lying in the snow he had seen a rock. Sudden realisation had come to him that if he could not keep up there was only one thing he must do. He would have to crawl behind a rock and wait to die. Seven lives could not be lost for the sake of one.

THE column started once more. Colefax's waterproof gloves were wet and slipped when he put pressure on his sticks; he wished the party would not go so fast; the big footballer was just behind, panting and puffing. Colefax heard a cry; he looked round and saw the footballer had got his skis crossed in the deep snow; he had fallen and could not get up.

"Man down," Colefax holload.

"Man down," the cry went up the line. Once more Fritz came back. The guide got the big footballer to his legs, joked with him, and started him off again.

There were now two weak links in the line, staggering along at the end where the weak links in a ski-ing party will always be. The big footballer was no comfort to Colefax; he was just another straggler trying to make it. Colefax wished he was not there.

Suddenly a man dropped back from the line and took up position on Colefax's right. "We are nearly there now," he said, in an easy cheerful voice.

Colefax took heart immediately; the man's bearing was the bearing of a confident ski-er; he did not seem in the slightest out of breath; just to have him walking alongside meant everything; Colefax felt he could make it now; his second wind had come. They plodded on, Fritz guiding the column, the Belgian girl following next. They continued thus for half an hour. The stranger, who had taken up his place beside Colefax, swung along as though they were on a pleasure outing; he did not speak, and ice coated his eyes and mouth, so that Colefax could not see his face, but he believed he was a young fellow he had noticed in the hotel. At the end of half an hour, Fritz stopped and signalled for the party to come round him. When Colefax joined the group he saw that Fritz had taken off his gloves and was pulling something from his haversack.

"Hold up your skis, please," Fritz said, to the Belgian girl.

Working fast, before his hands became numb and useless, Fritz rubbed climbing wax on everybody's skis. While waiting his turn, Colefax took one glove off and pulled a flask from his pocket. He offered a drink to the young companion who had come back to walk with him.

The latter shook his head: "We have got a short steep bit now and then we are on the path leading to the hut. I should put your glove on again," he said.

Colefax put on his glove; as he did so he saw Fritz had taken a handful of snow and was rubbing it between his hands; the rest of the party had started the climb. Colefax set off; he was once again in the rear with the big footballer and his young companion by his side. At his first step, when he leant on his sticks, he found all sense of touch had gone from his right hand. He could not grip the stick; his fingers were stiff like bits of wood. So this was frostbite! He managed to work the stick into the ball of his hand and hold it with his thumb. In this way he plodded on. The climbing wax gave his skis a better grip and he made the ascent. When they came to the top the blizzard was blowing at maximum force; it was hard to breathe, impossible to see; but the climb had brought the circulation back to Colefax's fingers; his hand was saved.

"Only a hundred yards now," his young companion said.

Colefax stumbled on; in the murk he saw a figure go by; it was the rugby footballer; when it came to the last crawl over the last ditch the big fellow had more stamina.

Colefax fell; his companion got his arm under his and pulled him to his feet. "Nearly there," his cheerful voice said.

They got within ten yards of the hut; Colefax saw figures coming out; he heard Fritz's voice calling, "Are you all right?" saw four figures in green coming towards him; he pushed through them and staggered into the hut. He had made the climb with the help of his young companion and would not allow the rest of the class see him being helped in by the guides. Roars of laughter greeted the pair as they came into the hut, encircled with collars of ice.

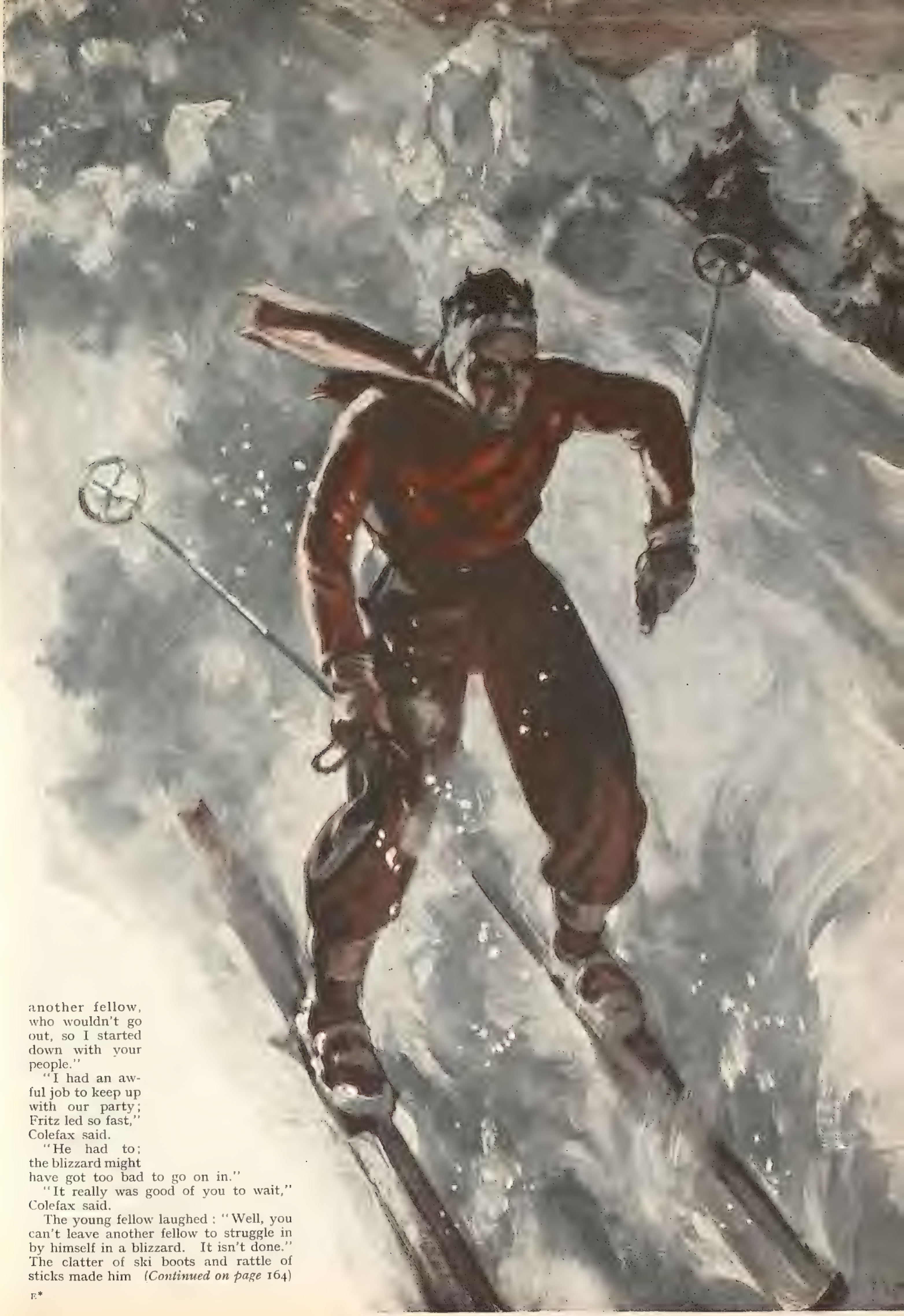
IN the warmth of the little station restaurant, Colefax took off his scarf and shook the ice on to the floor. He could not stop coughing and one side of his cheek and the fingers of his right hand felt numb; he slumped into a chair, put his elbows on the table and looked about him. All the party were in and also some half-dozen other skiers who had gone out privately. In a corner a dozen sturdy Swiss guides were drinking glasses of hot wine. Colefax had never seen so many guides in one group before; he asked how they came to be there and was told that when the blizzard broke, the ski-ing school was closed and every available instructor rushed to the top of the Parsenn. He was thinking what a near call his own party must have had when a glass of steaming rum and water was placed by his side, and a voice said: "Drink that."

Colefax looked up and realised it was the man who had stayed behind to bring him in. Now that his face was free of ice, Colefax recognised his rescuer; he was a young fellow who often came into the big hotel where Colefax was staying and cruised around picking out girls from other peoples' parties and asking them to dance. Colefax had put him down as what the Americans called a "ski-golo." There were always a certain number of the type in every fashionable ski-ing centre, good dancers, good skiers, but no more good themselves than their own cheques; they lived for the most part on other peoples' hospitality; spoiled and bored young wives married to sugar daddies were their favourite feeding ground.

Colefax was not absolutely sure his rescuer was of this type, but he certainly had given him that impression. Anyway, whatever he was he was in his debt now.

"It was awfully good of you to stay with me," Colefax said. "I did not know you were with the class."

"I'm not; I went to the top with



another fellow, who wouldn't go out, so I started down with your people."

"I had an awful job to keep up with our party; Fritz led so fast," Colefax said.

"He had to; the blizzard might have got too bad to go on in."

"It really was good of you to wait," Colefax said.

The young fellow laughed: "Well, you can't leave another fellow to struggle in by himself in a blizzard. It isn't done." The clatter of ski boots and rattle of sticks made him *(Continued on page 164)*

Christmas Game

I have played "Truth" for the last time. Nor will anything induce me this Christmas to sit down with a pencil and paper and give marks to my companions for their various good qualities—that dangerous diversion called "Percentages." Nor will I do four word portraits of them, nor describe them by cryptic associations of ideas.

I have lost my zest for such mental efforts, and I have seen them lead to too many lingering kinds of ill-feeling. My thoughts of the man who marked me two out of twenty for sense of humour are still, after six years, far from kindly.

Besides, I don't believe any of us ever really enjoyed those games as much as we pretended. We liked hearing and talking about ourselves and some of our intimates—that was engrossing, even when the result was bad for mutual esteem—but we were secretly so immensely bored with having to work up a fictitious curiosity as to the lives and habits of the company at large.

You who have played "Truth," for instance, can you remember with what an eager stirring you awaited your own turn to be questioned, how dull the questions usually were when they came, and how much tiresome brain-racking it needed to think of things that were not offensive, yet not utterly insipid, to ask the other players?

Well, those torments will be slightly out of date this December. The more deliberate forms of self revelation have lost their charm as a social gambit. The twentieth century is growing up, it has lived a third of its life, and the wide-eyed, solemn egoism of youth no longer sits well on it.

Maturing in spirit, it can afford to countenance frankly childish gaieties and undeniably irrational amusements. We go back to something very like the Christmas fun of the early Victorians.

As far as the drawing-room is concerned, psycho-analysis is out. The children may safely be let in.

I think that this year Christmas entertainments will nearly all be devised with a view to the admission of the children—at least, of those who are old enough to have their bedtime postponed on a festive occasion

Even dances of the less formal type might, I believe, be merrier for including half an hour or so of games in which the younger members of the social circle could join.

I have made my own selection, given here, with a view first and foremost to adaptability. Adults or children, a large party or a small one, I know from experience that all people of good humour can enjoy these unpretentious pastimes.

The host or hostess with a slender purse need not be discouraged by the fact that most of them are competitive and need to be rounded off with a prize giving. My suggestion about the distribution of prizes is to make an extra game of it on the following lines :

THE PRIZE LOTTERY Buy a number of inexpensive gifts (at one of the sixpenny stores if those agree best with your pocket) and having made them all into separate parcels, jumble them up in a tub, irrespective of the sex, age, or status of the intended recipients. A few comic objects may be included in the assortment. The winners draw out their prizes at random and must not open them until all the games are over.

There is then a general display of winnings and the absurd unsuitability of some of the gifts thus acquired will be an added pretext for laughter. Afterwards the guests will be free to exchange their goods among themselves.

THE PHOTOGRAPH GAME Every one is asked to bring to the party a snapshot or other photograph of himself in infancy or childhood—the more unrecognisable the better. These pictures are numbered by the host, who then arranges them in rows on a table and distributes (*a*) a guessing paper, (*b*) a voting paper.

Prizes are awarded first to the person most successful in identifying the pictures, and second to the guest who is voted to have been the prettiest infant. Children competing in this game can bring photographs of themselves in early babyhood.

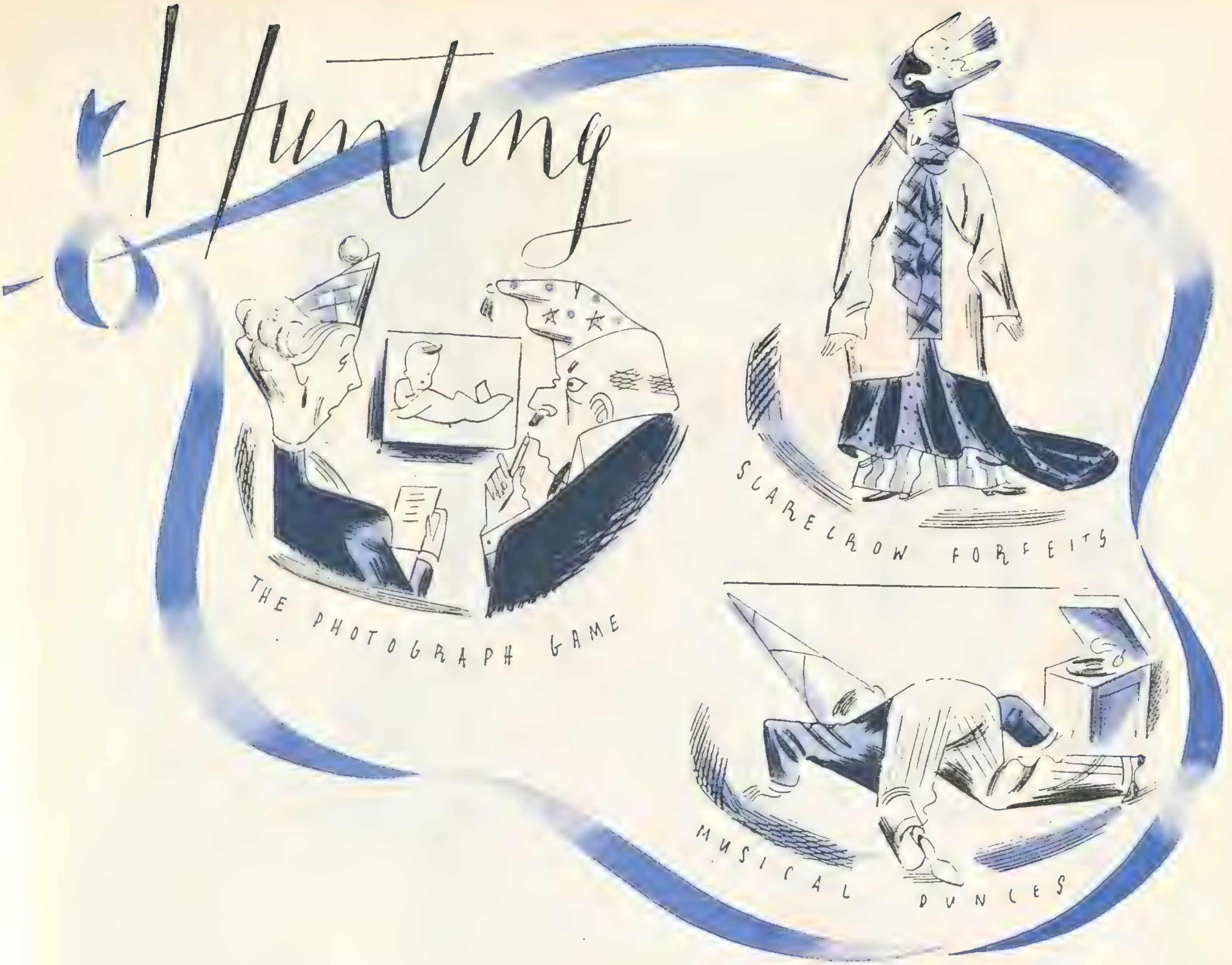
KINGS AND QUEENS Prepare beforehand a number of decorative paper crowns on each of which you write the name of a king or queen in history. These are placed on the heads of the guests as they arrive, the names being visible to everyone but the wearers.

Each guest may then question any other as to the identity of the royal person he has been made to represent, but he must couch his enquiries so that they can always be answered by a plain "Yes" or "No," on the principle of the time-honoured game known as "Animal, Vegetable or Mineral." (Example: "Was I born in the twelfth century?" Not "What century was I born in?").

As soon as a player guesses what name he has been labelled with, he announces the fact and is allowed to draw a prize from the tub, after which he has his crown changed for a new one so that he can go on with the game.

When the players have been in circulation long enough

Hunting



By DORIS LANGLEY MOORE

to become acquainted with one another, and three or four prizes have been awarded, a halt is called.

Kings and queens of the remotest ages and countries may be drawn upon, provided that sufficient is known about them for the average party goer to be able to answer questions fairly, but the names most difficult to guess should be reserved for the more intellectual members of the party.

When a player cannot supply the information required of him, he should say so, and the questioner may then pass on to someone else. Misleading replies must never be given.

If there are mirrors in the room where this game is to be played, write the names at the back of the crowns.

MUSICAL DUNCES Two of the family party hold stretched out high between them a piece of cord about six feet long. A steep dunce cap made of Christmas wrapping paper is then placed on the head of the first player, who must walk under the cord in time to gramophone or radio music without getting his hat knocked off. (He is not, of course, allowed to hold it or touch it). The cord is then lowered a little, and he passes beneath it again, and continues to do so; the lower-and-lower process being carried on until, unless he loses his dunce cap beforehand, he is crawling, or even wriggling, on the floor. As soon as the cord and hat come into collision, the player must make way for the next competitor.

The winner is the one who shows the most skill in retaining the hat. If it should drop off quite untouched it may be replaced by some other member of the company.

This is an amusing game for the spectators, and has the advantage of giving children a better chance than adults, as they are so much more agile. They will need a smaller fitting in caps.

CHRISTMAS CRACKER RACE This game follows the well-known rules of the "Potato Race," but fancy crackers are substituted for potatoes, and distributed among the party afterwards.

MALE BEAUTY COMPETITION The apparatus for this game consists of crêpe hair in several different colours (it costs little to buy), spirit gum, and an abundance of scissors and looking glasses. All the males in the party retire and are given fifteen minutes in which to disguise their faces with whiskers, beards, moustaches, and false eyebrows, according to choice.

The whole assembly, doubtless looking very formidable, then presents itself for the judgment of the ladies.

THE ART DEALER Variations of this antiquated game are still frequently played by children, but it lends itself even better to an adult party. The simplest way of playing it is for the two leaders to represent themselves as art dealer and purchaser while the company pretend to be statues or pictures.

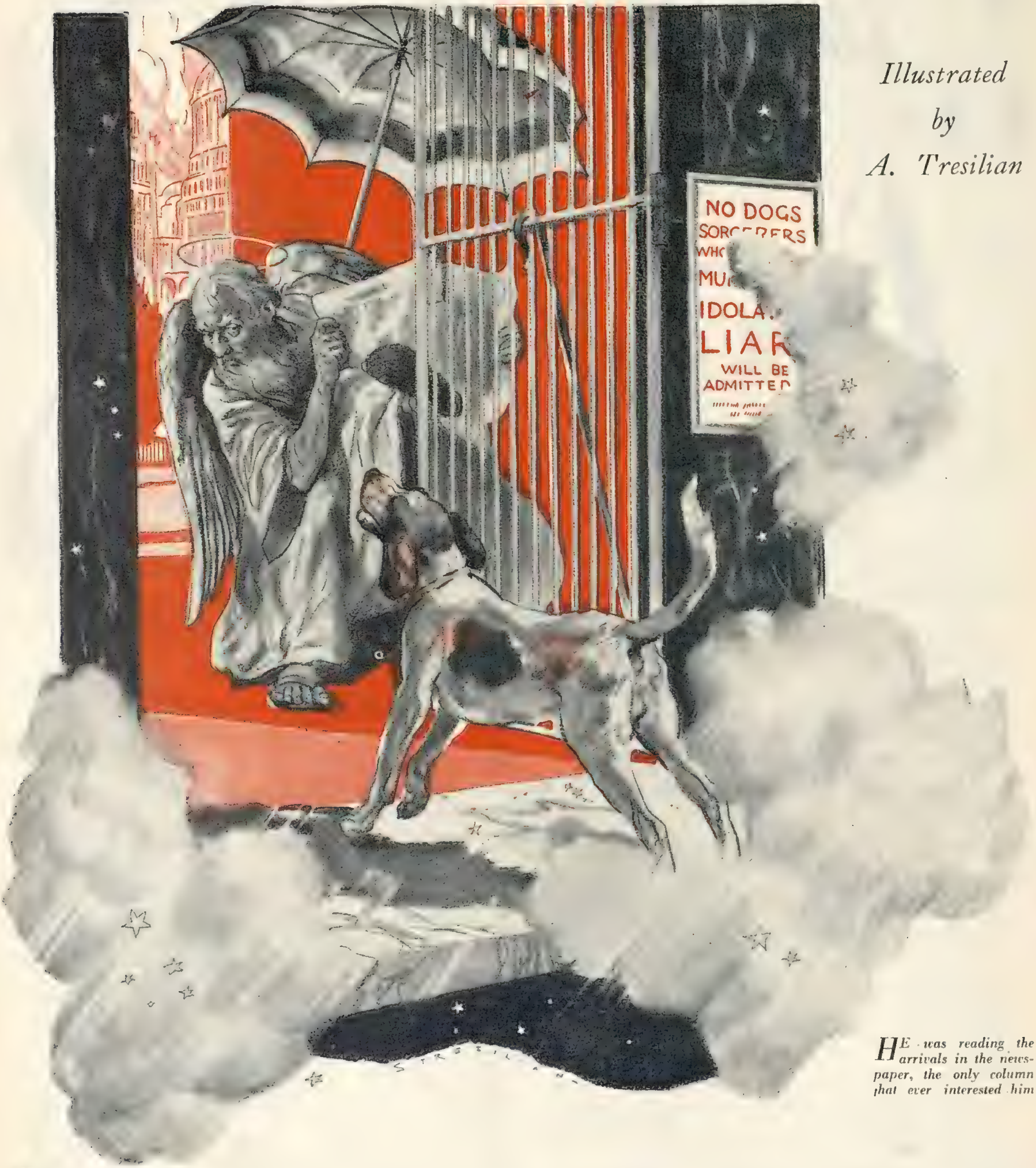
The "purchaser" explains that he wants a work of art representing horror, or beauty, or joy, or intemperance, or in short anything that can reasonably be portrayed. The "art dealer" then offers an

(*Continued on page* 139)

MOSES

The Story of a Dog

Illustrated
by
A. Tresilian



HE was reading the arrivals in the newspaper, the only column that ever interested him

IT was a long climb. The scent was cold, too; so faint that when he found it back of the barn he could hardly trust himself. He had just come back from Filmer's with a piece of meat; he hadn't dared to swallow it there, and he had sat down behind the barn and cracked it down; and a minute later he found that scent reaching off, faint as it was, right from the end of his nose as he lay.

He had had the devil of a time working it out at first, but up here it was simple enough except for the faintness of it. There didn't appear to be any way to stray off this path, there wasn't any brush, there wasn't any water. Only he had to make sure of it, when even for him it nearly faded out, with so many other stronger tracks overlaying it. His tail drooped, and he stumbled a couple of times, driving his nose into the dust. He looked worn out when he reached the spot where the man had lain down to sleep and sun himself for a short while.

The scent lay heavier there. He shuffled round over it, sifting the dust with an audible clapping of his nostrils to work out the pattern the man had made. It was hard to do, for the dust didn't take scent decently. It wasn't like any dust he had ever come across, being glittery, like mica, and slivery in his nose. But he could tell after a minute how the man had lain, on his back, with his hands under his head, and probably his hat over

who followed his master to Heaven

by

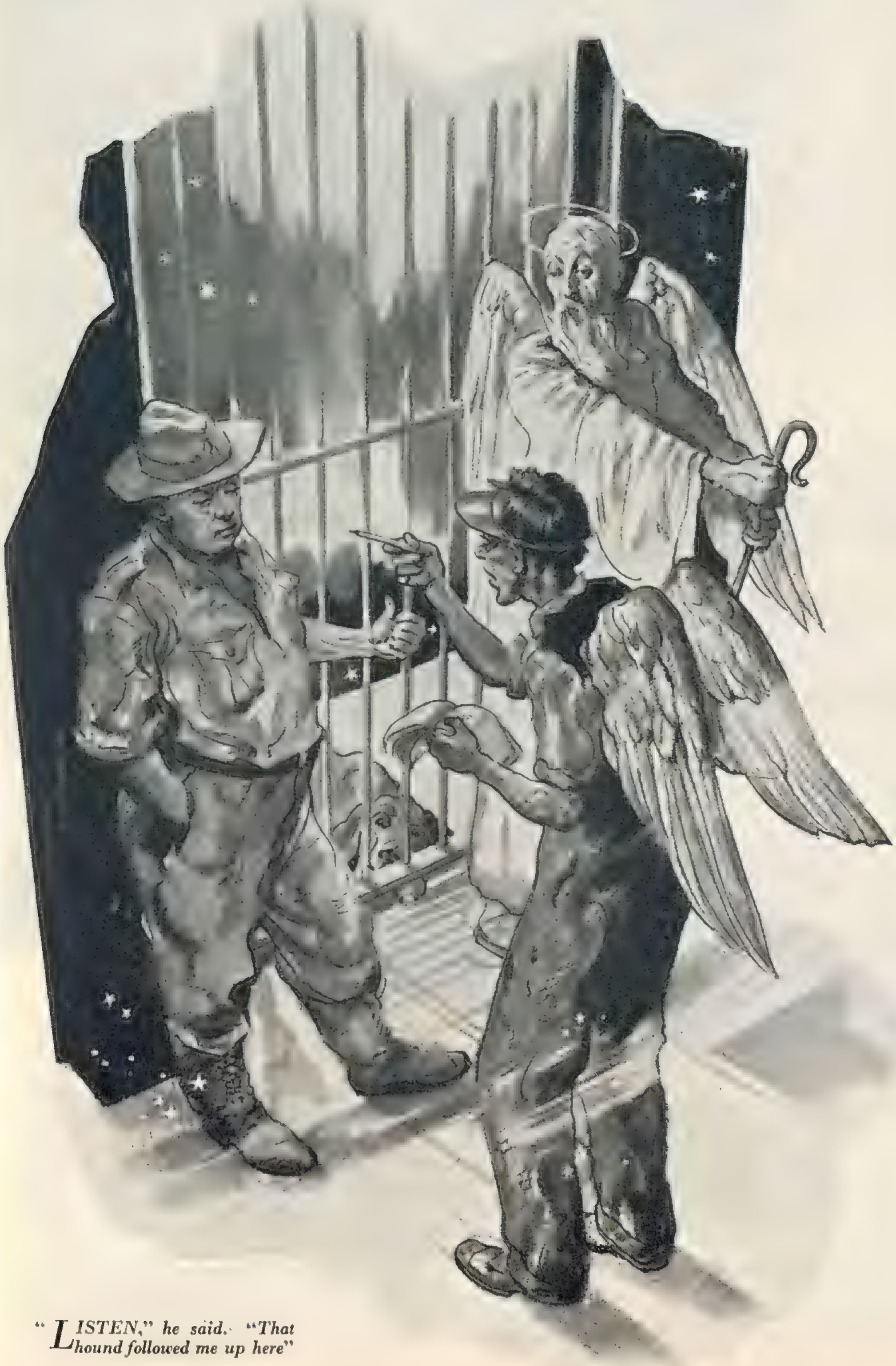
Walter D. Edmonds

his eyes to shield them from the glare which was pretty dazzling bright up this high with no trees handy.

His tail began to cut air. He felt better, and all of a sudden he lifted up his freckled nose and let out a couple of short yowps and then a good chest-swelled belling. Then he struck out up the steep going once more. His front legs may have elbowed a little, but his hind legs were full of spring, and his tail kept swinging.

That was how the old man by the town entrance saw him, way down below.

THE old man had his chair in the shadow of the wall with a black and yellow parasol tied to the back of it as an extra insurance against the sun. He was reading the arrivals in the newspaper, the only column that ever interested him; but he looked up sharply when he heard the two yowps and the deep chest notes that, from where he sat, had a mysterious floating quality. It was a little disturbing, but when he saw it was made by a dog he reached out with his foot irritably and shoved the gate hard, so that it swung shut and latched with a sound like a gong. Only one dog had ever come here, and that sound had been enough to discourage him; he had hung round for a while, though just on the edge, and made the old man nervous. He said to himself that he wasn't going to watch this one, anyway, and folded the paper in halves the way the subway commuter had showed him and went on with the arrivals.



"*LISTEN,*" *he said.* "*That hound followed me up here*"

After a while, though, he heard the dog's panting coming close and the muffled padding of his feet on the marble gate stone. He shook the paper a little, licked his thumb, and turned over half a sheet and read on through the arrivals into the report of the committee on admissions. But then, because he was a curious old man, and kind-hearted, noticing that the panting had stopped, and because he had never been quite up to keeping his resolves, except once, he looked out of the gate again.

The dog was sitting on the edge of the gate stone, upright, with his front feet close under him. He was a rusty-muzzled, blue-tick foxhound, with brown ears and eyes outlined in black like an Egyptian. He had his nose inside the bars and was working it at the old man.

"Go away," said the old man. "Go home!"

At the sound of his voice the hound wrinkled his nose soberly and his tail whipped a couple of times on the gate stone, raising a little stardust.

"Go home!" repeated St. Peter, remembering the dog that had hung around before. "Good dog! Go home!"

He rattled the paper at him, but it didn't do any good. The dog just looked solemnly pleased at the attention, and a little hopeful, and allowed himself to pant a bit.

"He's going to be worse than the other," St. Peter thought, groaning to himself as he got up. He didn't know much about dogs, anyway. Back in Galilee there hadn't been dogs that looked like this one, just pariahs and shepherds and the occasional Persian greyhound of a rich man's son. St. Peter had never been interested in any dog in Galilee.

He slapped his paper along the bars; it made the dog suck in his tongue and move back obligingly. Peter unhooked his shepherd's staff from the middle crossbar, to use in case the dog tried to slip in past him, and let himself out. He could tell by the feeling of his bare ankles that there was a wind making up in the outer heavens and he wanted to get rid of the poor creature before it began really blowing round the walls. The dog backed off from him and sat down almost on the edge, still friendly, but wary of the shepherd's staff.

"Why can't the poor dumb animal read?" thought Peter, turning to look at the sign he had hung on the gatepost. The sign read:

TAKE NOTICE

No Dogs
Sorcerers
Murderers
Idolaters
Liars
Will Be Admitted.
(By the 15th verse of the 22nd Chapter of the Revelations.)

When he put it up, he had thought it might save him a lot of trouble; but it certainly wasn't going to help in the case of this dog. He expected he would have to ask the committee on admissions to take the matter up, and he started to feel annoyed with them for not having got this animal on the list themselves. It was going to mean a lot of correspondence and probably the committee would send a memorandum to the central office suggesting his retirement again, and Peter liked his place at the gate. It was quiet there, and it was pleasant for an old man to look through the bars and see down the path, to reassure the frightened people, and when there was nothing else to do, to hear the winds of outer heaven blowing by.

"Go away—go home! Depart!" he said, waving his staff; but the dog only backed down on to the path and lay on his breast with his nose between his paws.

St. Peter went inside and sat down and tried to figure the business out. There were two things he could do. He could notify the committee of the dog's arrival, or he could give the information to the editor. The committee would sit up and take notice for once if they found the editor had got ahead of them. It would please the editor, for there were few scoops in heaven. And then, as luck would have it, the editor himself came down to the gate.

The editor wasn't an editor with a reputation in the newspaper world. He had been editor of a little country weekly that nobody in New York, or London, or Paris had ever heard of. But he was good and bursting with ideas all the time. He was now.

"Say, St. Peter," he said, "I've just had a swell idea about the arrivals column. Instead of printing all the 'arrivals' on one side and then the 'expected guests' on the other, why not just have one column and put the names of the successful candidates in upper case type? See?" He shoved a wet impression under Peter's nose and rubbed the back of his head nervously with his ink-stained hand. "It's simple, neat, dignified. It's the cats."

Peter looked at the galley and saw how simple it would be for him, too. He wouldn't have to read the names in lower case at all. It would make him feel a lot better not to know. Just check the upper case names as they came to the gate.

He looked up at the red-flushed face of the editor and his white beard parted over his smile. He liked young, enthusiastic men, remembering how hard, once, they had been to find.

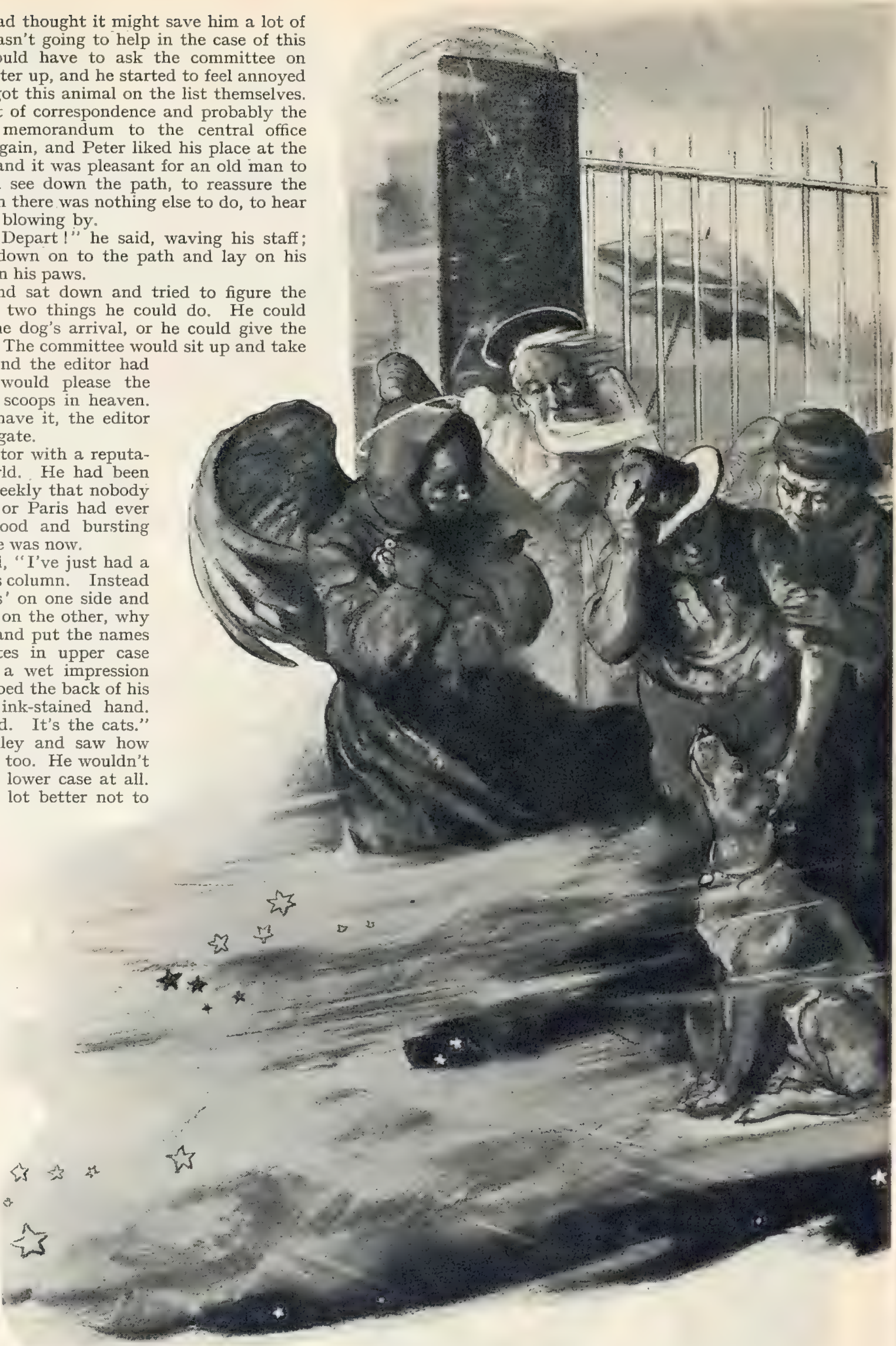
"It looks fine to me, Don," he said. "But the committee won't like losing all that amount of space in the paper, will they?"

"Probably not," the editor said ruefully.

"But I thought you could pull a few wires with the central office for me."

St. Peter sighed.

"I'll try," he said. "But people don't pay attention to an old man, much, Don. Especially one who's been in service."



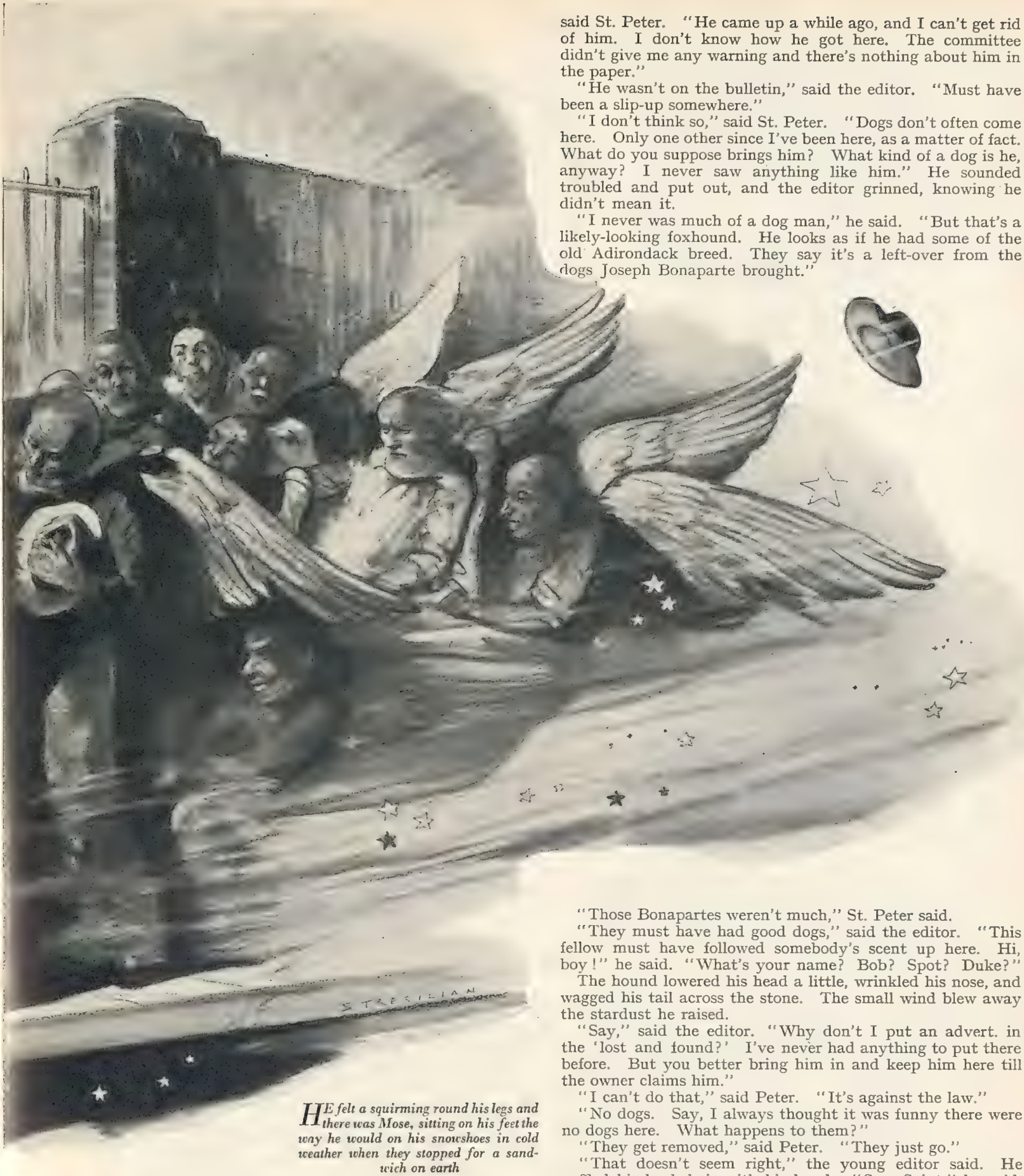
The editor flushed and muttered something about half wits.

St. Peter said gently, "It doesn't bother me, Don. I'm not ashamed of the service I was in." He looked down to his sandals. He wondered whether there was any of the dust of that Roman road left on them after so long a time. Every man has his one great moment. He'd had two. He was glad he hadn't let the second one go. "I'll see what I can do, Don."

"Thanks," said the editor. He lingered a moment, watching the grave, gentle face of the old man. "What a story!" he said to himself, thinking how it could be worked up from the personal angle. It would be a world-beater, done right, and he knew he could do it; but also he knew it was a story that he would never go after, unless St. Peter offered it to him of his own impulse.

It was a still corner, by the gate; and with both of them silently staring off up the avenue under the green trees to where the butterflies were fluttering in the shrubbery of the public gardens, the dog decided to take a chance and sneak up again.

He moved one foot at a time, the way he had learned to do back of the counter in the Hawkinsville store, when he went prospecting towards the candy counter. He had been able to get out more than one eskimo pie in his day, doing that. These men didn't hear him any more than the checker players



HE felt a squirming round his legs and there was Mose, sitting on his feet the way he would on his snowshoes in cold weather when they stopped for a sandwich on earth

in the store had, and he had time to sniff over the gate-post thoroughly. It puzzled him; and as the men didn't take any notice, he gumshoed over to the other post and went over that, too.

It was queer. He couldn't smell dog on either of them, and they were the best looking posts he had ever come across. It worried him. His tail drooped and he came back to the gate stone and the very faint scent on it, leading beyond the gate, that he had been following so long. He sat down again and put his nose through the bars, and after a minute he whined a little.

It was a small sound, but Peter heard it.

"That dog," he said.

The editor whirled round, saying, "What dog?" and saw him.

"I was going to let you know about him, only I forgot," said St. Peter. "He came up a while ago, and I can't get rid of him. I don't know how he got here. The committee didn't give me any warning and there's nothing about him in the paper."

"He wasn't on the bulletin," said the editor. "Must have been a slip-up somewhere."

"I don't think so," said St. Peter. "Dogs don't often come here. Only one other since I've been here, as a matter of fact. What do you suppose brings him? What kind of a dog is he, anyway? I never saw anything like him." He sounded troubled and put out, and the editor grinned, knowing he didn't mean it.

"I never was much of a dog man," he said. "But that's a likely-looking foxhound. He looks as if he had some of the old Adirondack breed. They say it's a left-over from the dogs Joseph Bonaparte brought."

"Those Bonapartes weren't much," St. Peter said.

"They must have had good dogs," said the editor. "This fellow must have followed somebody's scent up here. Hi, boy!" he said. "What's your name? Bob? Spot? Duke?"

The hound lowered his head a little, wrinkled his nose, and wagged his tail across the stone. The small wind blew away the stardust he raised.

"Say," said the editor. "Why don't I put an advert. in the 'lost and found?' I've never had anything to put there before. But you better bring him in and keep him here till the owner claims him."

"I can't do that," said Peter. "It's against the law."

"No dogs. Say, I always thought it was funny there were no dogs here. What happens to them?"

"They get removed," said Peter. "They just go."

"That doesn't seem right," the young editor said. He ruffled his back hair with his hand. "Say, Saint," he said, "who made this law, anyway?"

"It's in Revelations. John wasn't a dog man, as you call it. Back in Galilee we didn't think much of dogs, you see. They were mostly pariahs."

"I see," said the editor. His blue eyes sparkled. "But say! Why can't I put it in the news? And write an editorial? By golly, I haven't had anything to raise a cause on since I got here."

St. Peter shook his head.

"It's risky," he said dubiously.

"It's a free country," exclaimed the editor. "At least nobody's told me different. Now probably there's nothing would mean so much to the owner of that dog as finding him up here. You get a genuine dog man and this business of passing the love of women is just hooey to him."

"Hooey?" St. Peter asked quietly. (*Continued on page* 170)

Children's

Conjurers, Christmas trees and pantomime matinée parties are so much in vogue, that many people believe it is only with the aid of these that they can entertain successfully for their children.

They are mistaken. The most successful parties are still those in which children entertain themselves by competing in games which divert by their novelty and simplicity, test their skill and intelligence, and excite by being run in the form of an obstacle race for treasure.

Such games need preparation. The house will have to be given over to them, as half the fun lies in progressing from room to room.

Although only one example of an obstacle-race treasure-hunt is given—for those aged from eight to twelve—the form can easily be adapted for the younger ones by substituting simpler games, for the older ones by complicating events. *Tastes*, for instance, could be replaced by *drinks*. There's nothing like a treasure-hunt to break the ice and set a party going.

4 to 8

4 p.m. BEGIN. As this age is inclined to be shy, start with the best-known games—musical bumps (like musical chairs but with cushions on the floor), blind man's buff, hunt the slipper.

4.30 p.m. TEA. This should be simple and consist of jellies, thin brown bread and butter, white bread and butter, jam sandwiches, thin chocolate leaf biscuits, small iced cakes, meringue fingers, orange and honey cakes.

Dishes of good boiled sweets should be in every room.

5 p.m. CRACKERS.

5.15 p.m. Gather and sit the children down in an adjoining room. After a big tea the first two games should be quiet. From behind a screen come the following noises: gargling, breaking a plate (with hammer), bouncing ball, stirring tea, striking match, yawning, tearing paper, shovelling coal, brushing carpet, snoring, hiccoughs, cats fighting, slaps, scratching heads, pulling corks.

After each sound, a lugubrious voice says: "What was that?" The children call out their replies.

Guests are then divided into two teams. Four to six years old string up in front of a large drawing on the wall. This is of a pig, cow or any quadruped *without a tail*. Each child is blindfolded in turn and given the tail to pin on to the drawing. The child who comes nearest to striking the right place wins a prize.

The other team, aged six to eight, visit a picture gallery. On the walls are portraits of Puss-in-Boots, Snow White, Tom Thumb, Three Bears, Sleeping Beauty, Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Little Jack Horner, Little Miss Muffet, Jack and the Beanstalk, the White Rabbit, Teddy Tail, Rupert Bear, Mickey Mouse. The children look and then go out to build card houses in the passage. One by one they are let back into the room to say who the characters are. The child who identifies most wins a prize. So does the one who builds the highest card house.

Skittles (if the passage is long enough), bagatelle, or throwing a rubber ring over a hook on a board (to be bought in any shop), are all popular played for prizes.

After half an hour's comparatively quiet games, amusement can speed up; a thimble can be hunted all over the house. It should be on a person who is moving. The child who sees it first wins a prize.

Last game, postman's knock. Children sit in a circle, each one represents a town. The postman, blindfolded in centre, calls: "London to Harwich." These two children change places while he tries to catch them. Much scuffling, much laughter. The babies can always be helped.

6.20 p.m. BALLOONS.

6.30 p.m. DEPART.

Parties

8 to 12

4.30 p.m. BEGIN. Start a treasure hunt obstacle race as soon as all have assembled.

First comes an eliminating game. Children stand in two rows and are told to do as the grown-up who faces them. He touches his nose repeatedly with his forefinger at great speed, crying: "Nosey, nosey, nosey!" They do the same. Suddenly he shouts: "Tongue!" touching the tip of his elbow. Those who do not touch their elbow, but touch their tongue, correctly, seize pads and pencils from the side and go into the passage to play "smells." Others repeat until all are eliminated.

On a table are ten coloured corked bottles, labelled one to ten. They contain eucalyptus, camphor, eau-de-Cologne, coffee, water, ginger, oil of cloves, cinnamon, vanilla, peppermint.

Players write the answers on their pads; they can have any amount of sniffs. If less than six out of ten smells are correct with children under ten years, or less than eight with children over ten years, they play a forfeit of *Sugar In Spoon* in the passage.

With a teaspoon handle in their mouths and hands held behind them, they scoop up a lump of sugar in the spoon off the table and run a certain distance without dropping it. (Have several spoons and sugars ready, so that rivals can pass each other.)

They then pass on singly to *Kim's Game Room.* Here a cloth is whipped off a table and each competitor is allowed to look for a minute at a tray containing twenty simple objects, such as pin, key, pencil, watch, scissors, nail, ring, etc. They return to the passage and write what they have seen on their pads. This is corrected by someone who has a list of what is on the tray. If less than twelve things are remembered by those under ten, and less than sixteen by those over ten, they play a forfeit of *Writing full Christian and Surname with the Left Hand.*

It has to be readable before they can pass on to *Ending the Proverb.*

This is played all over the passages of the house. A paper slip is pulled out of a bag. It contains one half of a proverb, "Too many cooks . . ." Somewhere under a carpet or behind a bookcase is ". . . spoil the broth."

As soon as the proverb is found, children are handed a slip of gold paper signifying "Home." Prizes are given according to their place in the race.

(Home can be one of the smallest rooms in the house; around the room lie prizes, numbered. The child's gold paper is also numbered according to place. They like collecting their own prizes.)

5.30 p.m. TEA. This should consist of small *vol-au-vents* filled with creamed chicken, egg sandwiches, at least three kinds of coloured jellies surmounted by knobs of whipped cream, cream-filled decorated with crystallized fruits, meringues, éclairs, iced cakes, chocolate biscuits.

6.15 p.m. CRACKERS AND BALLOONS.

6.30 p.m. HIDE AND SEEK AND MURDERS.

7.15 p.m. DEPART.

12 to 16

6.30 p.m. BEGIN. Hot coffee and chicken-cream sandwiches should be served right away. This age is inclined to be standoffish, and unless the party are all old friends a mixing game should then be played.

The name of a country or its leader is pinned across the back of each guest. By questioning one another, France finds Daladier and so on. Once the guests are paired, a tournament of table tennis or darts opens to a background of dancing. France plays Daladier at ping-pong and the winner meets Chamberlain of England, etc. As soon as the tournament is played off with first and second prizes, interrupt the dancing by a competition in which the pairs join up again and play two by two. If you have no games-room for table tennis, there are many other games which take up less room.

Each pair receives a typewritten slip, on which it says: "Give the names of the following ants: 1, Rejoicing Ant; 2, Chewing Ant; 3, Wandering Ant; 4, Flag Ant; 5, Hissing Ant; 6, Unimportant Ant; 7, Charm Ant; 8, Anticipating Ant; 9, Peevish Ant; 10, Superfluous Ant. (*Example: Continuous Ant—Incessant.*)

Answers. 1, Jubilant; 2, Ruminant; 3, Vagrant; 4, Pennant; 5, Sibilant; 6, Insignificant; 7, Enchant; 8, Expectant; 9, Petulant; 10, Redundant.

If there are ties, play them off with a geography game. Name three ports beginning with "O."

Answers. Osaki, Oporto, Oslo.

Or name a country, a river, a mountain, a sea, a capital, beginning with "T."

Answers. Tibet, Thames, Table Mountain, Timor, Tokio. Time limit, three minutes.

8 p.m. SUPPER. This should consist of hot sausages and mash, cold mousse of chicken, cold mousse of ham, every kind of jelly, trifle, lashings of cream, every kind of cake, ices, biscuits, a refreshing but mild wine cup.

9 p.m. CRACKERS AND BALLOONS.

9.15 p.m. CHARADES. Divide party into two teams. Those under and those over fourteen years old. While one is preparing its word, the others are playing a nation puzzle.

On a typewritten slip, they read: Each of the following is represented by a word ending in nation. 1, Giving up; 2, What rulers dread; 3, What criminals suffer; 4, What kings undergo; 5, What whales are suffering; 6, What dunces dread. (*Example: What a good team has—Combination.*)

Answers. 1, Resignation; 2, Assassination; 3, Condemnation; 4, Coronation; 5, Extermination; 6, Examination.

The winning pair receive a prize. If there are ties, play them off with a *Sports Item.* The rivals stand in a row on flower-pots. They have three yards to go. First they balance on the right leg, bend and move left pot forward, then balance on left and move right pot forward. This is a hilarious game.

10.30 p.m. DEPART.

HOW TO KEEP FIT IN SPITE OF IT ALL

The smacking whirl of December. . . .

First, it is preparing for Christmas, then it is recovering from Christmas, then it is controlling the children from wrecking the house over the New Year. In between there has been Christmas itself, madly bewildering.

Health-smashing or health-giving, just as you choose. To bring joy to others is certainly health-giving. If there is a saving grace in our commercial attitude towards life during the rest of the year, it is that at this time we work harder spending our money than we ever do earning it.

The incessant rush of parties, shoppings, house-warmings, gaieties; the tumult of planning and execution; meeting children here, delivering them elsewhere; sending and receiving parcels, continually being in a state of good cheer . . . all this can be very exhausting.

As usual, when the amount of rest that can be obtained is at a minimum, and more has to be packed into the hours than was ever intended, *right feeding* becomes a matter of vital importance. Here again, diet is knocked sky-high by entertaining, with the inevitable result that every one eats and drinks too much, spasmodically. Yet the whole secret of how to keep fit under exciting, abnormal conditions is how and when to *eat*.

Never, for instance, try to wedge in food between a rush, with the idea that you are keeping up your strength. You are merely overtaxing it.

Doctors calculate that to digest a four-ounce steak calls for as much energy as playing nine holes of golf. This energy is subsequently replaced, doubled, owing to perfect digestion. But nobody has sufficient energy to shop-scurry and play nine holes of golf simultaneously, and unless you can keep moderately quiet for half an hour after eating steak, you are setting up a damaging indigestion.

It is always well to feed against a rush. If you know you are in for a busy day, have a good breakfast. But get in half an hour's quiet between it and the rush, as bacon and eggs take some assimilating. If you are one of the grapefruit brigade, add a dessertspoonful of Glucose D to the grapefruit and follow it with a thin piece of toast well loaded with honey. Honey is very sustaining. So are dates; take six or seven.

If women under pressure of work at an office were to keep a box of dates beside them and go without a bolt-lunch, especially a bolt-lunch of strong brewed tea and tough sausage, there would be less heartburn, headache and acidity. Less sleeplessness, too.

If you are about to cover vast shop mileage, one of the most energising breakfasts is half a pound of sultanas washed and then soaked overnight in a pudding basin where they are just covered with water. By morning they will have swelled and taken up all the water. Add a squeeze of lemon and a dessertspoonful of glucose or honey. Eat with dry toast.

If you can only pause for ten minutes at lunch time, drink two cups of weak China tea and have two digestive biscuits. Or drink Bovril. Nourishment is rapidly obtained from drink and places less strain on the digestive track.

Solid snacks and quick meals only throw a monkey wrench into the machinery.

When you come in from a tiring non-stop day, sink into a chair, lift your feet up, relax and then slowly take a light meal of weak *superfine* China or Indian Pekoe tea, with a slab of iced cream cheese between hot thin toast. There is something wonderfully restoring in this hot-ice combination. Half an hour later you can proceed to a heavy meal.

The way to break a "fast" is always by a light meal first. You will then warm up the processes of the stomach and set the engines working instead of plunging them, as it were, *cold* into heavy going.

If you have come in with exactly forty minutes in which to wash and change before going out to dine, and have had nothing solid to eat since breakfast, always make time to sip either a cup of Bovril or China tea, biscuits or thin bread and butter, or a honey sandwich. Your stomach will then be lined and prepared to tackle the lobsters, mushrooms and cocktails at dinner. But it may rebel if you don't take precautions.

The real danger to your digestive works, of course, lies in tumbling into one of those cocktail parties at your friends. You have probably been store-jostling and bus-jumping all day with no time for tea.

You enter a very warm room with heady tobacco and alcohol fumes, and the confusing buzz of talk.

(*Continued on page* 180)

There is a fresh powder-shade that bequeaths a midsummer glow to any skin on a midwinter day. It lifts the face and is most heartening.

It is best used over a complementary foundation, which serves the treble purpose of lubricating the skin, causing a film to protect it against the seeping in of soot and grime, and furnishing under-glow.

Neither can be too highly recommended. Both are transforming.

For snow and ski-sporters, fortunate people, there is a cream with a golden hue which is the last word in anti-sunburn. If you require further details or want any help for your individual beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

BEAUTY TOKEN

BY CHRYSIS

I have just received the most wonderful advance Christmas present, a token for a facial treatment at Yardley's Bond Street Salon, and their beauty box containing all the preparations used in that treatment.

It is a wonder this page doesn't shout for joy, because I'm shouting. No gift could be more welcome. The beauty box will set me up for three months.

I am already a fan of Yardley's. Last summer, under distressing circumstances, I proved their ingredients to be pure.

Everyone knows they smell delicious, but—well, listen to this. A friend and I went down to open her cottage where she had not been for two years. She insisted we help clean the place, and after that terrible job my face was a picture of all we'd removed from the walls.

I felt wretched and just to add to the misery I had no cleansing cream. (Never, under circumstances of this kind, set to washing with soap and water without first loosening the dirt on your face, as the rubbing you have to give destroys the skin.)

There was no lard, that prime substitute for cream. My friend said there was some Yardley's liquefying cream in a cupboard she'd turned out. Would it be rancid, after keeping two years?

At first, I dared not open it; finally, I started to unscrew the lid. Rancid? The most heaven-sent perfume of attar of roses drenched the room. My face felt fresh before ever the cream had been on—all that had happened to it during two years—although the pot had been opened and partly used—was that the perfume had become more pungently distilled into the cream than when it was first bought at the shop.

Now, I am rarely without it.

For one thing, it liquefies directly and *enliveningly*, the instant your fingers scoop it out of the jar. It never feels fat on the face and cleans marvellously. And the most important preparation in all beauty factors is the cleanser, especially in winter when soot and grit do such damage.

Yardley's violet eyeshadow comes next to their liquefying cream in merit. If you have grey eyes, blue eyes or even brown, and are wearing wine shades or purple, as you probably will be this winter, there's nothing to touch it for becomingness. It's a cross between silver and the soft mauve of the harebell, very luminous, ethereal. If you want to achieve the summit of poetry, use their medium rouge and medium lipstick with it. There's something about the blending of these colours on any skin that knits into the personality and presents a surface of vivid soft irradiance.

Yardley's don't go in for masking the skin; they give it transparency and the bloom on a butterfly's wing.

As the effect of all beauty aids is cumulative, while using Yardley's make-up, base your routine on their skin food and toning lotion. It is simple, refreshing, refining; does what it sets out to do, keeps the epithelium—a word for skin and its cellular under-structure—in perfect condition.

There's an astringent lotion, too, for oily skins; a clever day cream for make-up foundation. I cannot think of a powder I prefer to their English complexion.

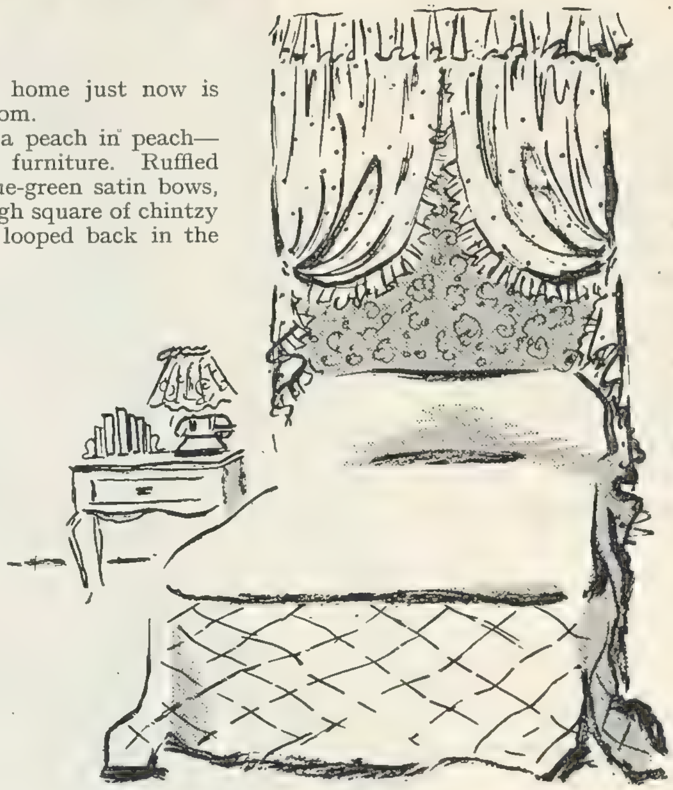
Then the way these accessories are mounted please me. They look so good on the dressing-table. We come back to it, they smell divinely. Scent surrounds you with luxury, banishes petty worries, soothes. And they *are* well presented. I can scoop their cream rouge from its container flatly, as it were, with the ball of my finger, and never get it under my nail.

Also, the actual perfumes sold at five shillings are mounted in such a way on a stand that they look as though they could not have cost less than a guinea. That's satisfying. The new way they have of bottling Orchis and April Violets with the gold stopper coming up through the case is exquisite.

Have you ever tried the treatments

(*Continued on page 170*)

PERSONALLY SPEAKING



BY JEAN BURNUP

The big excitement in the Burnup home just now is face-lifting the sitting-room and bedroom.

The bedroom really begins to look a peach in peach—walls, paint, ceiling—with blue-green furniture. Ruffled peach net curtains loop back with blue-green satin bows, and instead of a bed head, there is a high square of chintzy wallpaper framed by the ruffled net, looped back in the same way. All very boudoirish, I can tell you.

The sitting-room curtains were new this year, so they stay as they are, white frilled muslin crossing and looping, long drapes and pelmets of turquoise ribbed taffeta. The new loose covers are to be plum satin, rocking chair upholstery and slip seat covers for little chairs will be plum and natural striped satin. Ceiling and paint are pale turquoise, and on the walls hangs my pride, a fascinating turquoise paper with a small formal garland design. The fitted carpet is a neutral natural.

For the next few weeks, heaven help me, I shall be the bore who rushes after those who put glasses down casually, with a cloth in her hand, who runs after people with an ash tray.

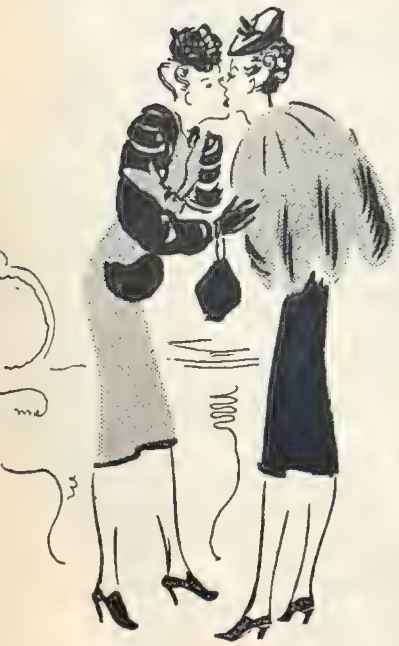
Gradually, life will resume its usual course, and I shall say, as people drop ash on to the floor: "Oh, it is really very good for the carpets."

You don't usually associate red flannel underwear with glamour girls. Daphne Hughes of Bruton Street, is probably the only woman in London who does. She puts a girl into one of her red flannel house coats, long, princess slim, flared, with posies cut from the flannel encircling a yoke and pockets, and believe me, it gives glamour.

Daphne Hughes makes the most luscious and delicate underwear. Her contribution to the current Edwardiania and Victoriania are knickers for crinolines in pale blue chiffon with rows of ruffled net from knee to ankle, and ribboned camisoles adroitly cross cut and darted.

Ribbon-threaded pants, to match the camisoles can be worn open, or with the ribbons pulled in and tied up old fashioned for the windy days when you wear a dirndl skirt.

I like her little fur cloth bed jacket with paws that can, if you like, go right over the hands and keep them warm for bed-reading.



To say "pleased to meet you" at an introduction is a social error, as enormous as wearing a made tie, or saying serviette instead of napkin. But somebody should start something as a substitute for the inevitable how-do-you-do?

After many years of relentless how-do-you-doing I still have to remind myself not to answer "very well thank you."

Then there is the follow-up, when you meet people you know slightly, and like hardly at all. If you can get in with the first traditional "How are you?" you are all right. It is up to them to say "Fine," "Grand," "Flourishing." Otherwise you have to say these things with a dazzling smile to carry your story, which is probably untrue.

I often feel fine, grand, flourishing, but somehow never when people say, "How are you?" My technique of the moment is to pause, to say "Oh . . . er . . ." in a tone which gives nothing away. If only one dared to answer in street corner repartee "none the better for seeing you."

I might as well round off my grumbles with a third, about women kissing each other. Now I think that really is silly. Once they kissed lightly on the cheek. Now, so as not to leave lipstick marks, their heads sway forward, the cheeks lightly brush together, then form their mouths into the pout of a kiss which is given to the air.

Each time I mouth a kiss into the air, I vow it shall not happen again. But what can you do? A woman sways her cheek towards you, and before you know where you are, you are turning the other cheek again.

Since this is the month when everybody trots out their Best Books of The Year, Best Plays, Best Films, here is my little offering:

THE BEST FILMS.—(English) *Pygmalion.* (American) *A Star is Born.* (French) *Le Roi S'Amuse.*

THE BEST PLAY.—*Golden Boy.*

THE BEST SPECTACLE.—The Bal Tabarin (Paris).

THE BEST DRESS.—Victor Stiebel's lavender blue satin crinoline, veiled with black lace.

THE BEST DANCE TUNE—"Thanks for the Memory."

THE BEST STORY.—Hitler and Chamberlain talking. Hitler said, "I want Ireland." Chamberlain said, "Well, it's a little difficult, but I think it might be arranged." And arranged it. Hitler said he wanted to stay six months in Buckingham Palace. Chamberlain said, "Well, it's a little difficult, but I think it might be arranged." And arranged it. Hitler said he was dissatisfied with the state of German football. They weren't winning any world games. In short, he wanted Bryn Jones. Chamberlain stood up and said, "Hitler, this means war."

THE BEST NOVEL.—*Dr. Bradley Remembers,* by Francis Brett Young.

THE BEST MOMENT.—Seeing the newsboy with the bill PEACE in crisis week.

Rivoli, that very clever gift shop in Gooch's, Knightsbridge, say that the inside of the average woman's handbag is a disgrace, and how right they are. Everything jostles, cigarettes mix with powder, there are lipstick smears on the lining and the result is an untidy mess.

So they have turned out a neat little compartmented job to take all beauty kit, and to slip inside any handbag. It costs three and sixpence and is the gift that every woman owes to herself.

TO HELP YOU CHOOSE YOUR

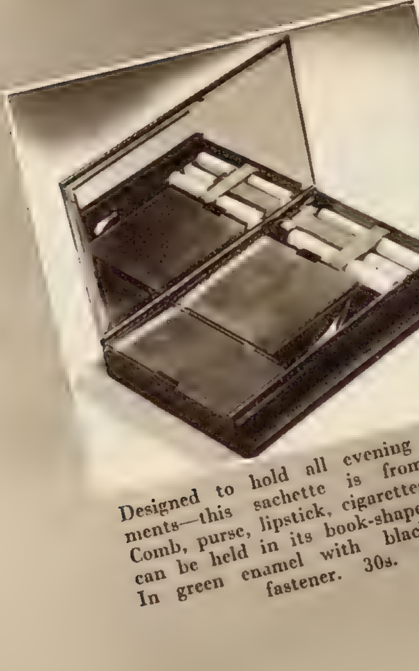
Christmas Presents

A modern necklace and matching brooch from Rivoli. Each gilt drop is tipped with dark jade-green. Beautiful for many occasions. Necklace 2 guineas ; brooch 15s.

Bear Brand stockings, full-fashioned and ringless, are packed in delightful gift boxes this Christmas. The stockings range from 3s. 11d. to 6s. 11d.

Atkinson's presentation box in red and gold contains a bottle of Gold Medal eau de Cologne. This costs 4s. 6d. Other sizes range from 2s. 6d. to 32s. 6d.

A "Number Seven" beauty box by Boots. Case is covered in blue leatherette, and contains "Number Seven" cleansing cream, foundation cream, skin food, skin tonic, foundation lotion and powder. 21s.



Designed to hold all evening requirements—this sachette is from Ciro's. Comb, purse, lipstick, cigarettes, powder can be held in its book-shaped depths. In green enamel with black binding fastener. 30s.

TANGEE
TANGEE
TANGEE THEATRICAL

A selection of Tangee beauty-aids, including the face powder, 4s. 6d. ; theatrical lipstick and natural lipstick, 4s. 6d. each ; eye cosmetic in black, brown or blue, 4s. 6d. ; rouge compact, 3s. 6d. ; and crème rouge, 3s. 6d.

Something new by Celanese. A multi-coloured striped ninon nightdress in red, blue, green and yellow on peach, with red velvet ties from waist. Obtainable from Selfridge's. 19s. 11d.

The Ladies

The Ladies

Lucky charms of the world deck these Coty Gift boxes. The compact and purse bottle of perfume costs 7s. 6d.; the bath powder, lamb's-wool puff and bath soap, 7s. 6d. also.

Hindes "Very" brush has wild boar bristles in a rubber air cushion and promotes a healthy scalp. Price 10s. 6d. The little cleaner brush is supplied free.

Morny's lovely "June Roses" presentation casket contains perfume, powders, foundation cream, toilet soap, bath salts, and eau de Cologne and lavender water. Price 30s.

MISCHIEF
MISCHIEF
SAVILLE
MISCHIEF

"Mischief" is at the base of this latest "Mischief" novelty, "Cupid Statuette," price 1s. 9d. The bottle of perfume is in three sizes, 3s., 5s. 6d., and 12s. 6d.

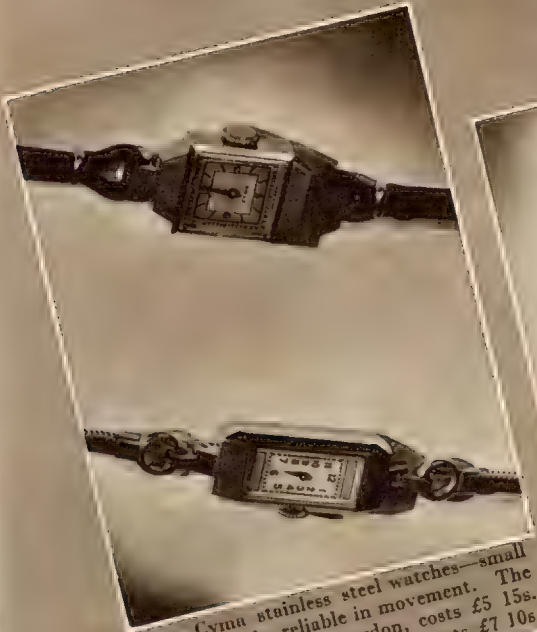
RECITAL
F. MILLOT

Perfumes by Millot. "Crêpe de Chine," the essence of sophisticated feminity, 45s.; "Recital," fresh, gay and flower-ish, 50s.

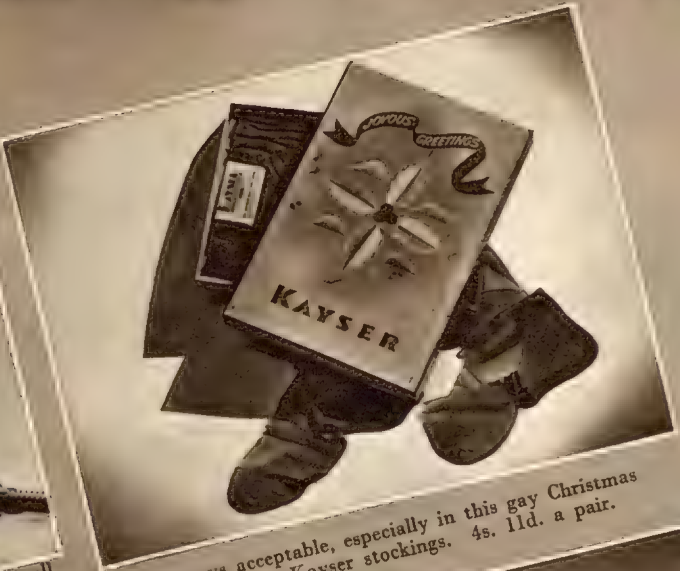
A pig-skin pochette from the Revelation Suit Case Company. Smart and practical. Initials can be stamped on it at 6d. a letter, or a monogram tooled on for 3s. 6d. Price of pochette, one guinea.

Potter and Moore's Mitcham Lavender is always popular. This charming casket holds the perfume and an attractive scent spray. 10s. 6d.

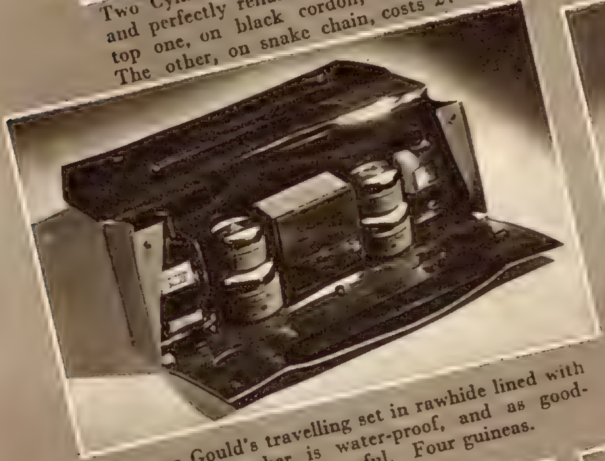
An old-world bouquet containing a new-world compact rouge and lipstick, by Cyclax. When the compact and lipstick have been removed the bouquet can be kept on the dressing-table as a tidy. 15s. 6d.



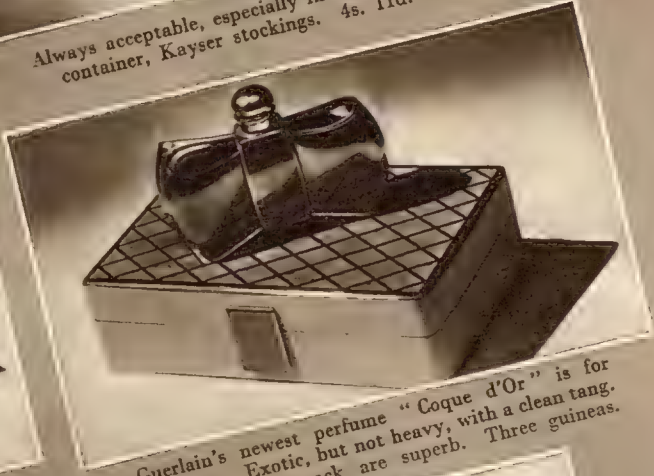
Two Cyma stainless steel watches—small and perfectly reliable in movement. The top one, on black cordon, costs £5 15s. The other, on snake chain, costs £7 10s.



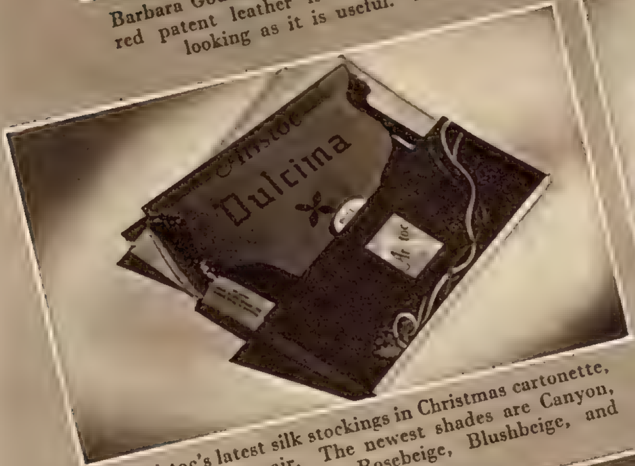
Always acceptable, especially in this gay Christmas container, Kayser stockings. 4s. 11d. a pair.



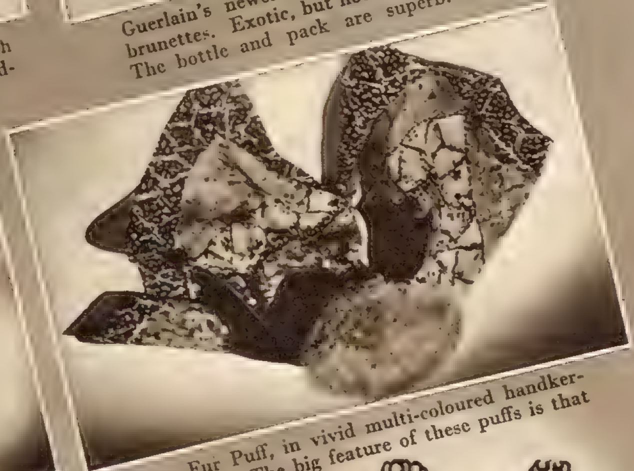
Barbara Gould's travelling set in rawhide lined with red patent leather is water-proof, and as good-looking as it is useful. Four guineas.



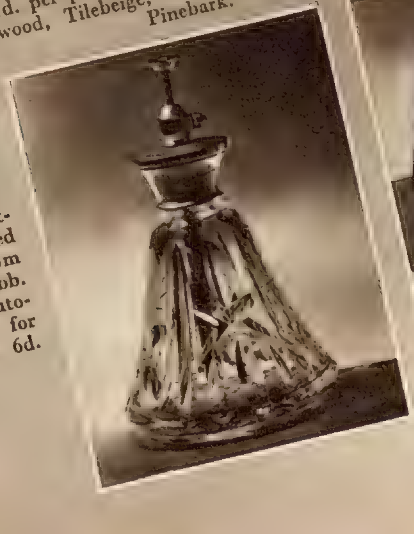
Guerlain's newest perfume "Coque d'Or" is for brunettes. Exotic, but not heavy, with a clean tang. The bottle and pack are superb. Three guineas.



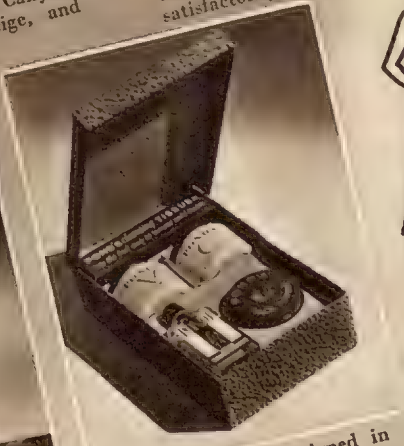
Aristoc's latest silk stockings in Christmas cartonette, 6s. 11d. per pair. The newest shades are Canyon, Teakwood, Tilebeige, Rosebeige, Blushbeige, and Pinebark.



An Iva Fur Puff, in vivid multi-coloured handkerchief, 3s. 6d. The big feature of these puffs is that they are so easily and satisfactorily washed.



A handsome cut-glass, silver-mounted scent spray from Mappin and Webb. The top screw automatically seals for travelling. 22s. 6d.



Pond's coffret is designed in green and gilt and contains all the essentials for skin care, a full selection of Pond's beauty-aids. There are two sizes, one at 2s., the larger at 3s. 6d.

Phargene's Feerie de Luxe perfume is fragrant and lasting, and beautifully boxed. 30s.

An elegant gift-box in green and white from Jane Seymour. It contains petal dusting powder and a bottle of eau de Cologne. 14s.

This double choker of Tecla cultured real pearls costs 20 guineas. The matching bracelet, 6 guineas.

Elizabeth Arden lays a carnation beside her lipstick to show its shade, 17s. 6d. The bath luxury box contains all that could be desired of bathing fragrance, dusting powder, soap and bath salts. 14s. 6d.

A gilt and silver black brocaded evening bag from Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, is lined with black satin. £6 12s. 6d.

Three new perfumes by Houbigant in a little gift casket, 27s. "Presence," "Floraison" and "Demi-jour," subtle, vital and rich.

A MODERN MIRACLE
Ballito

Original Christmas packs with Ballito stockings inside them. Boxes containing two or three pairs of different qualities range from 5s. 11d. to 7s. 11d. a box.

Schiaparelli's "Shocking" perfume in a piquant bottle, 2 guineas. "Shocking" eau de Cologne in a sister shape, 12s. 6d. A heart-shape of "Shocking" toilet soap in a gold box, 4s. 6d.

The Ladies

The Children

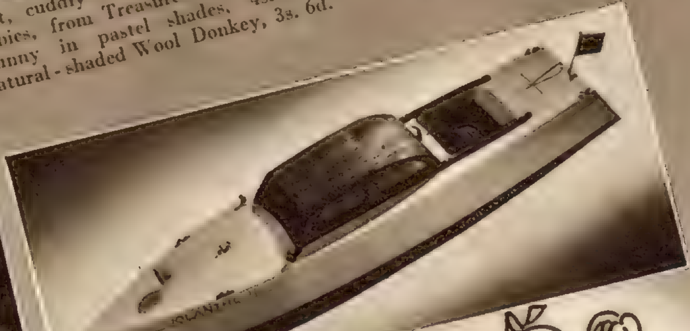
Kleinert's Mad Hatter has lost his hat, Hector looks a little wild, but they would be adored in any nursery. They wash. 4s. 6d. and 5s. 11d. respectively.

Lamb mounts of soft fleecy material, eighteen inches long and nineteen inches high. Babies ride on them, small children push them. Fawn Lamb with foot-rests, 10s. 6d., Spring Lamb, 8s. 9d.

Quaint bunny-decked gown for one- to five-year-olds. Made by Chilprufe in a variety of pastel shades, cosy and warm. From 16s. 6d.

Soft, cuddly toys, for the youngest babies, from Treasure cot. Bye-Bye Bunny in pastel shades, 4s. 6d.; natural-shaded Wool Donkey, 3s. 6d.

There are hours of interesting amusement in every box of Harbutts' plasticine. This is the easy stencilling outfit, for making pictures. 3s. 6d.



A super motor-boat in either clockwork or electric propulsion, by Bassett-Lowke. Dimensions: length, 27½ inches, depth, 4½ inches. Perfectly finished. 2 guineas.

The Little Buffer Scooter car: good for baby, good for fun. Prices from 16s. to 22s., according to size and finish.

The Gentlemen

For the motorist. A set of Lodge sparking plugs will help his car's performance. 5s. each, packed in sealed metal boxes.

Greetings
Wright's Coal Tar Soap
WRIGHT'S COAL TAR TOILET SOAP

A Christmas presentation box of Wright's Coal Tar soap, shaving cream and talcum powder, fresh and invigorating products with a particular appeal to men. 2s. 9d.

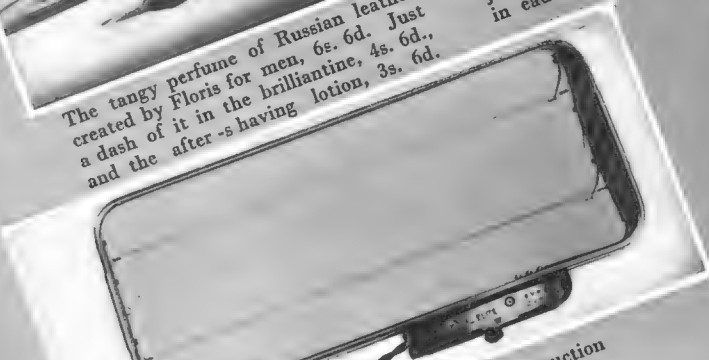
An attractive oak cabinet containing 100 special "Gold Flake" cigarettes. 7s. Also obtainable in fifties for 4s. 2d.; one hundred and fifties, 10s.

"4711" eau de Cologne is still made from the original recipe of the year 1792. This coffret contains "4711" eau de Cologne, talcum powder, and toilet soap. 7s.

Men like bath salts, too. A large jar of Innoxa's tonic bath salts in eau de Cologne costs 5s. 9d.

BRILLIANTINE

The tangy perfume of Russian leather, created by Floris for men, 6s. 6d. Just a dash of it in the brilliantine, 4s. 6d., and the after-shaving lotion, 3s. 6d.



Clamped to the windscreen by four suction cups, this Smith's Royal Elite screen defroster and demister lightens winter driving by keeping the vision clear. 38s. 6d. Size 16 in. by 6¾ in.

Yardley's attractively boxed set of shaving soap, invisible talcum powder, toilet soap and solid brilliantine is priced at 7s. 3d.

K·L·G
K·L·G
K·L·G
K·L·G

K.L.G. sparking plug sets can be bought in special Christmas presentation cartons. 5s. each plug. Most garages sell them.

Greetings
De Reszke Virginias
IVORY

In gay Christmas packing De Reszke Virginias are a most seasonal gift. Carton of 50, 2s. 6d.

Christmas Greetings
Christmas Greetings

Player's "Medium" Navy Cut cigarettes, and "Gold Leaf" cigarettes are also in picturesque Christmas greeting cartons. 2s. 6d. for 50.

State Express offer a handsome English pewter casket containing 150 State Express 555 for 26s., or 150 State Express 333 for 23s. 6d.

The Swan pen and Fyne-Poynt pencil make a useful and welcome gift set. The pen has complete ink visibility, and the pencil holds 20 leads that are automatically fed. 35s.

The Season's Greetings
A Merry Xmas

For your acquaintances—the 50 Craven "A" Christmas carton costs 2s. 6d. For personal friends, or the family, buy the 100 package for 5s.

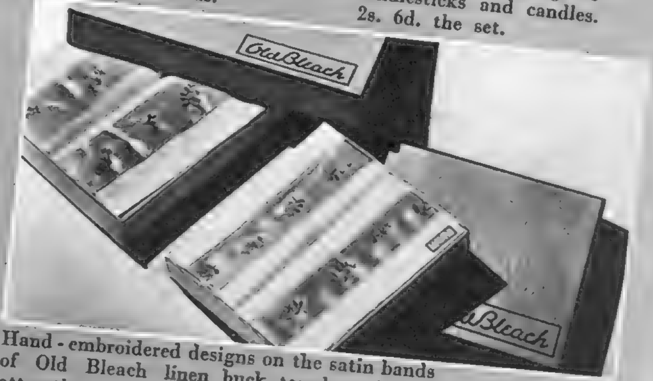
An Onoto Christmas gift set, containing pen (with control valve—the ink cannot flood) and pencil. 28s. 6d.

Smith's Sectric "Cambridge" clock, in a soft blue Casein material, silver-zoned and with chromed bezel. 52s. 6d.

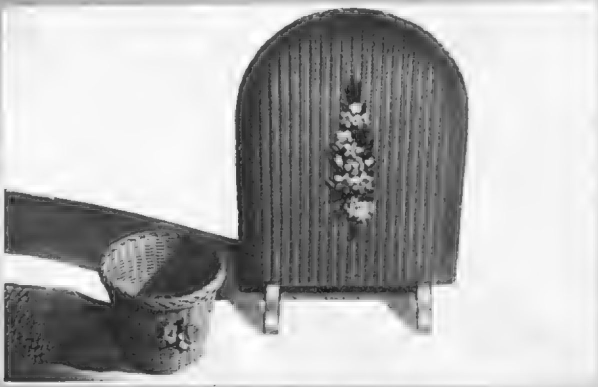
A handsome leatherette case of Community Plate fish knives, forks and servers. Modern design. 4 guineas.

Price's Venetian set, containing two matched candlesticks and candles. 2s. 6d. the set.

The very latest Hoover model, streamlined, with all accompanying cleaning tools, makes up the new Hoover Cleaning Ensemble. 22 guineas.



Hand-embroidered designs on the satin bands of Old Bleach linen huck towels make an attractive set. 15 by 24 inch towels, 6s. 11d. per pair. 22 by 38 inch, 11s. 9d. per pair.



This Lloyd Loom woven fibre fire-screen and waste-paper basket are attractively decorated with hand-painted floral sprays. 15s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. respectively.

For the kitchen or table. A Phœnix glassware chicken casserole is a most seasonable choice. 8s. 6d.

The House

A "Nell Gwynn" candle gift set, consisting of four 14-inch candles with candlesticks to match. In many gay shades. The set, 5s.

I'll Tell You All I Know

Christmas comes but once a year, but when it does. . . . Well, you know the rest of the rhyme and what it stands for. Turkey, plum pudding, family port, indigestion, and a fine outcrop of spots on the chin by the end of Christmas week.

Make no mistake. Slapping on the rouge and powder does not help much. So this Christmas I am making a resolution.

However tired I am, I shall cleanse my face with extra special care. Then I shall paint on a marvellous lotion and leave it on my poor tired face all night. In the morning I shall take the lotion off with skin food, in the certain knowledge that the results of my over-indulgence of the night before will be swept away with the cream.

Yes, this lotion does all that and more; it's grand for blackheads, too. A little goes a long way, and in the larger sizes they give you a soft brush for painting the liquid on your face.

From the same clever specialist comes a foundation cream made from fresh lettuces. It melts into the pores and holds powder the day long; but, more important still, instead of drying the skin, it retains the moisture below the skin's surface.

Can you grill a steak? You can? Well, how do *you* grill *your* steak?

You make the grill red hot, pop the pan underneath and let your fat juicy steak sizzle like blazes for one minute; then slow it down for two or three minutes, according to thickness. Turn over and repeat.

We seem to be agreed on the method. But I wonder if we agree on another point? That the ordinary grill pan is far too arbitrary? It is either too high or too low: that is, for the perfect result demanded by gourmets like you and me.

In cooking a grill it is essential that the meat shall be high enough under the flame so that the juices can be sealed in without burning. Agreed.

So perhaps, fellow cook, you will rise up and call me blessed when I tell you that I have discovered an adjustable grill-pan for using with gas or electricity. It has a patent knob at the end of the handle. Turn the knob and the pan rises on a neat little platform to just the height required.

In aluminium it costs five shillings; in tin, two shillings and sixpence.

In a letter to a newspaper the other day, a reader (I suspect he is one of those people who tot up things like how many times the Nelson Monument would go round the *Queen Mary*) stated that there were sixty something movements (the exact number escapes me) involved in the making of and the taking of the first sip of a cup of tea.

Maybe he was right. I shall never know. But I do agree that jobs like these, which have to be done several times a day, take far too long, and that any new invention which cuts domestic labour in half is worth its weight in gold.

So here let me present to you an entirely new method of making your cupper tea. Fill the teapot with cold water, pop in a neat little rod containing a heating element, switch on, and soon the water is boiling and ready for the tea.

The heater can be used for milk, pans of water, or any liquid that needs hotting up in a hurry.

It is easily cleaned and there is absolutely nothing to go wrong. Several sizes are available.

Yeast for keeping the skin clear and the contours youthful has been an idea of the beauty culturists for a long time. And how right they are. But the procuring of yeast for illicit purposes, like glorifying the physiognomy, presents its own peculiar difficulties.

I confess to feeling a trifle shy of walking into a pastrycook's and asking for a lump of yeast with which to paste up my face. Silly, perhaps, but I know many women who feel much the same as I do about it.

Then when you've got your yeast, there's the not-so-easy job of converting the volatile substance into a decent face pack.

So now I am in a ferment about a ready-made yeast pack that comes in a neat packet no bigger than a shampoo envelope. The powder contains all the virtues and vitamins contained in fresh yeast and only needs to be mixed with a little water. Price of the pack is sixpence.

Some people retain a childish passion for boiled sweets. Others, when they get a whiff of the peculiarly pungent smell of raspberry or pear drops, wonder how they ever committed excesses in this direction. A faint nausea (subconscious memory?) arises in the stomach.

At least, that is the way it is with me, every time I remove my nail varnish with acetone.

Am I enthusiastic, then, over the discovery that I can now say good-bye to the smell of pear drops imprisoned in bottles of remover (mine always upset and do devastating damage to polished furniture or linen), good-bye to messy bits of cotton-wool that you don't know what to do with, good-bye to such things as dry cuticles and nail cracks?

This has come about by the advent of nail polish removing pads, one of which will remove varnish from each of my ten fingers, leaving the nails charmingly perfumed.

It is claimed that the pads are acetone free. One thing is that they certainly do not betray their function by the faintest whiff of pear drops. And that's good enough for me. Price sixpence for twenty-five pads.

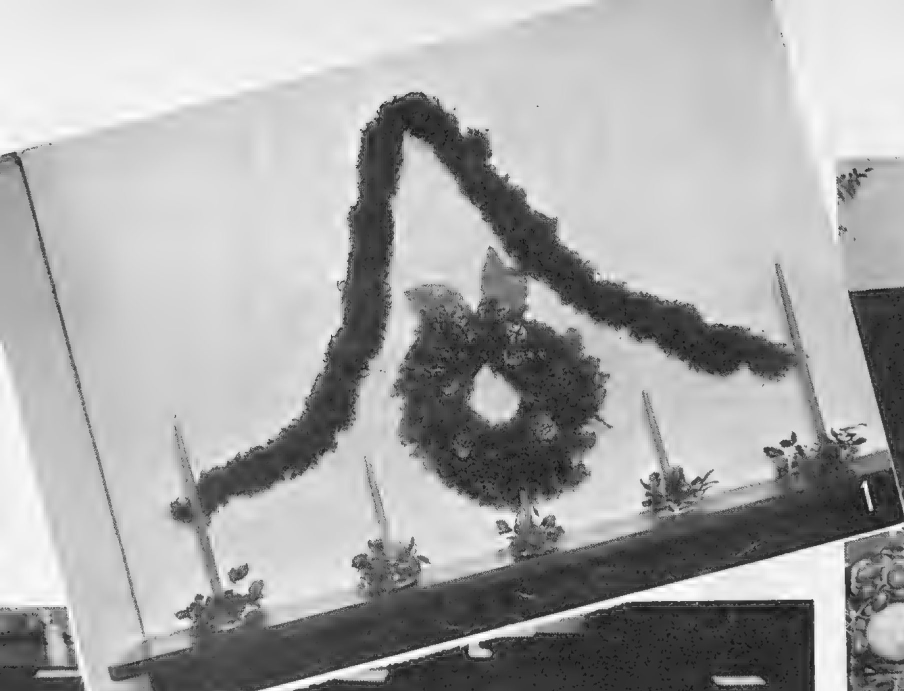
Opposite me in the train the other day sat a very pretty girl with very pretty legs and a very short skirt indeed. I didn't blame her for showing off her legs, but I docked her a handful of marks for the carelessness which allowed her to wear sheer silk stockings and do exactly nothing about depilation.

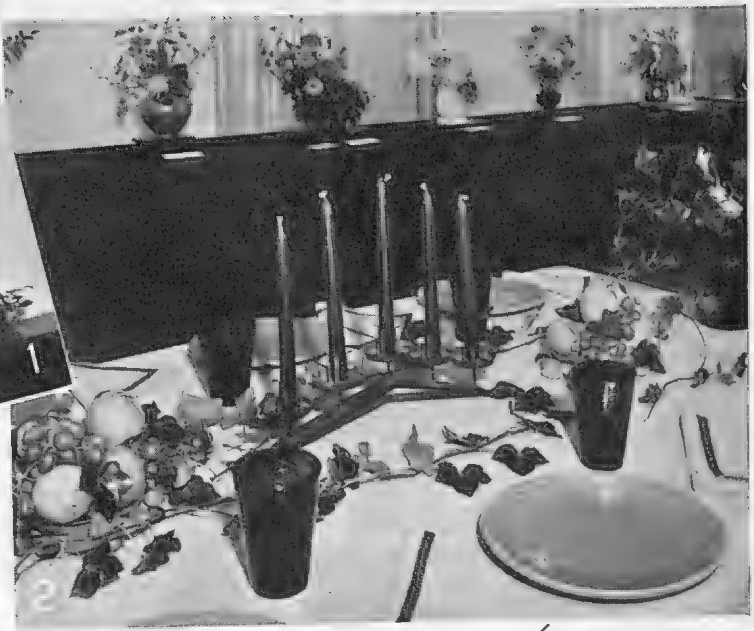
That highfalutin' word merely means the removal of superfluous hair.

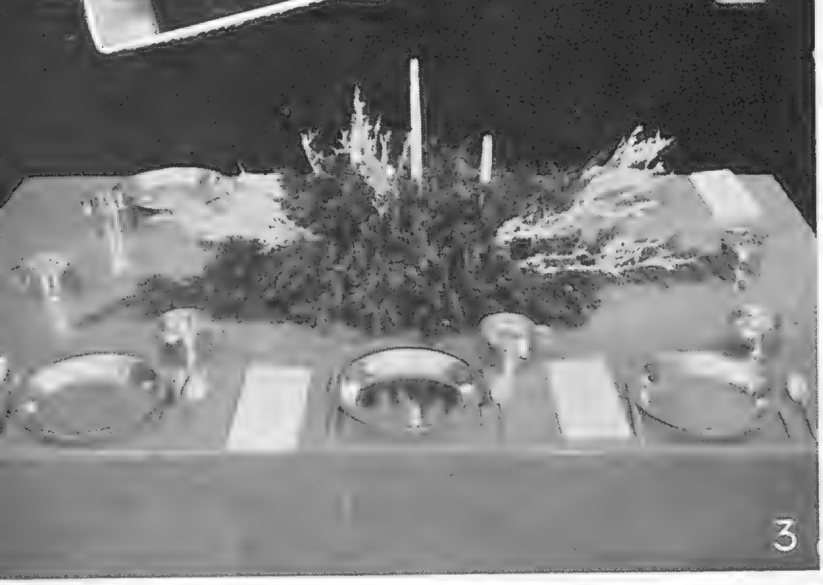
My *vis-à-vis* had a quite considerable growth which showed so plainly through her sheer stockings that she could not have been unconscious of them any more than I was. Maybe, I thought, no one has told her about the new, safe ways of removing hair from the legs. One of the handiest little helpers of the hirsuit is nothing more than a pink disk that fits into the palm of the hand. Rub it over the skin and the hairs come away, leaving a lovely smooth feeling and a new soft freshness, and this without mess, discomfort or pain. It is claimed, too, that the depilatory disk has a chemical action which weakens growth while you rub.

By Mary Young

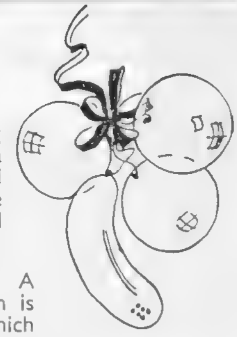
If any of the subjects discussed here are the answer to your own problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4.







DIFFERENT DECORATIONS



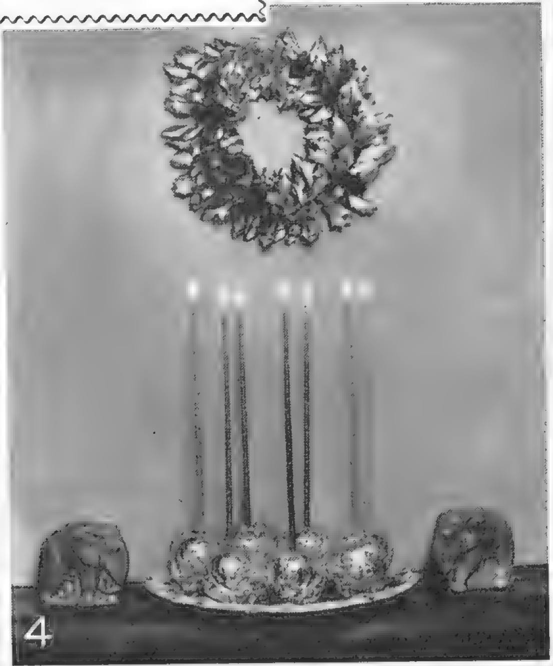
1 Soft scarlet feather trimming looped up on the wall over a garland of spruce tied with a red cellophane bow. Red candles have simple wreaths of holly arranged at their bases

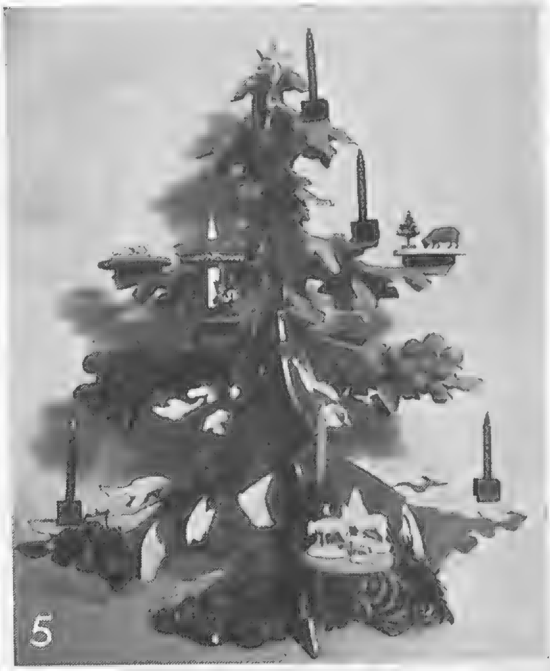
2 Table setting for the dinner. A coarse linen cloth of pale green is decorated with trails of ivy which intertwine among piled dishes of fruit. The candles are scarlet to match the glass beakers

3 Shiny red American cloth scalloped at the edge is laid in two strips down the table to make a background for a centre-piece of spruce or fir. Some branches are whitewashed and white candles rise from the centre

4 Apples wrapped in silver paper and hollowed in the centre to hold the long red candles make this novel decoration. The garland is of silvered holly leaves and red berries

5 A cardboard Christmas tree painted green and silver carries candles and Christmas figures. A charming centre-piece for the tea party table where the animals can be distributed to the children



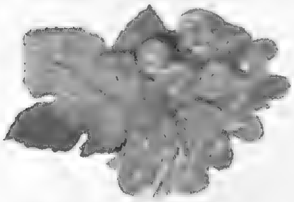


A blue and white snow man for cake decoration, 3½ ins. high. Price 5d.

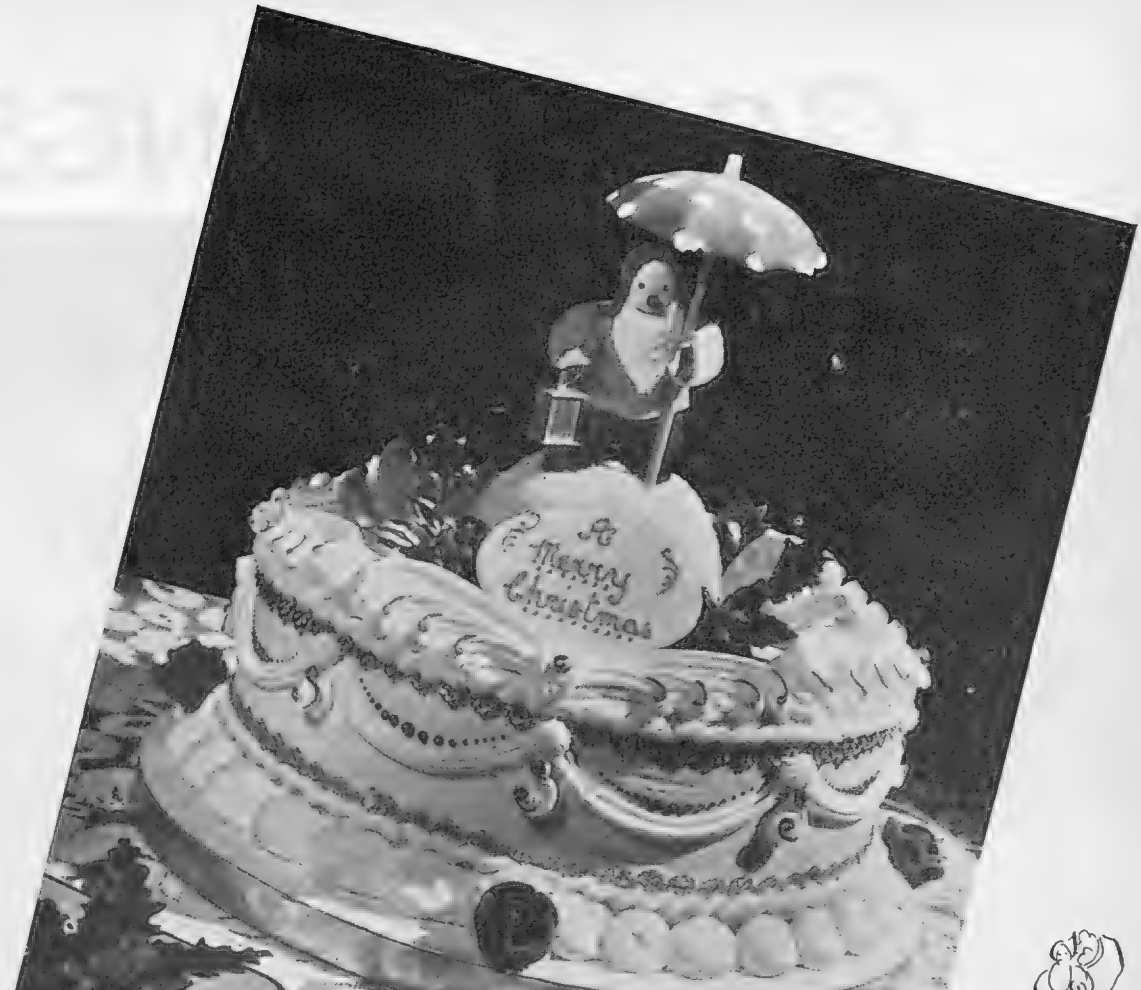
Pink and white skating girl dressed in cotton wool. Height 3 ins. Price 1s.

Frosty but cheerful Father Christmas made of fir cones. Height 6½ ins. Price 1s.

Black grapes made of sweets. Height 6½ ins. Price 1s.



Bunch of green grapes. Also eatable. Price 6d.



Cake by courtesy of Messrs. J. Lyons & Co., Ltd.

THE CAKE

Merry Christmas

Many women who would like to bake their own Christmas cake are afraid to do so because they are shy of decorating it.

Experimenting with icing sugar and marzipan and frivolous little gee-gaws is fascinating and not difficult if you abide by the simple rules. Cakes that come to table with a wilted air and decorations half submerged in icing that is just a sea of sticky porridge are really inexcusable.

When you decorate your cake, take pains with the preparation of the icing. Don't let your anxiety to get to the decorating allow you to skip a thing.

Mix both almond and sugar icing *dry*. In the case of the former you should be able to roll it out on a board without any of it sticking to the rolling pin.

The smoothness both of almond and sugar icing depends largely on the fineness of the icing sugar you use. Endless trouble in rolling and sifting can be saved if you buy it in a tin ready prepared.

When the cake is iced, set it to dry in a very cool oven. *Very* cool or the icing will become discoloured.

As to the decorating, choose something very simple if you are not an expert.

Try using a forcing pipe by all means, but don't run riot with it. Each of the accessory parts which are supplied with the pipe will make a different design, but restrain your impulse to use them all and keep your cake decoration very simple.

For a plain madeira cake (many people prefer them at Christmas) you can use a plain chocolate icing to cover the top and sides of the cake. Pipe white icing round the upper and lower edges and make a stiff scarlet cellophane bow for the top.

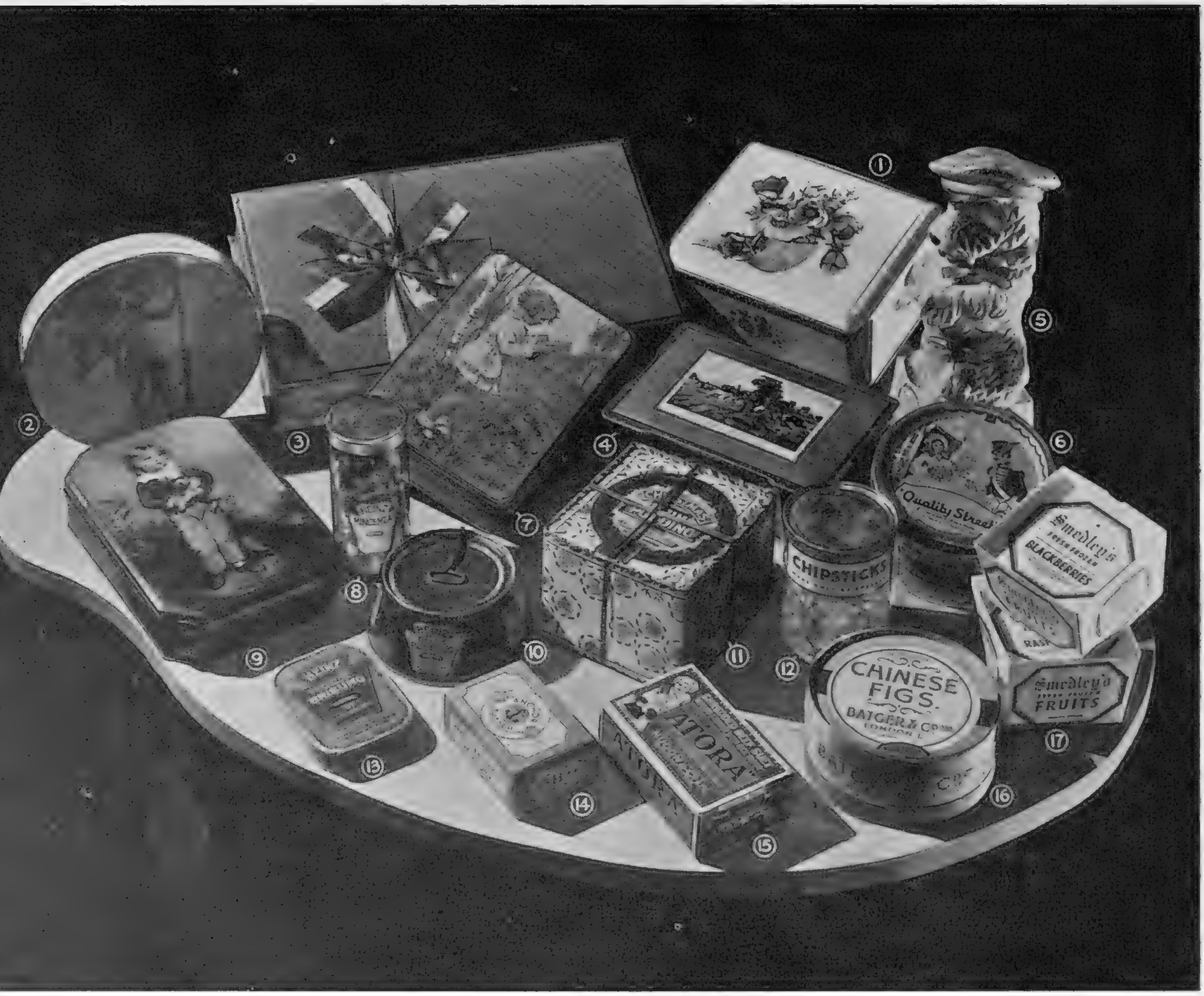
Don't crowd the top of the cake with decorations. If you can't get a smooth icing, scatter coloured sweets—the hundreds and thousands sort—all over the surface. Finish it with one pretty figure or a bunch of glacé fruit. Don't attempt lettering or elaborate swirls unless you are sure you can.

A marzipan covering alone is effective and easier to manage than royal icing.

Pipe chocolate icing around the edge of the marzipan and decorate the top with jellied fruit sweets.

Butter icing is very easy to make and is often preferred to the hard sugar variety. Mix a pound of icing sugar with one-eighth of a cup of butter and a teaspoonful of vanilla flavouring. Cream the butter with the sugar, well sifted, the flavouring, and, if you have a refrigerator, two tablespoonfuls of ice water. Colour the butter icing, cover the cake with it and pipe the edges with royal icing.

GOOD THINGS TO



1. Peek Frean's Floral Casket is attractive, so are the chocolate biscuits and tea assortment found inside

2. "The Champion" guards a variety of Huntley and Palmer's delicious fancy biscuits, chocolate coateds, and shortbreads

3. Everybody gives chocolates to someone. This large Cardinal Casket contains 5 lbs. of Cadbury's Vogue Assortment

4. This Quorn Casket is packed with Peek Frean's appetising cocktail biscuits

5. Mackintosh's pâpier-maché "Sea Dog" is full of their famous chocolate toffees

6. Mackintosh's "Quality Street" Chocolate and Toffee Assortment, always a good Christmas buy

7. "Rhapsody" is the name of this good-looking tin of assorted Tea Biscuits by McVitie and Price

8. Heinz Mincemeat for your mince pies and tarts

9. Huntley and Palmer's "Good Companions" Casket holds the well-known Paris assortment of biscuits

10. Heinz Plum Pudding, already made for you

11. Chivers Plum Pudding in a gay Christmas packing

12. Chivers Chipsticks are new and tasty. Hot, cold; with soups, salads, fowl or meat; for cocktail appetisers—they have a dozen uses

13. Another choice from the famous Heinz varieties, Norwegian Brisling, in pure olive-oil

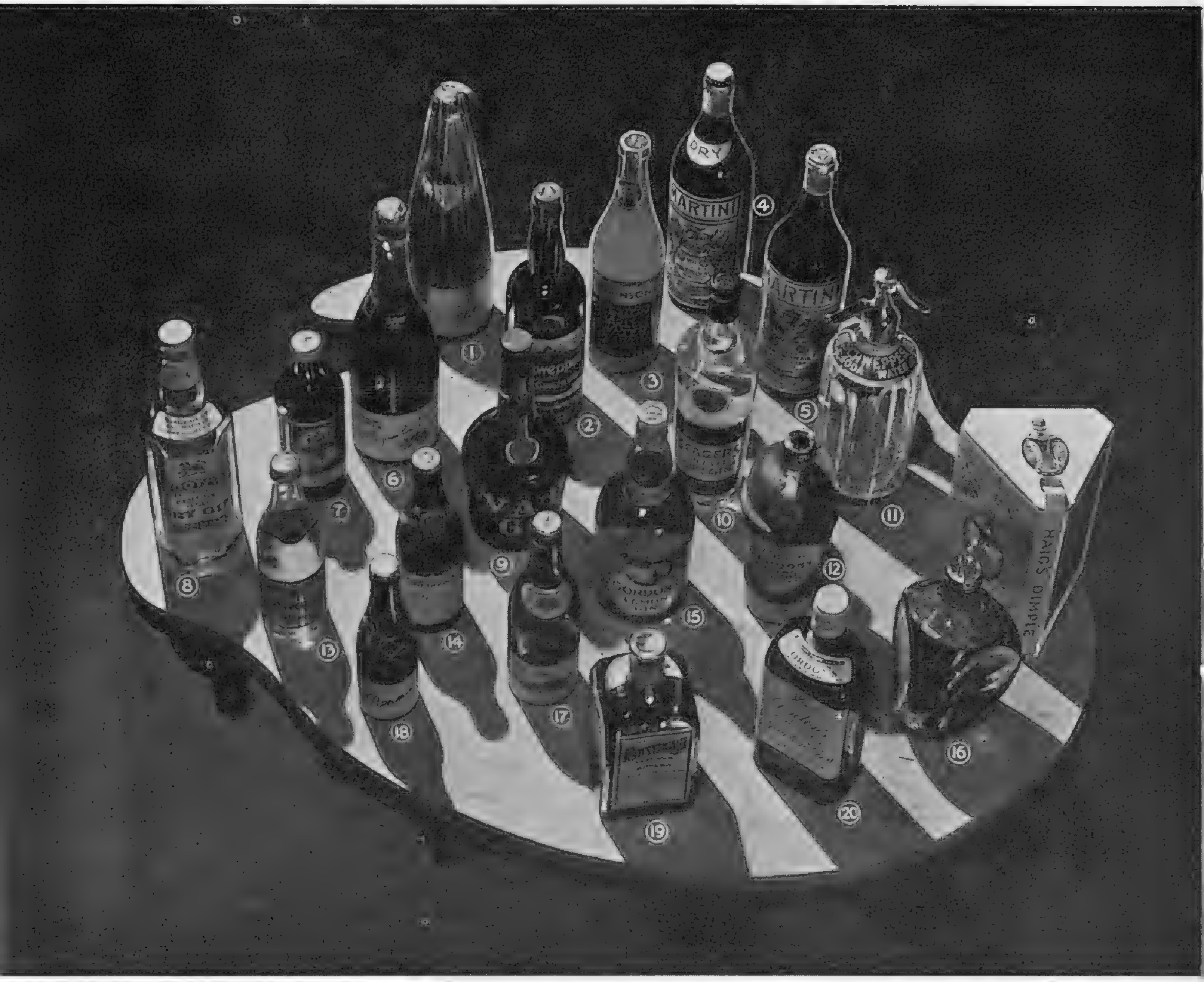
14. New Zealand butter is nutritious, creamy

15. "Atora" Shredded Beef Suet will make all your boiled puddings successful

16. Batger's Chinese Figs, a delicious dessert for meals or sweet for parties

17. Smedley's Fresh Frozen fruits and vegetables are frozen, put into cartons, and wait to be thawed out for when you need them. You can get them at Harrods or Selfridges

EAT AND DRINK



1. Gaymer's Cyder, a favourite for over 300 years, is delicious and invigorating
2. Schweppes Ginger Wine, a drink to warm the cockles of your heart
3. Robinson's Lemon Barley Water with water or soda is just the thing for those who don't take hard drinks. It also mixes happily with gin
4, 5. Martini Vermouth for gin-and-it, for cocktails
6. Gaymer's "Pommetta" a cyder very near to champagne
7. Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy, a splendid liqueur
8. Booth's Dry Gin, the mainstay of any home cocktail bar
9. Vat 69, a fine liqueur Scotch Whisky, packed in gay holly-twigged cases for Christmas giving
10. Seagers Special Dry Gin is good with tonic, lime, cocktails, vermouths
11. Schweppes Soda Syphon—indispensable
12. Gordon's Martini Cocktail in a special shaker-bottle can be chosen in many varieties, including Gimlet, Manhattan, and Piccadilly
13. Schweppes Tonic Water, keen, bracing, grand with gin
14. The tang of real ginger and the sparkle of Schweppes is in this Ginger Ale
15. Gordon's Lemon Gin—gin blended with the juices of lemons—is exhilarating taken neat, as a cocktail, refreshing with soda as a long drink. They also make an Orange Gin
16. John Haig's "Dimple" Whisky makes an ideal gift in its attractive carton
17. Gaymer's Medium Dry Cyder, highly recommended for special occasions
19. Cointreau, world-famous liqueur, essential for many cocktails and now becoming a kitchen favourite—take a dash with your fruit salad or fresh strawberries, and you'll understand why
20. Gordon's Dry Gin can be given in special greeting gift cases, three bottles of the Dry Gin, or a trio of Dry Gin, Orange Gin and Lemon Gin

THE PARTY SEASON IS

We all know the kind of cocktail party which begins at six-thirty and ends—well, when does it end? We have all suffered from our special friends who, having nothing better to do, simply won't go. Suffer is the wrong word. I always think the scratch meal after a cocktail party is the best part of a cocktail party. Now, what shall we give them to eat?

With the cocktails

Canapés
Fish Pastes Olive Purée Waverly Bits
Cheese Wafers Forestière (hot)

For supper

Mimosa Jamaica Winter salads
Soupe à l'oignon (hot)—last minute
Oeufs sur le Plat (hot)—last minute
Ragout Piquant (hot)—cooked beforehand
Petits Fours Fruit Salad Ice-cream

Here is a party food most of which can be prepared in advance. One of the hot dishes can also be made in the morning and re-heated just in time.

The onion soup and the eggs can be made at the last minute. This becomes part of the fun of the evening. Any intelligent person can arrange this kind of party single-handed.

Smoked Fish Pastes

Anchovy, cod's roe, kippers, haddocks, well mashed, mixed with butter, pepper and lemon juice, make excellent spreads for croûtes. Sardines can be treated in the same way, as I have often explained.

Olive Purée

The olives are finely chopped, mixed with cream, tomato ketchup, pepper and a dash of cayenne pepper.

Waverly Bits

Biscuits or toast spread with mashed cheese, chopped pickled walnuts and a good dash of Yorkshire Relish.

Cheese Wafers

Cut some cheese in small pieces, melt in a saucepan with a little mustard, butter and pepper. Spread between two ice-cream wafers, and keep these hot.

Forestière

Streaky rashers are crisply fried and, when drained, finely chopped. Fry mushrooms in the fat with a drop of lemon juice. Drain and chop well and mix with the bacon, keeping both hot until the last minute. Serve on hot toast with a dash of cayenne pepper.

Salade Mimosa

Arrange a bed of crisp lettuce leaves on salad plates and put a few cubes of pineapple on each. Dust with salt and pepper and a squeeze of lemon juice. Cover completely with cream dressing and then sprinkle all over hardboiled egg yolks which you have passed through a sieve.

Jamaica Salad

Peel bananas and tomatoes and remove seeds from the latter. Cut bananas into thin rounds and the tomatoes in pieces, mix together in a bowl and dress with mayonnaise. The mixture can be served either in a large salad bowl or in individual plates lined with lettuce leaves, but in either case sprinkle with finely chopped spring onions.

Winter Salad

Here is a salad which gives scope for many combinations. The essentials are cold boiled potatoes, apples, beetroot in equal proportions and cut into cubes.

Add a dressing of oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and mustard; mix well and let the salad rest for ten minutes or so.

Now add a few fillets of herring in oil and some strips of lean ham. Mix again and serve twenty minutes later.

Soupe à l'Oignon

This ever-popular French supper soup is simply made with fried onions, to which you add boiling water, salt and lots of pepper.

Simmer until well flavoured, add a little grated cheese. Pour into individual fireproof bowls, put a round of toast well sprinkled with grated cheese on top, and brown in the oven or under the grill.

Oeufs sur le Plat

These eggs are always cooked and served in small individual dishes large enough to hold two eggs and made of metal or fireproof china or glass.

First make the (*Continued on page* 149)

They Come to Cocktails They Stay to Supper

BETTER

UPON US

It Begins at Nine-Thirty It Ends Any Hour

The party that begins at nine-thirty to (officially) twelve and probably lasts until two or three, does not differ very much from the cocktail party. Much of the same type of food could be served, but the drinks would be long instead of short. But in case you don't want to repeat yourself, here are a few suggestions.

Canapés (as for a cocktail party)
Tourain (a hot soup)
Cold turkey and ham. Pâté de Volaille
Salades
Feuilleté of mincemeat
Celery cheese savoury
Wine cup
Christmas Punch

Tourain

For six people: One pound of onions, one of tomatoes, bacon fat, salt, pepper

Peel and cut up the onions, cut the tomatoes, leaving the skin. Melt a puddingspoonful of bacon fat in a saucepan and put in the onions, cooking them until they begin to brown. Add the tomatoes, salt and pepper, and cook together, stirring well for two or three minutes. Now add boiling water, allowing one third more of water than you will require of soup. Simmer for thirty minutes and pass through a very fine strainer into a clean saucepan. Simmer for another quarter of an hour and keep until required, serving the soup hot, in cups.

Pâté de Volaille

One chicken (about two pounds)
Half a pound lean veal; two or three streaky rashers
One pound of pork (half lean, half fat)
Mixed spice, salt and pepper

Bone a chicken and keep on one side the best white meat. Mince up the rest with half a pound of lean veal, and a pound of pork, half lean and half fat. Add plenty of salt and pepper and a good pinch of mixed spices.

Have ready some terrines (thick earthenware pie dishes) and put at the bottom of each a rasher of streaky bacon well trimmed, add a layer of the mincemeat, one thin piece of the best meat, more bacon, mince and so on until the dish is full, finishing with a layer of mince. Cover the top with a few thin pieces of fat bacon and cook, standing in boiling water in a moderate oven for about one hour and a quarter. Put a light weight on top of each terrine until they are cold. (You can make pâtes in the same way with other birds: turkey, goose, duck or game.

Beetroot Salad

Season with a dressing made of salt, pepper, one-third of vinegar and two-thirds of olive-oil. Garnish with finely chopped parsley.

Salade Russe

Use macedoine of vegetables and dress with some mayonnaise or salad cream.

Another good vegetable salad is made with the macedoine and a simple dressing of salt, pepper, oil and vinegar.

French Bean Salad

The beans can be left whole or cut into pieces. Sprinkle with finely chopped onion, dress with plain oil and vinegar dressing and, just before you serve the salad, sprinkle it with chopped parsley.

Feuilleté of Mincemeat

Make the contents of one jar of mincemeat thoroughly hot, put it in a hot serving dish of metal or fireproof material and garnish with fingers of puff pastry already baked.

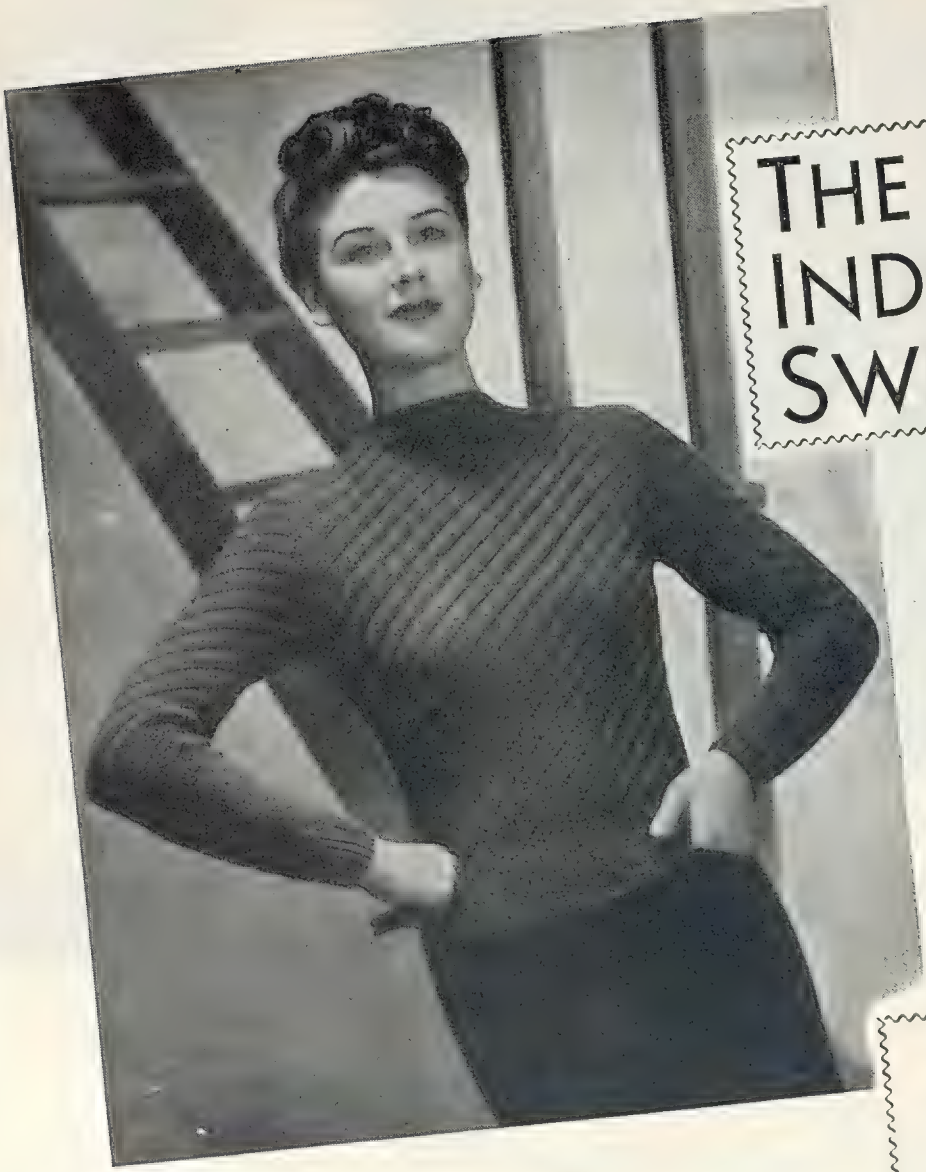
Have ready some rum, slightly warmed —a tablespoonful of rum to a one pound jar of mincemeat—pour it over the mincemeat and set it alight, letting it burn until the flames die out naturally. Hand separately an extra supply of pastry fingers.

Celery Cheese Savoury

Clean and wash well the heads of celery, removing all the outside leaves. Cut off the tops, leaving just sticks of the best part.

Have ready a mixture of Roquefort cheese and butter in equal proportions worked to a smooth paste. Open the leaves of the (*Continued on page* 149)

COOKING BY A. H. ADAIR



THE INDISPENSABLE SWEATER

MATERIALS REQUIRED

8 ozs. "Golden Eagle" 4-ply Polyknit Wool.
2 Buttons.
1 pr. No. 8 and 1 pr. No. 12 Pins.

MEASUREMENTS

Length from shoulder, 19½ ins.
Across underarm, 16½ ins.
Sleeve length from shoulder, 22 ins.
Tension: Approx. 13 sts. to 2 ins.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. Knit; P. Purl; Sts. Stitches; Inc. Increase; Dec. Decrease; Tog. Together; Beg. Beginning; Pat. Pattern; Rep. Repeat.

Wear it in fuchsia beneath green, blue beneath cinnamon, rose beneath violet, wine beneath navy

FRONT

With No. 12 pins cast on 104 sts. Rib 3¼ ins., k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 8 pins and pat.:

1st row: * P. 4, k. 4. Rep. from * to end.
2nd row: P. 3, * k. 4, p. 4. Rep. from * ending p. 1.
3rd row: K. 2, * p, 4, k. 4. Rep. from * ending k. 2.
4th row: P. 1, * k. 4, p. 4. Rep. from * ending p. 3.
5th row: * K. 4, p. 4. Rep. from * to end.
6th row: K. 3, * p. 4, k. 4. Rep. from * ending k. 1.
7th row: P. 2, * k. 4, p. 4. Rep. from * ending p. 2.
8th row: K. 1, * p. 4, k. 4. Rep. from * ending k. 3.

These 8 rows form pat. Work until 12½ ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Work 7 ins. on remaining 88 sts.

SHAPE NECK AND SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

BACK

Work as for front until 12½ ins. from start.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Work 3½ ins. on remaining 80 sts. Then divide sts. for back opening. Work on 1st 40 sts. for 3¼ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 14 sts. at neck edge. Work ¼ in. decreasing 1 st. every row at neck edge until 24 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. every armhole end row 3 times. Return to 40 sts. of Right Back and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 pins cast on 52 sts. Rib 2½ ins., k. 1, p. 1, increasing in every 13th st. of last row only (56 sts.). Change to No. 8 pins and work in pat. until 18½ ins. from start (with ribbing), increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until 80 sts. Then cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

EDGING

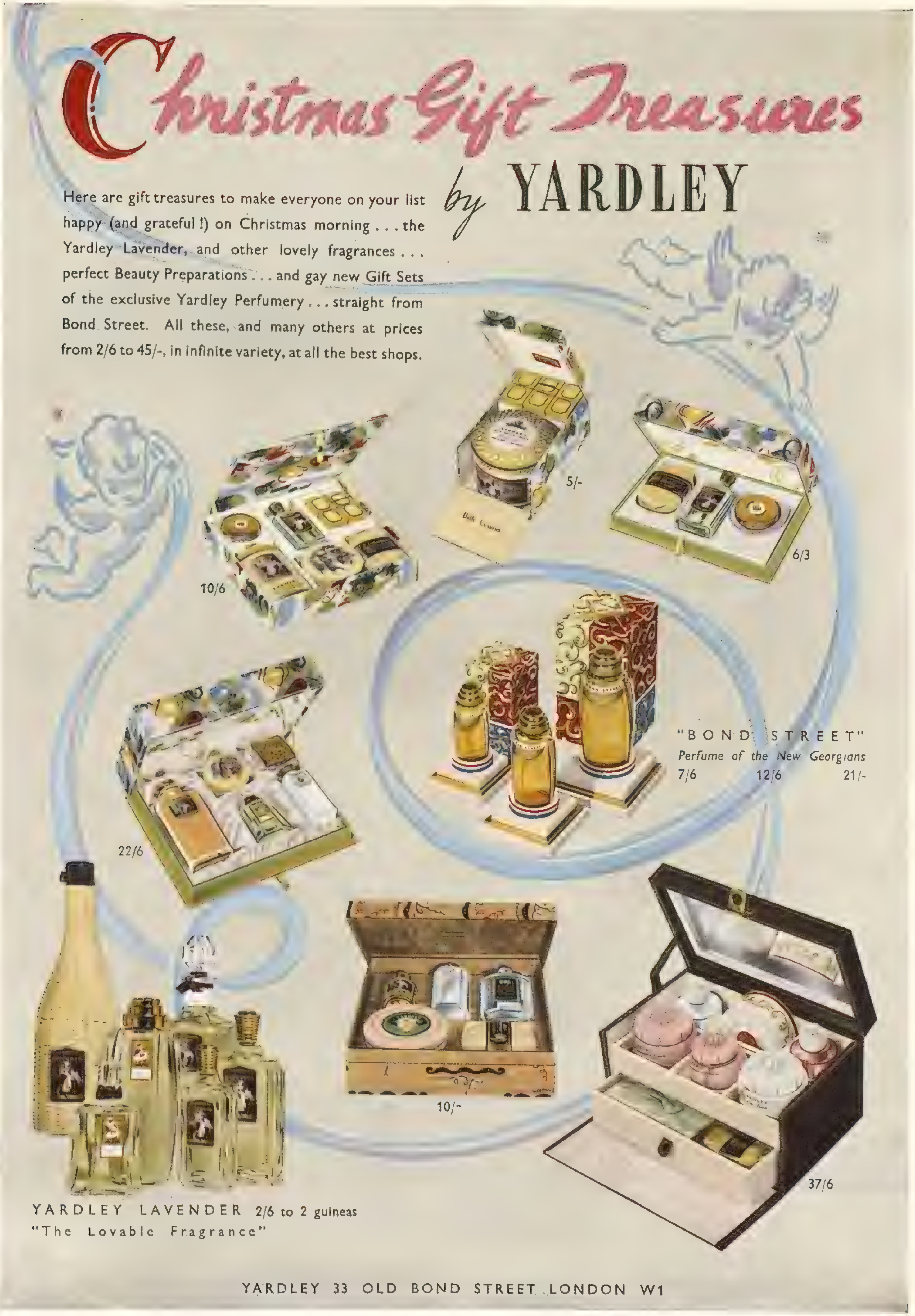
With No. 12 pins cast on 4 sts. Rib 20 ins., k. 1, p. 1. Cast off.

NECK BAND

Sew shoulder seams with No. 12 pins, pick up and k. 83 sts. along neck. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. Cast off 18 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew edging to neck and back opening, leaving 2 spaces on right side for buttonholes. Sew on buttons.



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Here are gift treasures to make everyone on your list happy (and grateful!) on Christmas morning . . . the Yardley Lavender, and other lovely fragrances . . . perfect Beauty Preparations . . . and gay new Gift Sets of the exclusive Yardley Perfumery . . . straight from Bond Street. All these, and many others at prices from 2/6 to 45/-, in infinite variety, at all the best shops.

"BOND STREET"
Perfume of the New Georgians
7/6 12/6 21/-

YARDLEY LAVENDER 2/6 to 2 guineas
"The Lovable Fragrance"

YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W1

Chair No. C.L. 8308. Settee No. C.L. 8310 Table No. C.L. 8059 Chair No C.L. 8322.

A beautiful Idea for Christmas gifts

Lloyd Loom Woven Fibre Furniture . . . Here is a gift that really captures the spirit of Christmas—It is as gay as the Xmas tree decorations themselves and will be a source of comfort for years to come. See how inviting it is, beside an open grate!

But don't imagine that Lloyd Loom is expensive. The Free Catalogue running to 92 pages and illustrating hundreds of models tells you that prices range—Linen baskets from 13/9 and Tub chairs from 24/-. With many pages in full colour you'll find it as interesting as a magazine. Write to-day

And now W. Lusty & Sons Ltd., the sole makers of Lloyd Loom—would like to wish you a very happy Christmas.

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WOVEN FIBRE FURNITURE

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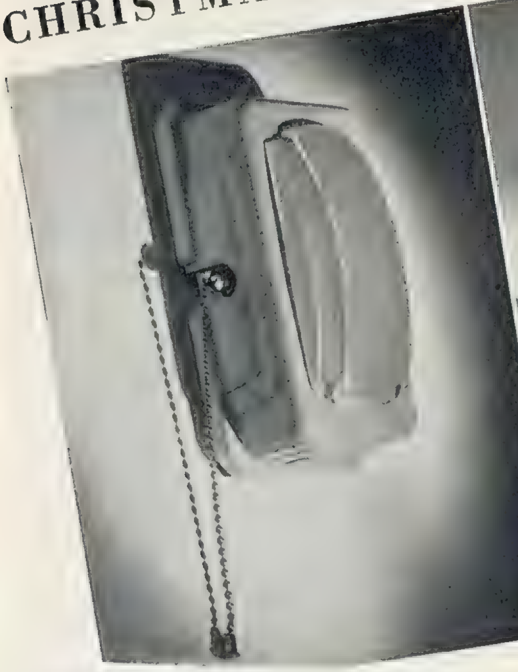
a 'Lusty' product

This tag is tied to every piece of genuine Lloyd Loom.

W. LUSTY & SONS LTD., BURNS WORKS, BROMLEY-BY-BOW, E.3

H-11

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS FOR ALL AGES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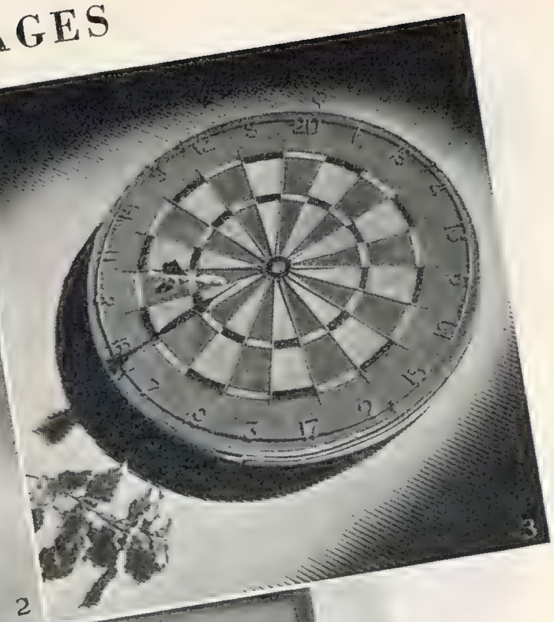
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TTR
TRIX TWIN RAILWAY
4

5

6

DIGESTIVE MINTS
7

8

1 The Ever Ready Wallite has a host of uses for lighting the odd corners of the house. . . . Hang it on the pantry wall, the cellar wall, the landing. When you want a light—pull the chain switch, pull again and it's off. One battery is good for many hours lighting. Price, complete with battery, 5s.

2 One of the many attractive lampshades from Liberty's, always an acceptable present to a home-proud woman. This is 18 ins. high. £1 18s. 6d.

3 New Dunlop dart board specially constructed so that the holes made in play are self-sealing. Choose the double-sided model with removable numbers, price 25s.

4 The Trix Twin Model Railway system introduces the new L.M.S. and L.N.E.R. scale models of the 4-6-2 "Pacific" type locomotives. This presentation case contains locomotive and tender, three coaches, super controller, plugs, wire and instruction booklet. Price 6 gns.

5 Black Magic lipstick by Tattoo is a many-shades-in-one black lipstick that turns red on the lips, light red if you lick them well first, medium red if you lick them lightly first, dark red if you put it on dry. The price is 4s. 6d.

6 An AC-Sphinx Car Heater and Defroster that will keep the car interior warm, no matter how cold the weather. Can be fitted to any car model having a pump or impeller in the water-circulating system. Heater, £3 10s.; Defroster, 10s. 6d.

7 Elizabeth Shaw's Digestive Cream Mints, or Chocolate Digestive Mints are delicious home-made sweets that not only delight the palate, but aid the digestion. Sold in boxes at 1s. 6d., 3s. and 6s.

8 Larola products need no introduction. Here is a small selection of specialities for Christmas giving, a 2s. 6d. bottle of Larola; the box of soap, powder and rose bloom. 2s., 2s. 6d. and 1s.

IF YOU FEEL—
Run down

. . . a glass of Phosferine Tonic Wine two or three times a day will help you to keep your Summertime health and resist Autumnal chills. Get a bottle today!

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CHAMPAGNE QUART SIZE
PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE
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PHOSFERINE TONIC WINE
THE BEST THE WORLD PRODUCES

A MOST DELIGHTFUL BEVERAGE — CHEERING AND COMFORTING

Streets

Small Lives

(*Continued from page* 19)

destroyed. Paul Scheffer of the *Berliner Tagerblatt*, and I, in July, 1928, wrote the very first eye-witness stories of the collectivisation of the Russian farms. On the Don steppe I had an old Kulak seize my coat lapels and, right before the collectivisors from Moscow, cry out: "They don't want us to live! *Baren*, Little Pigeon, my dear . . . save us!" And he was speaking the truth; as we walked away, the man-from-Moscow assured me that that old farmer would soon be "liquidated." The next night, as the red sun sank below the steppe, I sat beside the campfire of a commune. They were all young boys and girls. They were going to sleep under the stars. They were roasting potatoes; and as they did so a young girl turned to me and pointed to a ravine behind us from which rose the painted, radish-shaped domes of a church:

"The village! *Pfoui!*" she said, making a polite spit. "They would like to hold us back—those old ones. But we are *free!* . . . All this is ours, ours, *ours*——!"

She made a glorious gesture with her arms, waving them in a grand circle around the vast sweep of horizon, where there was nothing to be seen except the rise and fall of the rich, black earth. It was covered with flowers. But soon, she boasted, they would have a tractor running across it—in a straight line, as far as you could see, it would plough a furrow to the sky.

"Why?" I asked her.

The boys and girls turned to me. They stared. Was I mad? Then, in halting Russian, and with the aid of my girl interpreter, I told them what had happened in the United States. I began with the little farms of New England, how they once gave culture (a word very sweet to the Russians) and even an entire literature to America. Then the great plains of the Middle West were opened and the New England farmers flocked west to grow wheat and corn on flat fields instead of their stony hillsides. Grand. Then came the harvesting machinery. . . . Then the people began to go; there was no place for them. One man could do the work of a dozen now. A dozen men, with families. On the big Campbell farm in Montana, 100,000 acres, I recited how a single man with the machinery-combines can cultivate 120 acres. But, I pointed out, in the days of New England's prime, twelve and one half acres could give a sound, substantial, contented life to a farmer and his family. The western land had been planted with seed—but it had been stripped of men.

"Where do you think they are?" I asked the young Russians. "You can drive for weeks through New England and see the deserted farms. But where are all the people who went west? Their children? They aren't on the land—and you Russians, by worshipping the machine are going to do the very same thing to yourselves—you'll eventually drive yourselves off the land and into the city's breadlines——"

They roared with laughter, and then one young man said: "I know that argument. I've heard it advanced as a reason why we Russians should not build big industries—we will become slaves of our machines. But there is just one thing that you forget—you Americans, between the time you discovered mass production and now, did not have the time to develop a culture to withstand the machine. We have. We will profit by your tragedy. We Russians will never serve the machine; we will conquer machinery and make it serve us!"

It was a proud boast, full of inspiration and hope, in that peaceful sunset. But the next year, when I read how *Gigant*, the biggest Russian State farm had failed (it had been under the advice of an American mass-production farmer) I had to grin. For the peasants, in being "liquidated," had eaten all their live stock before being forcibly merged into *Gigant*. There simply weren't any barnyard fowls and pigs to live upon; there was famine on the land. Its life had been taken from it. And this "land-factory" of robot peasants learned what an old Kulak had growled to me the previous summer.

"The ox," he said, "is better than the tractor. Because in time of famine—you can eat the ox. You cannot eat a tractor, *Baren*."

I SEE, therefore, the wisdom of many priests. I have heard them accused, especially in the valleys of the Spanish Pyrenees, of holding the village backward. In the valley of Roncal it was the priests who fought the introduction of the motor bus. "They don't want us to go to San Sebastian!" cried the Basque mountaineers. From the pointed, banana-coloured shoes some of them were wearing after a trip to San Sebastian, from their shallow faces and complaints of headaches, I said to the Basques that the priests might be right. They were living a much better existence, in their free, simple life up here in the high mountains. San Sebastian and Madrid would only swallow and mutilate them. In Austria, and in those parts of the Balkans which once were Austrian, you see a conscious effort to protect and perpetuate this simple, contented peasant life. In the remote mountains of Slovenia, where I spent two summers writing books, I fished for trout or climbed the mountains every day after the morning's allotted writing was done. And every evening as I came down the mountain faces into the valley I looked down on the peaceful village. I saw the corn planted, and waded through it when it was waist high. I watched the peasants getting boulders from the river and burning them in their own lime-kiln. I saw the women and boys twisting ropes. And I watched the men adze trees into beams to build new houses. I watched them replace a bridge that had been swept away by the spring freshets. I saw them flock, right in the middle of the may-fly season, to pray against the may-fly. (Half a century back there had been a plague, of locusts, I suppose, which had ravaged their fields at this date; and on this day they always met to pray against flies—regardless of my fishing.) And at nights as I came down into the valley, and the snows turned rose and the shadows were dark blue above me, I heard the tinkle of bells. The valley was full of it, the tinkling of cow-bells, sheep, goats—all being brought down from their alpine pastures. . . . When I left in late summer these peasants were cutting their winter firewood and stacking it like belts under the eaves of their houses. Their crops were in and during the long winter they could sit serenely under their roofs, while the women spun and wove. . . . They were solid and substantial folk, as strong as the beams of their century-old houses. But, perversely enough, they all wanted to go to Belgrade and live in a city street.

THE tendency, it must be admitted, is that way. From what I have seen of small farms, the young people do not want to stay on them. Henry Ford, for instance, is strongly crusading for a return to the small farm in the United States. With his cheap motor car he has done more than any other man alive to make that suggestion practicable. Point being, with a Ford, you can drive into town whenever the small farm gets too much for you. But what Ford and President Roosevelt are up against in this effort to "return to the land" is to make life a life worth living on the land. In other words, to create a civilisation which thinks that is the way that people ought to live. With the most minute exception of a country gentleman here and there in America, a rich man with a hobby, there are not many people you can talk to in the United States, if you live on the land. Writers, painters and intellectuals have lately been rapidly buying up these

(*Continued on page* 94)

PARFUM
DEMI-JOUR
HOUBIGANT
PARFUM
Floraison
HOUBIGANT
PARFUM
PRÉSENCE
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deserted New England farms—using them, for longer periods, much the same way the English use week-end cottages. But that is not an authentic farming life. There are some splendid German and Scandinavian farmers in Ohio and Wisconsin; and the farms of the Pennsylvania "Dutch" country are models of what American farming life could be. But most of it, even the ranches of the far west, has become this ruthless mechanised agriculture, using machinery instead of man, even cattle produced on the mass-production basis by cowboys working for shareholders who live in Chicago or New York. In California the fruit growing in what is erroneously called Paradise Valley has such horrible labour conditions that it is claimed a social investigator goes into those orchards in peril of his life. I have been in a farm labourers' strike where shotguns were used; the 1934 strike at McGuffey, Ohio, town of 174 souls—and the "world's largest onion patch." I had a private armed guard, imported with thirty-four comrades by the farming company which worked the land, jab a revolver into my stomach and declare that if I had any adverse suggestion to make as to how they should break the strike, he would pull the trigger.

Those hot days were not what I would call a peaceful life on the farm. Yet they were only symbolical of what mass-production psychology has done to farming life in the United States. The Chicago packers own, or control indirectly, most of the grazing lands of the cattle country. Back in the old days they sent men out to shoot the "nesters," the sheep herders, because sheep nibbled the grass too short for the steers to graze. These industrial murderers were probably the first professional American gunmen. The big milk companies own, or control by their buying, all the dairy farms for hundreds of miles within their motor lorry radius—and in Iowa, Nebraska and other states, milk strikers, dairy farmers, took shotguns and overturned the lorries bringing milk into the milk trust—until they could get their demanded price for it. The peaceful little state of New Jersey has seen several police clubbings over potato strikes. And all through the ten big cotton states of the vaunted American "Sunny South" the landless, homeless "share-croppers," who till lands on a percentage basis, rove like lost souls from farm to farm, and, in Arkansas the United States troops had to be called out to put down one of their most desperate protests.

At election times the politicians are fond of currying favour with the American farmers, patting them on the back, and telling them that they are "the backbone of the American nation!" But if you ask the average farmer he will tell you ruefully that he is another part of the national anatomy.

NOW a large part of the wretchedness of these small lives which could be decent, but aren't allowed to be, is due to a nation's civilisation, its sense of values. In old Spain, for instance, I saw the worst farming life I have seen anywhere in the world. The fair name of Old Castile will always have a bad stench for me, because there I saw hundreds of peasants who did not have enough to eat. This in a time of plenty. I can well understand the depth of hatred that underlies the Spanish Civil War . . . and why the mere capture of any city won't end it. It's in the hearts of the people. Similarly, the Spanish have carried this attitude towards their peons to South America—if you have seen the slavery of the Indians of the Andes you have looked upon human life in its most shameful form. The misery of these Indians hangs like a mist over the *haciendas* of Peru and Ecuador. In a great majority of cases the Indians are treated like cattle, and sold with the land.

That, the Spanish attitude towards the land worker, is the lowest; and from what I have seen I would say the French was the highest, with the German a close runner-up. I pick the French and the German because both have an extremely high small-town civilisation based upon their farming communities. And while the English talk a lot about "democracy," their essential attitude towards the "yokel" is that he belongs to a different, inferior race of man, as denoted by his amusing accent. Perhaps this might sound unfair to England, but we all know how English farming has been allowed to deteriorate because of London City money invested in the Argentine and overseas; and we all know the struggle the present "National" Government has been going through trying to revive and put back a stable, comfortable, enjoyable life on the land—where farming should become a mode of life, rather than merely a means of making a living.

IN England, where all the young people want to rush into the cities, you face something like the same psychology as in the United States. In Germany and France you do not. The love of the French peasant for the soil of his farm is passionate, proverbial, and he wants to bring sons into the world to till that same soil after him. He is as reverent as a Chinaman in that respect. Mr. Wu has a paddy field; he worships his buried ancestors who inhabit a dry spot of it; he wants to be buried there, and if any Communist wants to merge Mr. Wu into a communal enterprise, uproot ancestral Wus, all the Wus in China and the U.S. would rush back to prevent it. In Germany, down around where the Zugspitz rears its snowy, blue-shadowed rocks against the Austrian sky, many of the farms have been in the same family for five hundred years—ever since the Germans first cut the clearings in those forests. The farmers aren't even known by their own names any more; their house is called the House of the Wolf, or whatever particular nickname their ancestors earned. Hitler, realising the value of an established, contented peasantry, has passed an Entailment Law making it impossible for the owners to mortgage these farms (without consent of the State). Antagonists of the Nazi regime say that this prevents the small farmer from getting sufficient credit; more neutral observers say that it guarantees a steady, continuous farming civilisation—and essentially means security. When I was writing about the farms in the American Middle West in 1934, I discovered that forty-five per cent of the farming land in the whole State of Iowa was mortgaged—most of it to the insurance companies. In the days of the Wall Street boom these farmers had mortgaged their original holdings either to speculate on the Stock Exchange, or to buy another bit of land and have a bigger farm. Result was, they lost everything when the slump came; and a large minority of them were working merely as paid overseers for the insurance companies—which had been forced into the farming business. The new German land laws will prevent any madness like that. And this—I said this was to be a practical article—shows how one fast-advancing nation deems it necessary to protect the small life.

ANYONE who has been fortunate enough to be in small French towns on market days cannot fail but be delighted, even if annoyed, by the almost insolent independence of the small French farmer. The magnificent way, over his coffee and cognac, he discusses world politics. The intelligence of the man. And when you realise that similar scenes are happening all over France, these small forums of independent farmers, you get some realisation of the secureness of French life. You begin to understand its politics. Similarly, when you get to know the small French shops, where husband and wife work together—sharing equally the shop's work, triumphs and tribulations—you get a faint whiff of the common sense so outstanding in French domestic relations. These French husbands and wives know life—and each other—from having worked side by side. And theirs is the perfect small life where joy comes from the very smallest items of their daily existence.

THE Editor has said that I may not talk about herrings in this article. He absolutely bans the subject. So I will talk about sardines. We all know how the big trawler companies have absorbed the independent fishing captains—men who used to own their own boats in company with a few of their crew—and some of you might know how these trawlers have fished out the waters of the few small-boat fishermen who still try to remain independent. Such as the case of old Tom O'Flaherty of the *Mary Immaculate*. But you've got to live in a Breton sardine or tunny port if you still want to see how fine a life these independent fishing captains can live.

These Breton sailors, the same men that Pierre Loti wrote about in *Iceland Fisherman* have fine stone houses on shore and wives whose high heels, silk stockings, slim waists and painted lips make you think you've walked on to a Hollywood set. To see a Breton captain walking out Sunday morning, always in a spotless double-breasted blue suit, low black shoes (highly polished), with his wife walking beside him, hanging on to his arm, her hair carefully brushed up in back to go under a high cap of white lace—to see this complacent Sunday stroll of the venturous Breton sea captains, makes you hang your head in sorrow for the captains of the Shetlands, the Hebrides, and all the dead or dying fishing villages along the English and Irish coasts.

Incidentally, Paris eats cheaper and better fish than London does.

THE point is that the French appreciate the value of these small, secure, contented lives; the peasant farmer, the small shopkeeper, the independent fishermen. French culture is based upon the dignity of such excellence. They like it. These small men and women aren't torn by envy or shame (as they were until recently in the United States) to have bigger and better houses, always bigger and better everything. French excellence consists largely in the way they improve the quality of their lives, without enlarging them; much of the charm of French life comes from just these little amenities. The way, for example, street-barrow fishmongers will wrap up a red mullet, each in its own little shirt of glazed paper, before setting out to hawk them. The gesture of a piquant sauce or well-mixed salad dressing to make even the coarsest meat seem interesting, instead of our own banal bottle-variety. It is merely an understatement to say that the average French workman eats better and more interesting food than the majority of the British middle class. From top to bottom French life is filled with this perfection of the small amenities, and, therefore, the average Frenchman of modest means, so far as his sensual pleasures are concerned, has little need to envy his wealthier brother.

The Frenchman's candour about life frees him from most of the false values that make Americans, and the British, always live in terms of enlarging lives. We call it ambition.

OVER in the rock-torn bog country of Connemara one sunset I came on an Irishman, barefooted and in a white "bawneen" coat, sitting meditatively on the stone fence of his field—a patch of earth so small that you could hardly jump a horse in and out of it without breaking its back. His barelegged wife, in a claret-red skirt, such as Augustus John loves to paint, was turning over some freshly unearthed potatoes to dry in the slanting sun. The salt bay below us was blue and its rocks were laced with yellow seaweed. Said the man, nodding back towards his wife:

"There's enough spuds there to see me through the winter—but there's no money in it, mind you."

That they would see out that winter on potatoes and cabbage was all too obvious, for this was the Gaeltacht, that raw west of Ireland where Cromwell drove the Irish, and where his name probably still begins every political argument. This country has a savage beauty, but it is a fearful land to wrest a living from! The torn brown bog of Connemara with its spattered blue lakes; the Galway "Blazer" country—where the grey stone fences are so close together that you often cannot see the fields if you stand in the road; the purple bogs of Mayo where the peasants burn the wet land to make an acre or so to cultivate. Here are some of the (*Continued on page 96*)

Behold!

Beauty Box, containing essential preparations and large box of powder, morocco leather 50/-. Coloured leather, 3 gns.

Flat Case, in black or brown, fitted with especially designed lightweight jars. Ideal for week-ends, 3½ gns.

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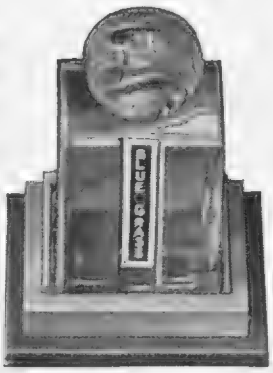

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most primitive lives in Europe. Down below Belmullet, on the Inishkea Peninsula, I found Irish living in stone huts without any chimneys to let out the peat smoke, a region so desperate that the medical officer I was with spoke of it as "the apathetic area," telling me how women suffered special pains from childbirth in this region owing to underfeeding. It was a Stone Age existence—without the *flora* and *fauna*.

When, after a few weeks of looking at scenes like this, I drove across to Dublin, I expected to find the opposite swing of the pendulum. I said to the minister for agriculture under Cosgrave, "I suppose you'd like to sweep away all those little stone fences in the west of Ireland—that make it so attractive for a passer-by—and turn it into great farms?"

"Not a bit," he replied—for this was Patrick Hogan, who many people claim was one of the most brilliant ministers in the Cosgrave Governments. "If I had my way I'd have nothing bigger in Ireland than the forty-acre farm. Then Ireland would be Paradise!"

He went on to explain the value of the forty-acre farm; it would give a good substantial living to an Irish family; it would give them a dignified life—without letting them over-reach themselves; and in times of depression it would be a sanctuary, a shock absorber against any financial slump.

The wisdom of this was proved by the way the little Irish farms rode through the world slump. They were the last to be hit. During the world crisis thousands of Irish returned from the United States to live again under these simple thatched roofs, to live on potatoes and cabbage and the produce of the barnyard. And, in the Anglo-Irish economic war, when a barrier of forty per cent was raised against Irish produce, and practically an embargo placed on their cattle, it was the big farmers who were hit. These little Irish farms rode safely—and impudently—through it all. They had a *secure* life from the land.

IT is only since the world slump that "return to the land," has been anything more than a pious phrase—or wishful thinking, usually on the part of sentimentalists. Now good governments, especially the British and the American, see the puzzle they are up against in trying to make ambitious young people remain on the soil. In America the radio, village cinema, and the mobility of the small cheap motor car have brought more and more of the amenities of the city within easy reach of the farm. But neither in England nor in the United States has there been a conscious effort to tackle the real problem; which is to create a country civilisation where husbandry as such will be revived and farmers will feel proud of their work. They have as yet no programme that will appeal to youth. I believe that since de Valera has started his policy of perfecting the small Irish farm, paralleled with a growing Free State home industry, there has been a remarkable advance in the small Irish life. The Russians have turned their backs, deliberately, on the independent farmer's life. But they have so much land to develop by mass-production, that it may be two centuries before they will feel the pinch—the way the land has been denuded of people—as the United States has come to realise. The French, as I say, have recognised the value of small but decent lives all along. The British, with their hundreds of "county" families and the many thousands of independent farmers, who, strangely enough, still exist, are in a position where a national movement, a government-sponsored programme, might revive small farming as a mode of life again. It merely requires brains to meet most European farming competition. The British cannot complain that the Danes use "sweated labour" in producing their bacon—a Danish agricultural labourer gets paid more than his counterpart in England, and lives on a far higher scale—so it must be some form of stupidity on the part of the British that makes them charge more per pound for a pig on the hoof, than a Dane gets for his bacon delivered in London!

ON the island of Unst, in the Shetlands, I lived in a great, grey granite house that used to be the mansion of a fishing-fleet owner. The last "big house" northwards in the British Isles. Its gateway was the two eighteen-foot jawbones of a whale. Its dining-room had a vast mahogany table, set with Georgian silver. A long oil painting of Wellington stood behind the "master's" chair—for he had been a friend of the old ship-owner. The hulks of some of the old sailing ships were rotting on the rocks, masts leaning forlornly aslant the grey skies; and the long wharf in the voe was dangerous to go out upon. I went up there for the sea-trout, and, after dinner, had long talks with two other fishermen; a Member of Parliament and an old grey-haired judge from India. Said the M.P.:

"It's all right, what you say, that it is a damn shame to sit idle and see fine lives like these go to waste. But you have to be realistic about these things—particularly if you get up in the House to say something about them. The big fishing companies who own the trawler fleets have economic right and reason on their side when they tell you that they can bring fish from the sea direct to your table quicker and cheaper than in the old private fishing days.

"Canadian and American wheat growers on the great plains," he continued, "till the soil more economically with their great harvesting machinery than small farmers can. A man puts himself in a defenceless position if he gets up in the House and tries to argue against these facts—*unless* the whole psychology of the country is willing to see the value of small, even if less-efficient lives. There is no *point*, you see, that you can advance to prove your theory. Nothing but vague sentimentalities about the beauty and unassessable contentment, of small lives. And you have no yard stick that you can measure these by. The case looks hopeless."

HE must be right. I saw in a London "news" cinema the other night, and saw a practical-faced American scientist demonstrate that you didn't need any land at all to grow crops. You merely planted your seed in some shingles on a wire net over troughs of water. You poured a bottle of the essential chemicals into the water, and, lo!—you had a maize field without soil!

This discovery, barked the harsh voice of the commentator, would free humanity. Free it from what? And for what? That film held up the picture of a horrible world.

END

Music-Hall Memories

(Continued from page 47)

perhaps at the Canterbury, or at Collins, in Islington.

A highly-paid star's salary would be in the neighbourhood of £250 to £300 per week. That meant singing at least nine songs a night, six nights a week.

Well, here we are at the Oxford, good old Oxford. The early turn, they used to say, gets the bird. That was not always true. The early turn was the cheapest. It was the turn the management thought the least about, but many a good turn began as an early turn, although I do remember I saw many very bad early turns in my time. The thing to do, of course, was to arrive a little after the curtain had risen, when the early turns had gone, and we were able to see as an *hors d'oeuvre*, somebody "topping" the bill. To be top of the bill, or bottom of the bill, was the place of the stars.

Who is on to-night? Dan Leno; Marie Lloyd; Dan Crawley. Good enough.

Dan Leno was the highest paid low comedian of his day.

(Continued on page 98)

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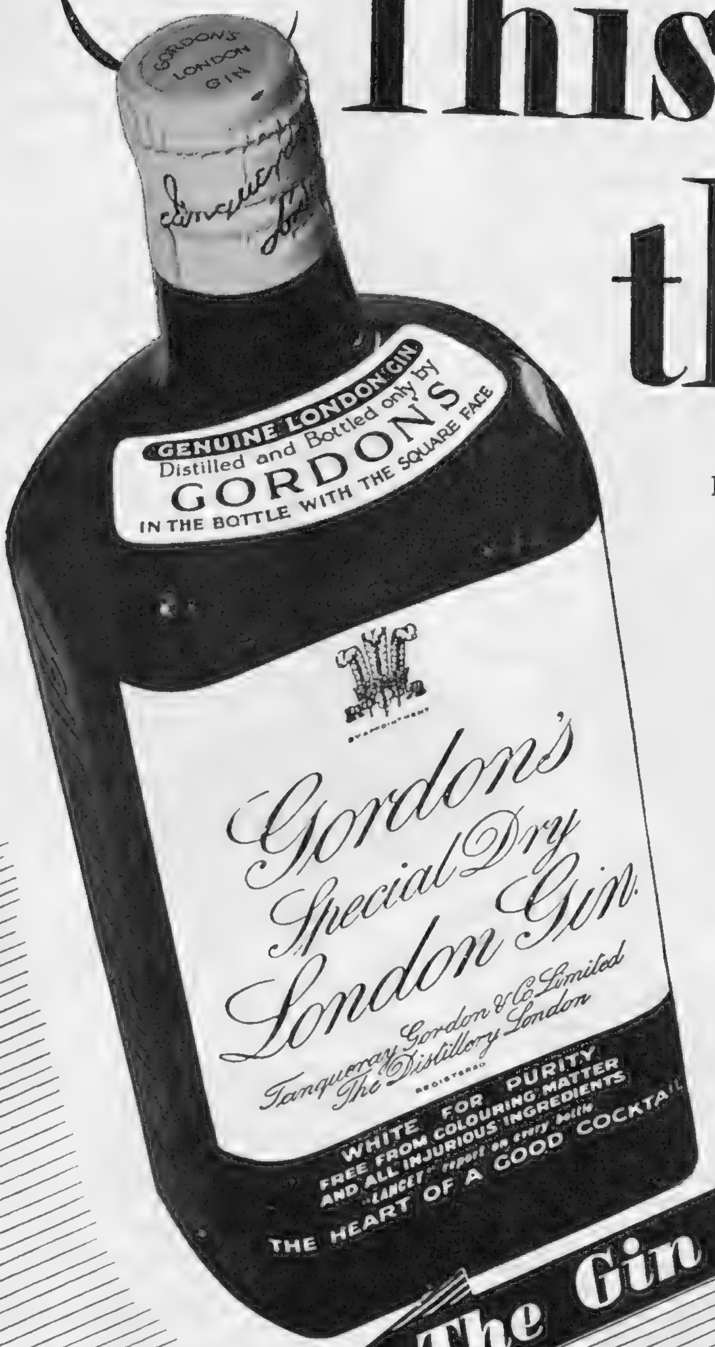
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He was a tiny little man with the beautiful brown eyes which are so typical of a comedian. He was no bigger than a light-weight jockey. To-day, I suppose, we should not think him funny. He was what they used to call a "patter" comedian. He would begin to sing a song; then he would stop and talk. His song did not matter at all; it was the "patter" which mattered. Dan Leno began life as a clog dancer, and all through his life he was nimble on his feet; it was not as a dancer that he was famous, in his hey-day, but as a rattler-off of a series of paradoxes. He would say something like this: "I took a house. The house had a garden. At the bottom of the garden was a river. That is, sometimes. Sometimes the garden was at the bottom of the river. Sometimes the river was at the bottom of the garden."

It sounds ridiculous, does it not? We used to laugh though.

Here is Dan Crawley's number going up in the frames. Dan Crawley was what they used to call a "dame" comedian. He was almost inevitably dressed as a woman. Dan Crawley was rather broad in his methods; yet, he obtained his results in double quick time. How the gallery used to roar its approval when dapper Dan used to sing:

"How'd you like to be me diddle-diddle
Marry an earl and bathe in the sea-diddle-dee
When none but the cockles and winkles can see-diddle-dee
How'd you like to be me diddle-dee?"

It also sounds rather ridiculous, does it not? I suppose it was too. Off goes Dan to a round of applause. Then up goes No. 7 in the frames. Marie Lloyd. Our Marie.

The stalls applauded. The gallery whistled, stamped and shouted. Our Marie.

Shall we ever see her like again? I do not think so. There was one, and only one, Marie Lloyd. Marie Lloyd was a coster comedienne. She was something more, too. She was London, London on the spree, London with a wink; a sly wink at that. It was the wink that made Marie.

Before the applause had died away, a red lamp would light just below the conductor's desk. He tapped and the orchestra began to play the refrain of one of Marie Lloyd's songs. Perhaps, if she were not yet ready, the refrain would be repeated. Then on she came. Let us try and recall her as she was in the *Coster's Wedding*. Marie Lloyd wears a large hat trimmed with ostrich feathers. She has a gay blouse and a long skirt. She comes down stage, stops and looks at a ring. She looks worried. She looks at the ring hard and she rubs it on her skirt, and holds her fingers near her eyes. Then she looks up at the audience, winks and smiles. "Thought he'd done it on me again, I did." How the audience roared with delighted laughter.

Then Marie begins to sing:

"There's been such a howdy doody-o this morning
Such a sight you'd never expect to see
When seventeen of us got married for better or wus
. . . ."

It is a song about a coster's wedding on Easter Saturday, when, as was customary, seventeen or twenty couples, coster couples, all got married together. It sounds perhaps very trite, but the audience understood it, every one of them, and the higher they sat in the hall, the better they understood. It was something human, a comedy tinged with every drop of humanity that could be wrung from it.

Then off went Marie to change for her next song. While she was changing, the orchestra played the chorus of her previous song, and the stalls hummed below their breath, but the gallery sung every word of it, at the top of their voices. Then the red lamp again. Another tap of the conductor's baton, and here is Marie again singing: "The Song of a Skirt." I have seen all the great actresses of my period: Sarah Bernhardt, Eleanor Duse, Ellen Terry, but I have never seen a greater piece of acting, real acting, than Marie Lloyd singing and acting this particular song. She portrayed in one verse a lady of the pavement; in another, a dowager duchess stepping into her carriage. All Marie did was to sing a few ordinary words, wink, and manœuvre her trailing skirt, but my, oh my, how she did it.

Let us hop into a hansom now and drive down to Piccadilly Circus, where the London Pavilion is waiting for us.

Here is George Lashwood. George himself, in what the reporters used to call immaculate evening dress. Perhaps he would be singing one of his patriotic songs, with a chorus which went like this:

"Where we have Nelson and Havelock
Sons of a genuine British stock
And dear old Nelson we have, too, on guard above
Who shall stand in that vacant place
Pride of our own true British race
Chamberlain the pride of our British nation
And one of the men we love."

The song was about a real or imaginary vacant pedestal in Trafalgar Square. Chamberlain was not our Prime Minister, Neville Chamberlain, but his father "Jo" Chamberlain. I may say that the name was changed in each chorus. Then on to the stage would come Lashwood again to sing another song. This time it would not be patriotic; it might have been something like this:

"Put me amongst the girls
Put me amongst the girls,
Do me a favour, do
I'd do as much—and more—for you,
Put me amongst the girls,
Those with the curly curls,
. . . ."

I wonder how many of my readers can supply the next two lines?

Here is Vesta Victoria, singer of popular chorus songs. Do you happen to remember:

"John took me round to see his mother
His mother, his mother,
And when he introduced us to each other
She weighed up everything that I had on.
She put me through a cross-examination,
I fairly boiled with indignation.
Then she shook her head, looked at me and said:
Poor John, poor John."

Once again, I suppose, I must comment that the words are not very wonderful, but it was not the words that mattered; it was the singer, the way she sung the words.

Then there was another Vesta, you all knew her: Vesta Tilley, the best male impersonator the variety stage ever knew. When she strode the boards in flannels to sing "The Seaside Sultan," or when, in evening dress and in a monocle, she sung:

"Very well known is Algy
To the ladies of the stage,
Very well known is Algy,
Just now he's all the rage,
And very well known is Algy
To the barmaids of the "Cri,"
And very well known is Algy
As the Piccadilly Johnny,
With the little glass eye."

When Vesta Tilley sung that song, the eyes of all the real Piccadilly Johnnies in the auditorium almost popped out of their sockets. Who, who was her tailor? And in that rather ordinary chorus, London had a word picture of what the suburbs called "West End." If Marie Lloyd appealed to the "gods" in the gallery, Vesta Tilley appealed more to the stalls, and perhaps to the circle, too, and even up above they loved her. Lady de Frece—we knew you as Vesta Tilley—may you be happy wherever you are.

Let us hurry off now to the Metropolitan in the Edgware Road. We are just in time to catch George Robey, in the last of his three songs. George was all eyebrows, a little bowler hat too small for him, no collar, a frock coat and a silly little cane. How funny he could be.

Then perhaps we should see Sam Mayo. I see he died quite recently. He was the comedian who sung very funny lines, but never smiled. He looked, like the late Alfred Lester, completely and absolutely miserable. That made it all the funnier.

We had also G. H. Chirgwin, known as the "White-eyed Kaffir." He blacked his face, and over one eye,

(*Continued on page* 101)

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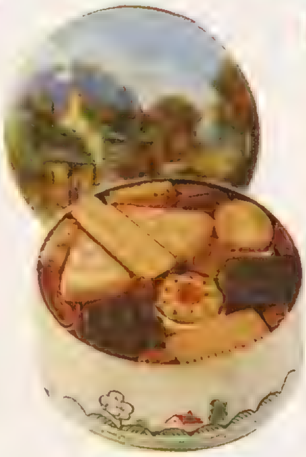

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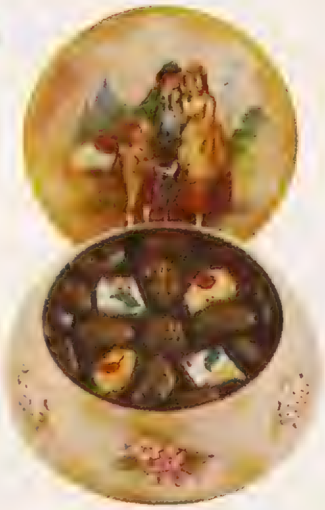

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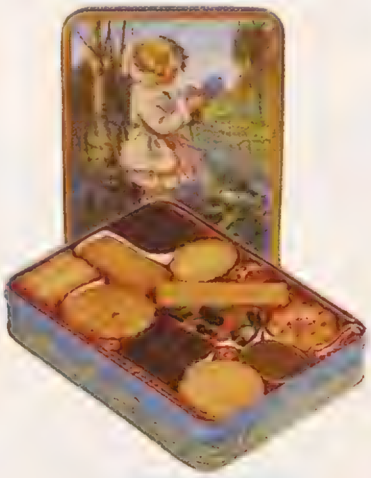

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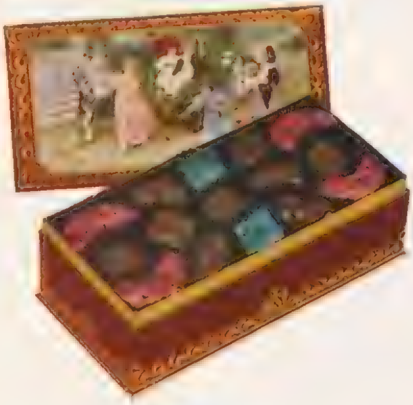

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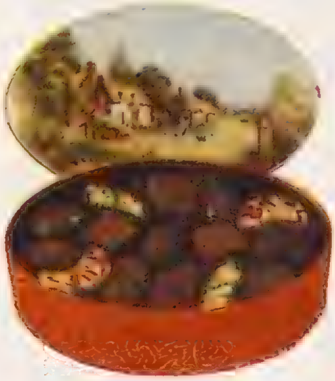

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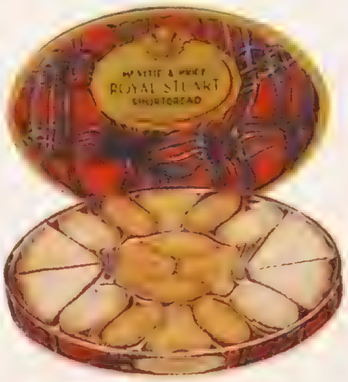

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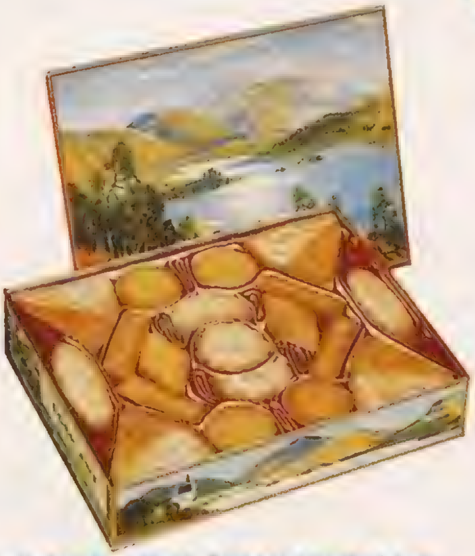

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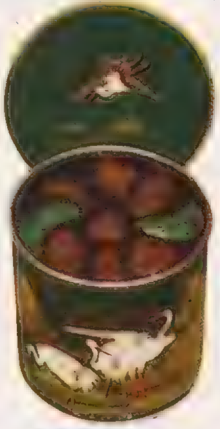

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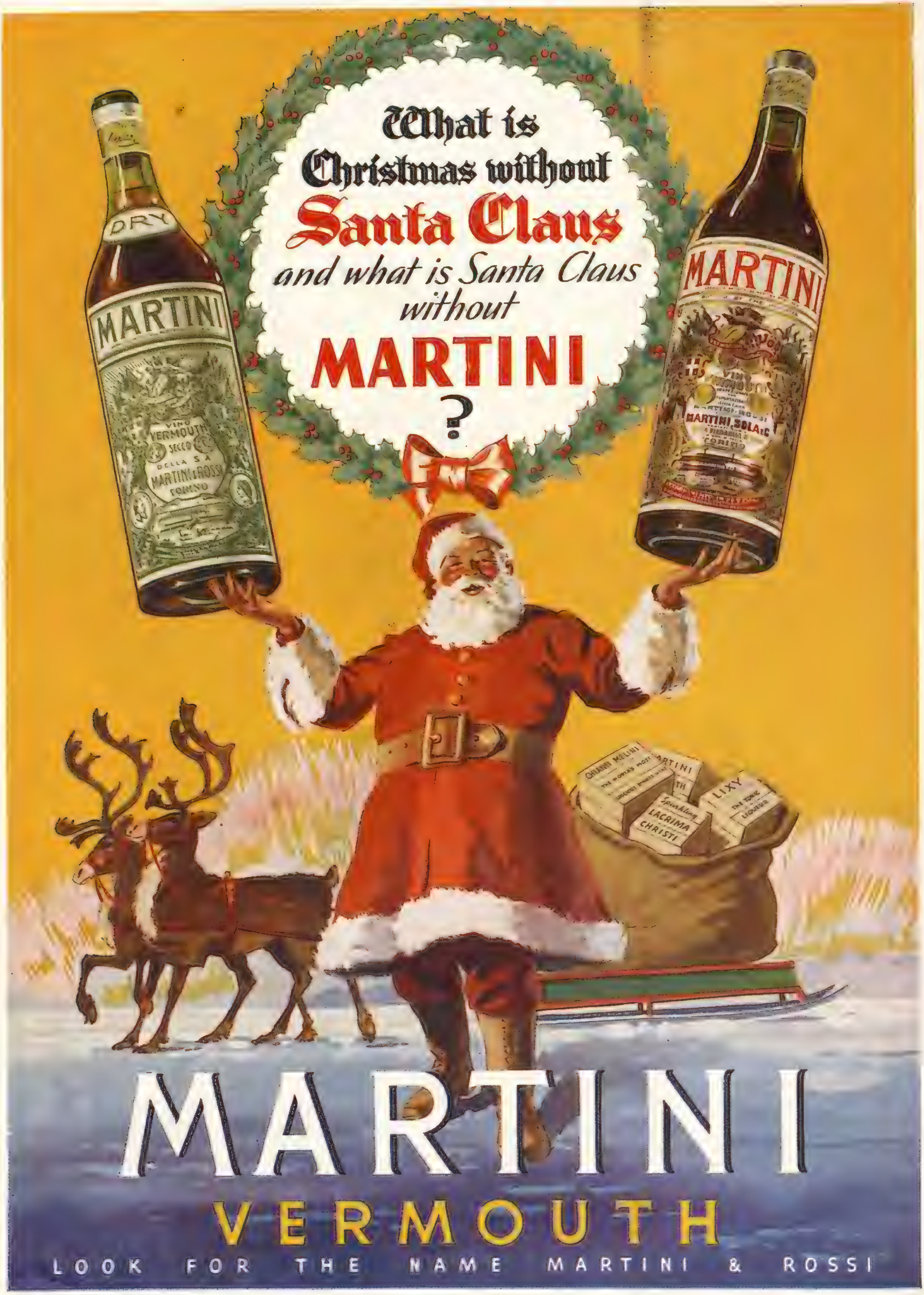
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had a diamond-shaped white patch. No matter what he sung, the whole audience always roared for him to sing "Blind Boy." The audiences liked pathos, or bathos, if you prefer, just as much as they did low comedy. Chirgwin's great "stunt" was to play to the accompaniment of his own violoncello.

Pantomime, the annual Christmas pantomime, was closely linked to the halls of variety. During the spring and summer months, we had our low comedians. We had also our principal boys from the pantomimes, but they used to appear in tights, silk tights. They mostly had, these principal boys, contralto voices, and they sung either rousing patriotic ditties, or songs with a chorus that you could sit back and sing, sing, sing.

Some veterans of variety, I am glad to see, are still with us. One of the great outstanding stars of the music-halls of the early nineties was Lottie Collins, who made name and fame with a song called "Tarara-boom-deay." Yes, I know, it all sounds very silly, but I actually heard that song being sung, or hummed, in a West African jungle, not quite two years ago.

Perhaps some old-timers will be writing to ask why I do not mention Bessie Bonehill, or Bessie Bellwood. The answer is, really and truly, because they were just a little before my time. I can tell you though about another clever woman of the music-hall. She was Kate Carney, another coster singer. Do you remember her haunting song "Three Pots a Shilling"? Talking of costers, there used to be a coster comedian who was the one-time husband of Marie Lloyd: Alec Hurley. There was another coster comedian, one who stood head and shoulders above the others, I refer to that grand old singer, Gus Elen. I can close my eyes now, and hear, in my imagination, some of his choruses. Do you happen to recall this:

"If you can't get work, you can't get the sack,
It's an argument that's simple and sound,
So lay yer head back on yer pillow
And read your *Daily Mirror*,
And wait till the work comes round."

Of course, work and beer and lodgers and mothers-in-law, they were all part and parcel of the low comedians' music-hall business. They went with the red nose and the unrolled umbrella. There were others, however, who could be funny without any of those little jokes. Harry Randall was one of the greatest music-hall comedians of the day. He figured always as a dame in pantomime, and how funny he was. Funny, *and* vulgar.

Let us hurry over now to the Tivoli in the Strand, where we may hear Ernest Shand, who sung topical songs, or we may have the good fortune to hear Harry Champion, singing "Boiled Beef and Carrots." Then there was Harry Lauder, who was sure to sing at least three songs that you went home humming and you sung them aloud in your bath the next morning. Even if you could not imitate the accent, you could recapture the tune.

We used to like black-faced comedians very much indeed. We had one, Eugene Stratton, who sung Leslie Stuart melodies and danced to sweet tunes, what we used to call sand dancing.

I suggest that some other evening we go to the Palace Theatre in Cambridge Circus. Here we have variety or I should say, had variety, of an upper grade. Here was Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree in a one-act play; here, once, I remember Lewis Waller reciting the "Ballad of the Camperdown." And, at a later period, there was Anna Pavlova and the beautiful Russian Ballet. That, however, came very near the end of the era of the music-halls.

I know there are dozens of names I have missed; I have not referred, for instance, to that lanky comedian, T. E. Dunville, nor have I mentioned the comic sketches of Will Evans, or Little Tich, and I have quite overlooked another black-faced comedian, G. H. Elliott. They were all grand.

I suppose we must count with the music-halls the Empire and the Alhambra in Leicester Square. It was rare indeed to find a voice on the stage at the Empire. There was always beautiful ballet, and acrobats and jugglers, like that wonderful star, Paul Cinquevalli. Over the road at the Alhambra they often had singers in the first half of the programme. I can remember very well Ethel Levy appearing there. That was long, long before she went into revue. Revue? Oh yes, that marked the very end of the music-hall. When revue came in, variety, as we knew it, went out.

END

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 53)

had received, and she unable any longer to refrain from speaking her mind, poured from her suffering soul all the bitterness and accusations, including the revelation of Soemus.

The explosion of a bursting heart, however legitimate, made of Herod a volcano of wrath. He felt that his happiness in love had been shattered. This beautiful woman, on whom he still looked with ravenous eyes, despised him and shuddered with nausea at the slightest contact. Yet his obstinate blindness did not allow him to see that it was all his own doing.

In his rage he once more turned against innocent people who had the misfortune to be associated with him. Soemus had betrayed the secret, so there was no need to waste any time in a trial, and the poor man, like his predecessor, was handed over to the executioner. Then he turned his attention to his wife. To her he granted a trial, filled up the court with judges who were trembling for their own lives, and he himself appeared as the accuser to sustain a fantastic charge of adultery with Soemus. He spoke with such vehemence and ferocity that he left no doubt as to his intentions. At such deadly aggression the judges, sure of interpreting the king's desire, passed the sentence of death on the unfortunate queen. The sentence stunned the inconsistent brute. Naturally slow in any act of generosity as he was quick for the opposite, he showed signs of wanting to grant a reprieve, but Cypros and Salome soon suppressed that feeble spark of conscience, and did not leave him until they had wrestled from him the word that sealed the fate of the hapless queen.

Poor Mariamne, still in her twenties, she had to pass through the gates of eternity, like her sisters killed by that monster jealousy. The monster with a refined taste, for he chooses his victims always from amongst the most beautiful women, and these all in the flower of their youth.

TWENTY-NINE years later, another Herod, son of Herod the Great, excited by the atavistic instinct of jealousy, was terrified by a newly born baby, that for all he knew might have been only a rumour. Yet he ordered all the male children to be slaughtered so as to be sure that the intended one should not escape. Despite that He slipped out from the murderous net, and, whilst hundreds of distracted mothers were pressing their lifeless babies to their breasts, and the tyrant was congratulating himself, a humble little group was travelling over the immensity of the desert, an oldish man walking beside an ass on which a young mother was nursing her baby.

They were going further and further away from the land where the Herods were already trembling. The land to where the little Survivor was bound to return and develop into a giant whose inexorable force would revolutionise the earth and smash the power of the greatest empire that the world had ever known.

But He was only a baby, His little hands grasping His mother's breast, whilst, muffled by the sands of the desert, the rhythmic step of the animal was sweetly rocking Him to sleep.

END

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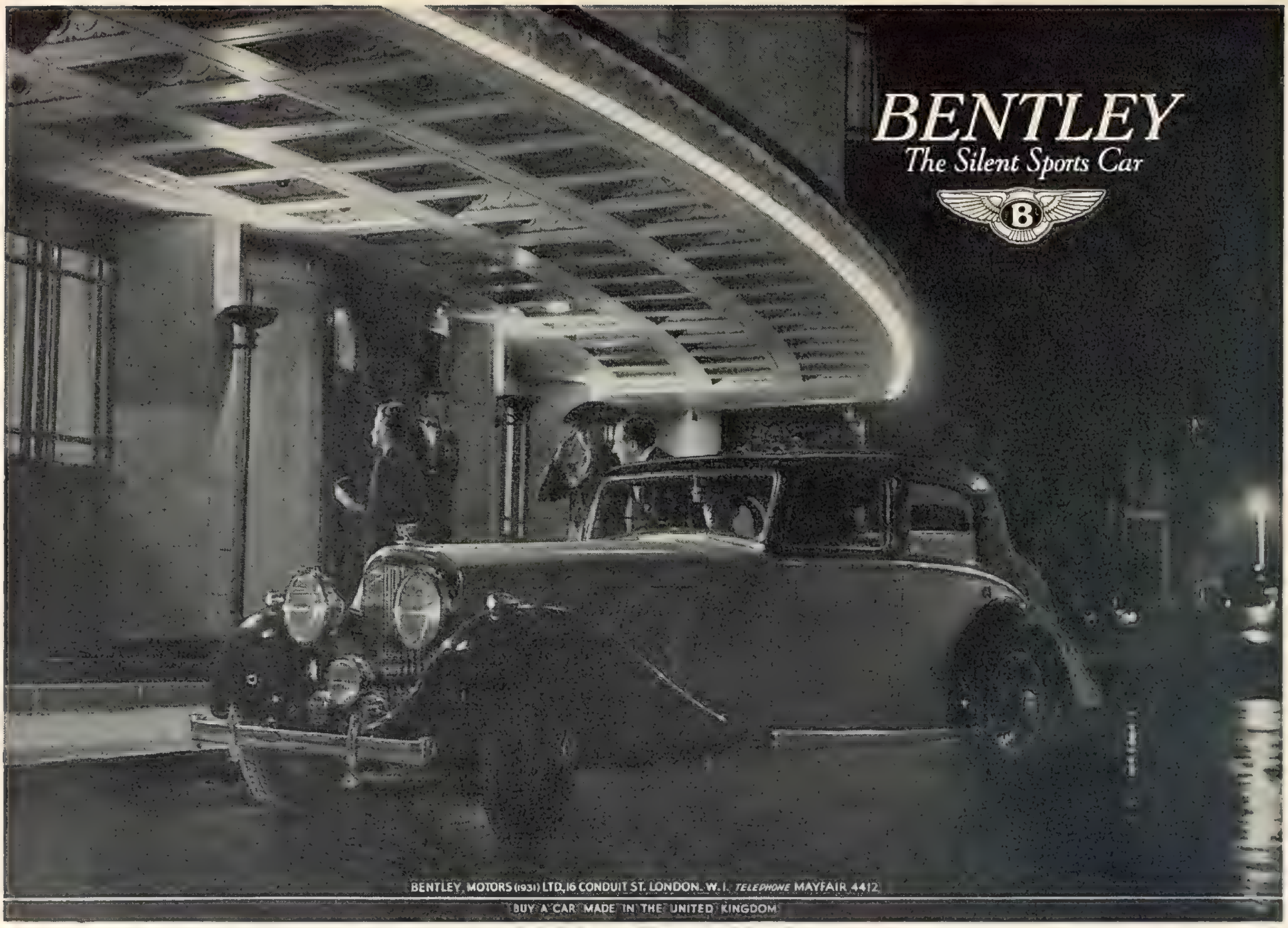

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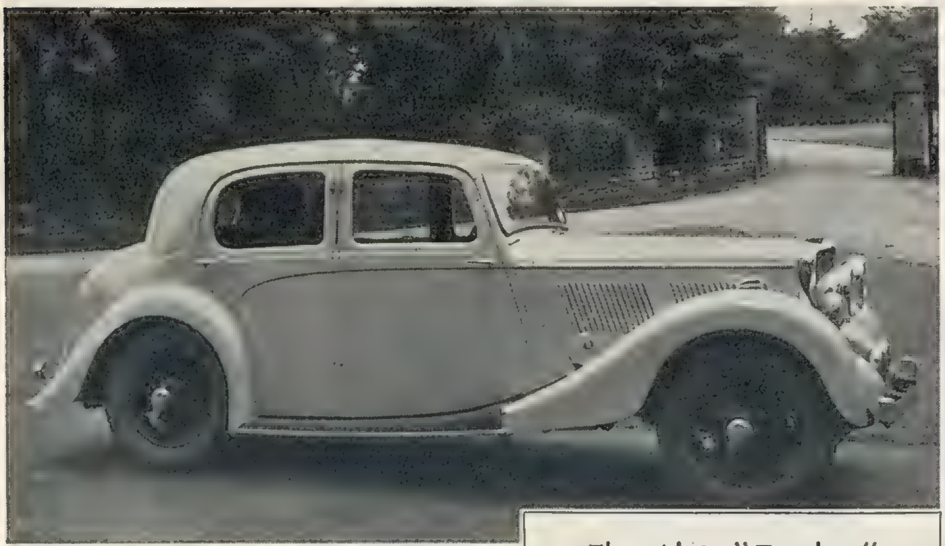

A New Alvis "Twelve"

The Four Light Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

The Alvis "Twelve" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with overhead valves, 13.22 h.p.

Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with three synchromesh ratios.

Performance: Third gear 60/65 m.p.h.; top gear 80 m.p.h.

Springing; Semi-elliptic; excellent road-holding.

Steering: Of accurate Marles type.

Brakes: Powerful, progressive.

Coachwork: Seats four in comfort.

Price: Saloon, £435.

THE Alvis "Twelve," in its various forms, is a car with a long and varied history. I am not sure at what date it made its first appearance; but I do know that, fifteen years ago, there was no better 12 h.p. car than the then Alvis.

Subsequent models were rather less successful in capturing the public fancy—chiefly, I think, because speed was sought by the designers more keenly than comfort. To-day, however, we have once again an Alvis "Twelve" which is both fast and comfortable—in other words, a true lineal descendant of that admirable model which I first remember.

To be frank—and this is so good a car that I shall not hesitate to speak frankly about it—the catalogue blunders when it describes the present "Twelve" as having "incredibly roomy coachwork." There is no need for such an overstatement. The 1939 coachwork has quite sufficient merit of its own, even when one describes it in strictly temperate language.

The saloon body is, in fact, designed to seat four people—not five. It does so very comfortably, with ample leg room in front and—thanks to the use of footwells—a sufficiency of knee room at the back. A good point is that there is plenty of head room, in spite of the general low build of the car.

The "lines" of this Alvis saloon are extremely pleasing, and blend harmoniously with the sporting design of the "Twelve" chassis. Furthermore, the interior fittings are in excellent taste, so that one is not surprised to learn that the judges at the recent Earls Court Exhibition awarded the first prize to this model in Class IV of the Coachwork Competition. It is certainly replete with attractive features.

On the road, the car will commend itself immediately to the more discriminating type of driver. It has in full measure that indefinable quality which belongs to cars having a racing strain in their ancestry. It creates an immediate sensation of confidence in its willingness to "handle" perfectly at all speeds and under all road conditions.

The engine, although described as being of 12/70 h.p., is actually rated at 13.22 h.p., and therefore pays tax on the basis of 14 h.p. It is of perfectly straightforward design; but besides being thus "stepped up" in power, it is also capable of extremely high "revs," so that its efficiency is something quite out of the ordinary.

THE maximum speed in third gear, for example, is definitely in excess of 60 m.p.h., while in top gear a good 80 m.p.h. can be reached. In each case, although its engine must be turning very fast indeed, the Alvis appears to be perfectly happy. There is no sign of "flurry," and no excessive noise.

Acceleration is rapid, and becomes extremely good when the lower gears are freely used. (Owing to three of the four ratios being synchromesh, this does not involve the slightest difficulty.) An attractive point is that the driver can please himself to a very large extent as to whether he will use his gears or not. If he is feeling lazy, the car is quite capable of pottering along in its top gear only. If, however, he wants to get the very best results, the gearbox can always be used profitably and indeed with pleasure.

The car's road-holding qualities are first-rate—a fact which adds enormously to its capacity for keeping up high average speeds. The

(*Continued on page* 109)

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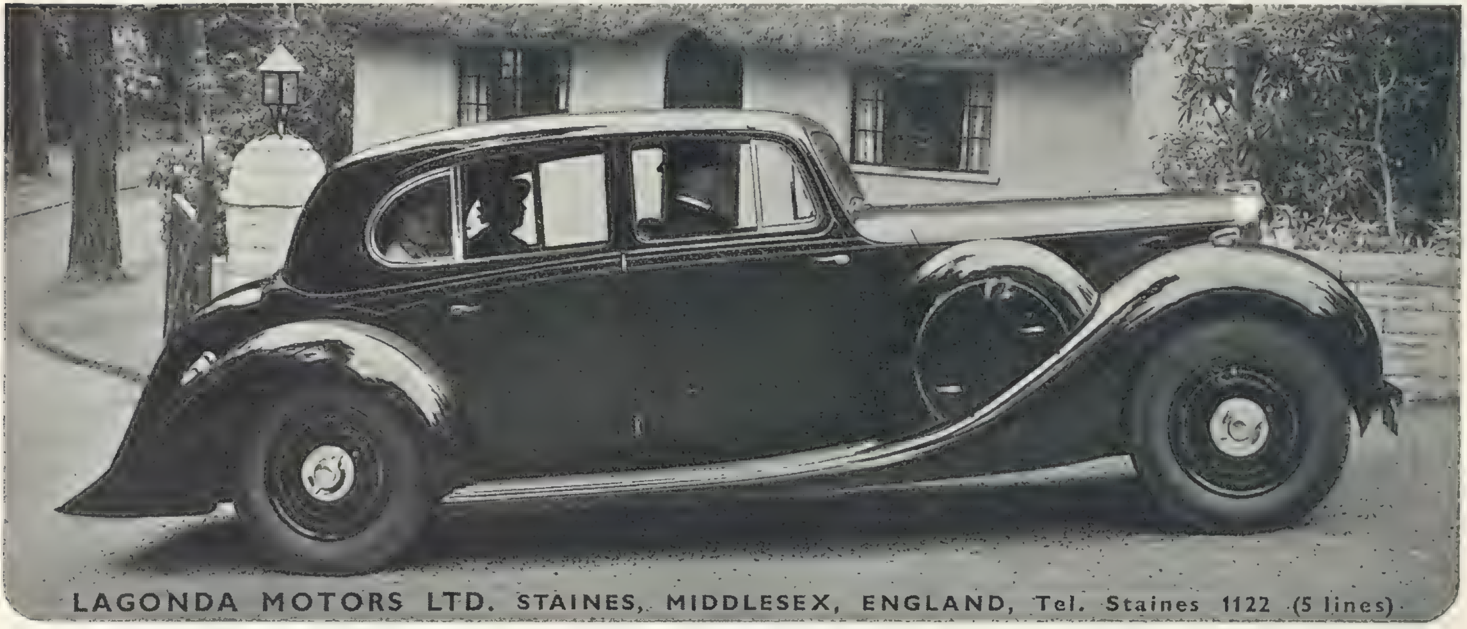

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Motoring Section: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*

A New Vauxhall

The "Twelve-Four" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

A GOOD many manufacturers boast of the economy of their smaller cars; but it is not often that one meets a demonstration model which has been specially fitted up so that petrol consumption can be measured, and the claimed figure verified. When, however, I got into the Vauxhall "Twelve" which was recently loaned to me, the first thing which I saw was a small gravity tank clamped to the instrument board. Made of glass so that one could see the actual level of the petrol, it was calibrated to measure a quart by half-pint units.

Of course I accepted the mute invitation to buy a quart of petrol, so as to see how far it really would go. The result, I may say at once, was a pleasant surprise. The Vauxhall "Twelve" is advertised as being able to do 35 m.p.g. "under average driving conditions"—and I was able to get a trifle more than 35 m.p.g. under driving conditions which were certainly worse than average.

In other words, I consumed quite half my quart of petrol while driving about in London traffic, with the lower gears frequently in use. It is fair to suppose therefore that, on an ordinary cross-country run which would be covered almost entirely in top gear, the Vauxhall could do something substantially better than its scheduled 35 m.p.g.—in itself a highly creditable figure for any 12 h.p. car.

I should add that this demonstration model was certainly not "tuned" for economy only, since its performance was admirable in many other respects. The overhead-valve engine showed itself capable of very brisk acceleration, while functioning silently and extremely smoothly.

As for speed, I was able to do nearly 50 m.p.h. in second gear, and to exceed 65 m.p.h. in "top." The gearbox provides three forward speeds only—and indeed there hardly seems to be need of a fourth. The two highest ratios are synchromesh, and are really efficient in giving crash-proof engagement.

It is an undeniable fact—as the Vauxhall handbook points out—that different synchromesh gearboxes vary greatly in the matter of efficiency. With some, a silent change can be obtained only when the driver (making the unscientific change "down" which is now becoming common practice), moves the lever *slowly* from one slot to the other. With the Vauxhall gearbox, however, quite an abrupt movement can be made—and the mechanism sees to it that no crash results.

The car is extremely well sprung as regards giving comfortable riding to the passengers. Each front wheel has independent springing, so that a bump encountered by one is not communicated to the other or to the chassis as a whole.

The Vauxhall steering is remarkably light, and gives a good lock. It has, however, little self-centering action—and this I regard as a pity. It may be largely a matter of individual preference; but I always feel more at home with steering which self-centers moderately strongly.

To the braking system, full marks must be given without any reservation. The hydraulic brakes operate with a light pedal pressure, and combine power with absolute smoothness. Another attractive chassis feature is that the screen wiper ensures permanently good visibility. It is driven directly from the engine, and is thus immensely more powerful than an electric wiper, in addition to having an

(*Continued on page* 109)

The Vauxhall "Twelve" in brief

Engine: Four cylinders with overhead valves, 12 h.p.
Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, with synchromesh second and top.
Performance: Second gear 45/50 m.p.h.; top gear 65/70 m.p.h.
Springing: Semi-elliptic at rear, independent in front.
Steering: Very light; self-centering action slight.
Brakes: Hydraulic, giving very smooth action.
Coachwork: Roomy and comfortable.
Price: *De Luxe* Saloon, £198.

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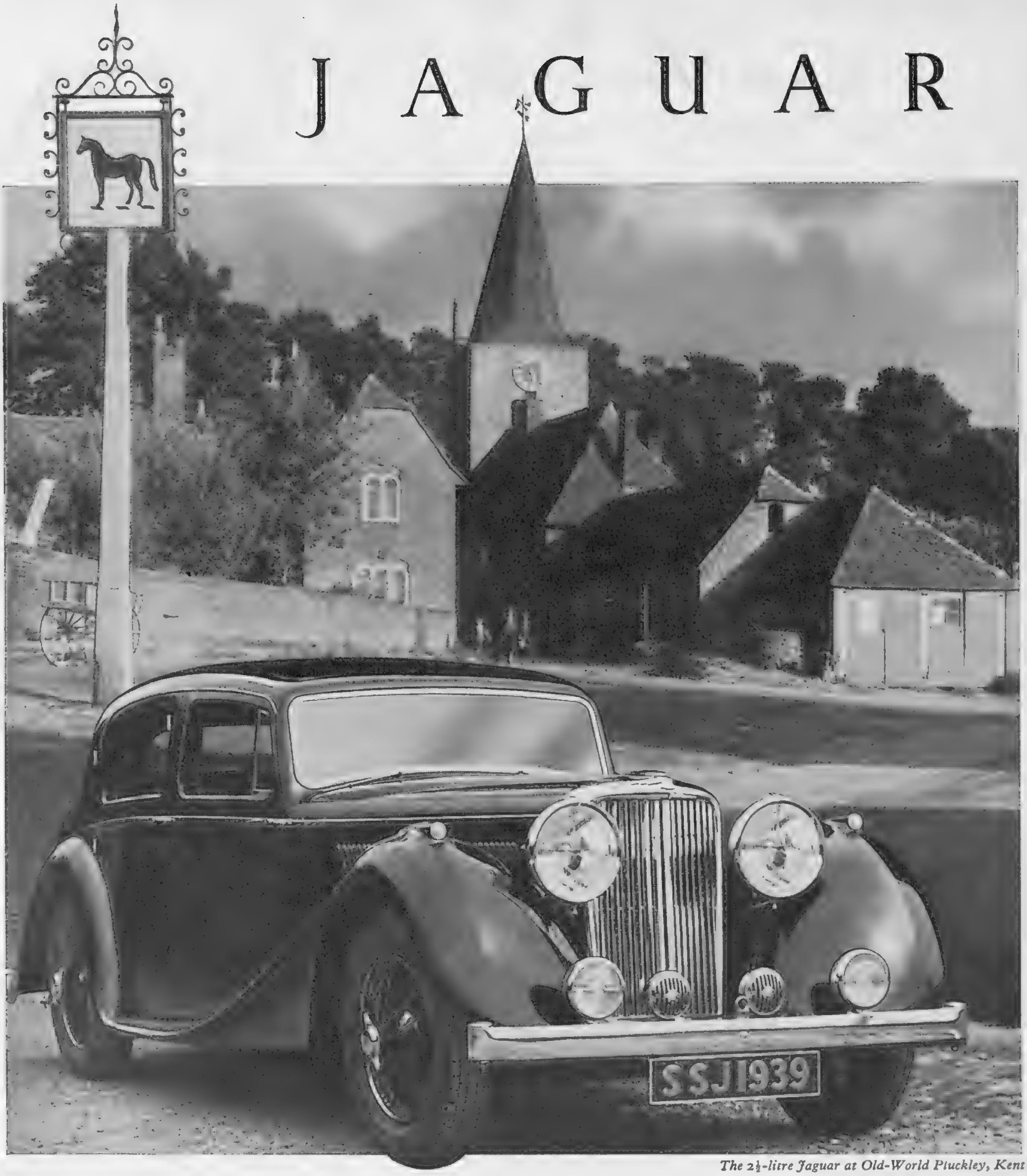

The 2½-litre Jaguar at Old-World Pluckley, Kent

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An Attractive New Wolseley

The Six-cylinder "Fourteen"

By The Earl of Cardigan

The 14 h.p. Wolseley in brief

Engine: Eight cylinders, with overhead valves and twin carburettors; 14 h.p.
Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, with synchromesh second, third and top gears.
Performance: Third gear, 45/50 m.p.h.; top gear, 70 m.p.h.
Springing: By semi-elliptic "phased" suspension.
Brakes: Of Lockheed hydraulic type.
Steering: Good, accurate.
Coachwork: Remarkably roomy.
Price: Saloon, £285.

WHEN I came to write the heading for this article, I wondered whether I should use the term "light six" to describe the 14 h.p. Wolseley. I decided not to, chiefly because the car does not give the impression of being a "light" edition of any other type. It may be relatively light in weight—no doubt it is—but it attracts attention rather by reason of its substantial build and comfortable size.

One has the same feeling after taking a spell at the wheel. The car never for a moment suggests that it is "only a 'fourteen'." On the contrary, although quite light and easy to control, it behaves like a really hefty motor car.

The overhead valve engine is, however, of no more than 14 h.p., although it is capable of developing as much as 60 b.h.p. Extremely smooth and silent running is an outstanding feature—and the rate of acceleration, except when the engine is turning at very low "revs," is decidedly rapid. There is, moreover, no falling off in power until the car is approaching its absolute maximum of speed.

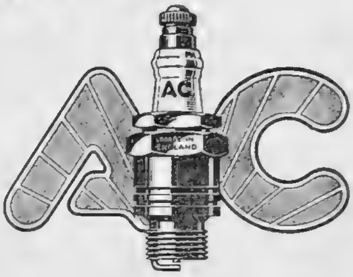
Hill climbing, according to some tests which I made on the Henley-Maidenhead road, is really good—and this Wolseley thinks nothing of maintaining or even increasing its speed against considerable gradients. As for speed, I was able to record a full 70 m.p.h., which is quite considerably in excess of what the ordinary driver will require.

The gearbox gives four speeds, three of which have synchromesh engagement. The only ratio, therefore, which calls for any skill is first gear, which naturally is hardly ever needed except for starting the car from a standstill. The third gear performance is distinctly useful, maximum speed in this ratio being between 45 and 50 m.p.h.

CERTAINLY one of the most attractive features of this car is that—as I have already noted—it "sits down" on the road in really satisfactory style, causing the driver no anxiety at any speed. A good deal of the credit for this is no doubt due to the Wolseley system of "phased suspension." Broadly speaking, this system depends upon employing four semi-elliptic springs, the periodicities of which are carefully planned so that they do not coincide. Thus no objectionable "pitching" movement is able to develop.

The steering

(*Continued on page* 109)



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A New Alvis "Twelve"

(Continued from page 103)

semi-elliptic springing is a trifle on the hard side, so that it becomes always better and more efficient as the speed increases. In a fast car, this is as it should be.

The steering is excellent, and functions with extreme accuracy. A small point which undoubtedly helps the driver is that both the front wings are in view from the driving seat. The brakes are of great power, and are so designed that the driver can put his foot down firmly on the pedal, getting a fierce result only in response to some considerable pressure. This again is as it should be when fast driving is contemplated.

There are a great many small points which the practical motorist will note with pleasure. An example is that the petrol tank has a two-way tap, providing a reserve supply. There is of course a gauge also among the instrument dials; but we all know that gauges can be erratic, and hence that a definite reserve of petrol can on occasion be a real boon.

First and last, however, it is the "feel" of this car when one gets it on the open road which is its great attraction. It behaves like a thoroughbred, and will always give pleasure to the man at the wheel. At £435, the new Alvis "Twelve" is clearly not a cheap car—and yet, if one has an appreciation for things of this sort, it ought not to be reckoned expensive. There is a handsome coupé model costing £10 more.

END

A New Vauxhall

(Continued from page 105)

exceptionally high factor of reliability.

The latest saloon coachwork shows evidence at many points of skilful planning. The modest claim is made for it that it provides "plenty of room for four adults and a child." In fact, the amount of space is generous for a car of relatively low power—and it would be quite easy to carry a fifth adult, if he or she was not of too ample girth. The seats are certainly most comfortable, and the driving position is such that no fatigue is caused to the person at the wheel.

The Vauxhall "no-draught" system of ventilation is retained—and this is undoubtedly an asset. I once saw a demonstration given of its efficiency, the car concerned being driven with the ventilators open and all other windows closed. Not only did fresh air find its way in without causing any draught, but one could also see cigarette smoke being drawn directly out, and not being permitted to hang about in the car's interior.

There is plenty of luggage accommodation at the back of the new saloon model. The luggage boot can be closed and locked with two or three suitcases in it, but will of course carry a very much larger load when allowed to stand open.

The price of the complete car is certainly remarkable. The Standard Saloon costs only £189, while the *de Luxe* Saloon, with its sliding roof and other attractive "extra," is listed at £198. For the purchaser who wishes to keep inside £200, it is hard to think of a car offering more generous value.

END

An Attractive New Wolseley

(Continued from page 107)

also is good and accurate. It is geared rather low, but centres itself with firmness. As for the brakes, these are of the Lockheed hydraulic type to which the Wolseley company has remained faithful for a number of years. They give plenty of power and, unless the driver is excessively clumsy, never act in a jerky manner.

Hydraulic also are the permanent Jackall jacks with which the chassis is equipped. Punctures nowadays are becoming remarkably rare—but so long as they *can* occur, such jacks must be regarded as a very real asset. They can be operated from inside the car with the minimum of trouble and effort.

The driving position is really comfortable, and is made more so by the fact that the steering column is adjustable both for length and angle. The usefulness of the sliding seat on which the driver sits is certainly greatly enhanced when the steering wheel can be moved in conformity with it. Indeed, speaking as a long-legged driver, I would say that personally I never fully appreciated the virtue of a sliding seat until some genius invented quick adjustment for steering.

WITH the coachwork, once again one's first impression is of its substantial construction. It has many other good points—of which its attractive appearance is not the least—but, first and foremost, it is built on a generous scale. The designer, one feels, set out to cater for a set of passengers whom he visualised as being of imposing physique.

As a result, there is plenty of leg room and head room, both in front and also at the back. The rear seat is extremely wide, so that three people can sit in it, while the central armrest makes for comfort when there are two only. The leather upholstery is luxurious, and there is space enough at the extreme rear for a luggage compartment of useful dimensions.

The equipment is luxurious, and includes a reversing light—an item which should be particularly welcome at this time of year. Among features which should make for long life, I might have mentioned earlier that the engine has a constant-level oil intake—a device which takes only clean oil from the upper surface of the sump supply to be fed to the bearings.

Altogether, I shall be much surprised if this new "Fourteen" does not prove to be the most popular of recent Wolseley models. Its price is really very reasonable indeed, the saloon being listed at £285.

END

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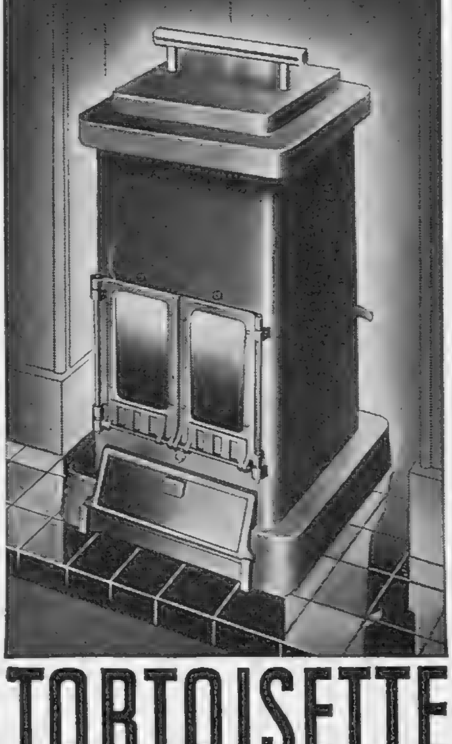

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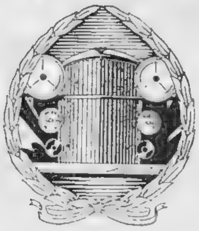

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Norway for the Ski-runner

Ustaoset on the Oslo-Bergen Railway; a view showing the hotel and some of the cottages

SKI-ING as a means of transport has been practised in Norway for centuries past. In fact the old Norse sagas evidence that it was known long before the Christian era, and was the pastime of gods and kings.

Norway is, indeed, the ancient home of ski-ing, and it was in the district of Telemark, a name known to all exponents of the art, that winter sport, as it is practised to-day, really had its beginnings, thereafter spreading throughout the Scandinavian peninsula and to other countries suited to the adoption of such a pastime.

Nowhere in the world will you find better ski-fields than in Norway, where the landscape, spacious and gently undulating, offers itself for the full enjoyment of this most exhilarating of all sports. There it is possible to journey on skis for a great many miles in one uninterrupted run, and indeed, to tour the country in this fashion, staying a night here and a night there in hostelries which make a point of catering for the winter sportsman, and are always ready to give him a hearty welcome.

Norway's winter climate is fresh, sunny and bracing, while an abundance of firm, dry snow, and complete freedom from the terrible menace of avalanches are advantages of the very first importance.

Norway is so securely lapped round by the beneficient Gulf Stream that, in spite of her northerly position, her ports never freeze, and her people know nothing of the extremes of temperature that occur in the same latitudes in Siberia.

From the middle of December, for at least six or eight weeks, conditions are ideal for winter sport in the Norwegian lowlands, while in the mountains ski-ing, skating and tobogganing are in full swing until the end of April, and in one or two resorts, until mid-May.

One of the best ways to reach Norway is to go by boat from Newcastle-on-Tyne to Bergen—a crossing that takes less than twenty-four hours and offers the traveller a high standard of comfort. If the traveller is going by this route one of the most accessible resorts on arrival at Bergen is Finse, which stands at a height of 4,100 feet. Here the season does not begin until mid-February, but it lasts for three months. The snow depth at Finse ranges from three to eight feet.

FOR those with strictly limited time at their disposal, and for those whose chief pleasure lies in the jumping contests, a stay at one of the larger resorts is recommended, for there it is possible to crowd so much more into a week of intense activity, tasting the joys of ski-ing, skating on the beautifully illuminated rinks, and tobogganing. The last named can be enjoyed by anyone, irrespective of age or skill, and is, indeed, essentially a family sport, as witness the weekly tram ride of many citizens of Oslo along the two-mile corkscrew road to Frognerseteren, where, arrived at the summit, they lose no time in unlashing their toboggans from the side of the tram and in dragging them off to the start of the famous rum run. The downward journey once experienced is not easily forgotten. It is one long concentrated thrill from start to finish.

Sunshine and shadow. A typical highland ski-ing ground in Norway

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151/12/38

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Books (Continued from page 46)

Somehow, although there is a robustness about all Laughton's work, his underlying sensitiveness does not always make itself apparent, and yet it is probably the stronger of the two features of his character.

Those of you who feel—as I did before reading *Charles Laughton and I*, by Elsa Lanchester (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.)—that nothing would please him more than to go down to posterity as "The Man who was uplifted to Stardom on the crest of a Belch," will alter your views when you have read this book . . . and assuredly you must read it, for it is distinguished by brilliantly-turned phrases and an ingenious outlook.

Elsa Lanchester met Charles Laughton only a year or so before they were married. In consequence the first part of this book, which tells of his childhood, his early ambition to go on the stage, and the struggles he went through to achieve this, is objective and analytical. The second part of the book, on the other hand, which tells the story of how Charles Laughton became a film star after he had already made his name as an actor, is written from a different point of view. This part of the story is personal, dramatic and descriptive, giving the reader a sense of sharing in the triumphs and travels of this remarkable pair who stormed and captured the heights of fame together.

MOVIE stardom from the inside also forms the driving force of another book this month, but it is a vastly different story.

I Lost my Girlish Laughter is the title of this book, and it, too, is published by Faber and Faber (at 7s. 6d.).

Jane Allen is the name of the authoress, and this pseudonym cloaks the identity of the personal secretary of one of Hollywood's most high-powered executives.

Her account of her job is hilariously funny. For twenty-four hours of the day she lives in a positive madhouse, cajoling, urging, humouring, pleading and—secretly laughing.

It is only her ability to enjoy the absurdities of Hollywood in the solitary places of her own soul which make her job tolerable, I am sure, for she shows us with brutal insight the true Hollywood—a crazy mixture of splendid inconsequences and chaotic frustrations.

Jane Allen's good humour is infectious, but I defy the reader to keep as tight a rein on his or her mirth as Jane Allen seems able to do!

W*E Sailed from Brixham*, is the intriguing title of an account by Lieut.-Col. Claude Beddington of two fascinating cruises to the other side of the world in his own boat *Cachalot*, built on the lines of a Brixham trawler.

As will be imagined, there is much of interest for the sailing enthusiast in this most readable book, but the narrative is of no less interest for the more general reader, for it is told throughout with an absence of technicalities, a light touch and an obvious enjoyment of all the things seen and experienced by the way.

Fifty-four admirable illustrations enhance the interest of this book, which is published by Peter Davies at 12s. 6d.

FROM Lieut.-Col. Beddington's adventures in the Red Sea, we now turn to adventures in Eastern Siberia recounted by General Gourko in *Wyna* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.).

Two Beautiful Books

Our congratulations and thanks are due to the Nonesuch Press, publishers of two exquisitely produced books—companion volumes—in *The Romance of Leonardo da Vinci* (illustrated by himself) and *Lust for Life* (illustrated by Vincent van Gogh).

The former was written by Dmitri Marejcovski and translated by Bernard Guilbert Guerney and contains worthy reproductions of one hundred of Leonardo's paintings, in addition to drawings, designs, plans, sketches and diagrams arranged as illustrations to the story by J. B. Neumann.

In *Lust for Life*, Irving Stone has written the biographical matter and J. B. Neumann has again been responsible for arranging the illustrations—in this case one hundred and fifty reproductions of van Gogh's pictures.

Many of the illustrations in both books are in full and faithful colour, and the price in each case is the astonishingly low one of twenty shillings—a figure only made possible by the great reception accorded this edition in America, where more than twenty thousand copies have been sold.

This book, which contains twelve plates and two maps, is an excellent translation by Alexander Polovtsoff of the story of the pre-War wanderings of a Russian staff officer in the Lake Baikal region.

The ostensible purpose of the trip was to see the little-known Siberian country, and to learn the habits of the strange people who lived there.

Here is adventure mingled with remarkable descriptions of a strange and beautiful country, but overshadowing even this is the completely frank story of the impact of two alien cultures, in the author's encounter with the young Yakut woman sled-driver whose name forms the title of the book.

How this unsophisticated girl employed skill, determination, courage and charm to achieve conquest of "The Moon Lord," as the author came to be called, the intervening War and revolution and the change following in their train, give this book an appealing remoteness and a curiously charming quality.

Since a Siberian romance is calculated to make one wolf-minded, it is not surprising that Hans Fallada's new novel *Wolf among Wolves* (Putnam, 8s. 6d.), should be the next book in this month's batch to catch my eye.

Philip Owens has translated this long story from the original German, and so expertly has he done his job that it is hard for the reader to realise that it is, in fact, a translation which he is reading.

Wolf among Wolves is about sinful, sensual, weak, erring, unstable men—the children of an age disjointed, mad and sick. But it is also a book about some upright and courageous people.

The scene is laid in Berlin and East Prussia, and Pagel and Peter, a gambler and his mistress (*Continued on page* 114)

Out of the Christmas Box

So many people take the sensible course and send stockings to their friends at Christmas, that your own gift is often liable to lose its individuality.

Unless, of course, you send SY-METRA (Trade Mark) stockings—for these are made in a manner different to all others.

They embody a slenderising device designed to make legs look their shapeliest—are TRUE-fashioned (Pat. Pending) all the way down to the heel—and, consequently, give 30% more wear from calf to heel.

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are the central figures. Much of it is meat of a strength which may not be universally palatable, but every page has individuality.

Readers of Fallada's other books, particularly *Who Once Eats Out of the Tin Bowl* and *Little Man, What Now*, will know this author's matchless power of characterisation and his genius for interpreting the changeful changelessness of the countryside.

These characteristics abound in his new work—in my opinion, his greatest—and intermingled with them are tragedy, humour and breathless suspense.

The book has topicality, too, and I recommend it heartily as a very real contribution to modern literature.

R. H. BRUCE LOCKHART'S latest book, *Guns or Butter* (Putnam, 10s. 6d.), derives its title from obese Field-Marshal Goering's aphorism "Guns will make us powerful; butter will only make us fat."

As applied to the book before me, these three words symbolise the segregation of European countries into peaceful and belligerent classifications.

No one knows Europe better than Bruce Lockhart and no one knows better than he how to draw justifiably important inferences from seemingly insignificant fragments of life and conversation.

Furthermore, Mr. Lockhart has an adroit turn of expression, so *Guns or Butter* takes its place as an important commentary upon the fear-ridden Europe of to-day, its conditions and its potentialities.

The whole narrative is enriched by anecdotes and adventures, as entertaining as they are significant.

There is a terrible tendency to-day for the perils and apprehensions of modern times to blind us to essential simplicities.

In a revived appreciation of the enduring trivialities of existence, I believe, lies the salvation of mankind.

HOW very pleasant and worthwhile it is, therefore, to come upon Annie S. Swan's fireside philosophy *The Enchanted Door* (Nicholson and Watson, 5s.).

In this captivating excursion into the infrequented depths of her soul, the author looks back over her long full life and tells us in her friendly, intimate way a few of the things her life has taught her.

Her philosophy is a simple one and largely for that very reason it will go straight to the heart of every reader.

She writes of such tremendous trifles as Living with Relations; Minding Your Own Business; Poverty and Riches; Work and Leisure; the Servant Problem and many other matters that concern us all.

And everything she says needed saying and is worth listening to. The warm glow of humanity shines from the pages of this book; it is the testament of a very great lady.

A NEW novel by Warwick Deeping is *The Malice of Men* (Cassell, 8s. 6d.),

That really is all one need say to ensure enormous sales for it, for Warwick Deeping is a literary wizard.

In *The Malice of Men* he waves his wand with as great a confidence as ever, but I honestly believe this book to be his best—yes, better even than the immortal *Sorrell and Son*.

An almost uncanny insight into the depths of the human passions and an exquisite awareness of human sympathy distinguish this great novel.

All Warwick Deeping's sensitiveness is here, and as ever he creates light and shade with an equal skill, so that the whole picture is almost photographic in its verisimilitude.

The author's ability to project himself into the skins and brains of every character until he feels their reactions intensely actually conveys itself to the reader.

The result is the achievement of a sincerity of scene and of dialogue which completely possess the reader's imagination.

The Malice of Men is a great novel.

And talking of great novels, here is another.

. . . *and Tell of Time*, by Laura Krey (Collins, 10s. 6d.), is the story of a man returning from the American Civil War to which he rode away a boy; of his determination to build again the life his father and mother had created in Texas—that country where roads were few and snakes made walking a danger.

On his way, he picks a wife, brought up in a sheltered home amid culture and security, taking her to this land of few men and wide horizons, where pistols are meant for use and not to be kept, like her father's mother-of-pearl-handled pistol in a velvet case.

It is the story of their great love for each other, and of the children they brought up, for whose future security they worked and paid so unflinchingly—a moving story heightened by danger and drama.

This book is not merely a good story well told. It is a human document of stiff upper lips in times of heartbreak, and it is a record of parental love and selflessness. It is inspiring.

LAURA KREY'S stirring narrative starts at the conclusion of the Civil War, but for *The Dark Command* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), W. R. Burnett has chosen the period before and during that tragic conflict.

In the stormy history of Kansas at that time, Mr. Burnett has found a rich vein of fascinating Americana.

The setting, in all conscience, is picturesque and the characterisation is virile and convincing.

The action primarily is centred in the guerrilla warfare, ostensibly between followers of the north and the south, but actually between the border outlaws, highwaymen and vandals on the one hand, and on the other, the sober, industrious farmers and merchants who had come west to build a civilisation.

Against this intensely vivid background, Mr. Burnett has portrayed a number of unforgettable characters. Jesse and Frank James, were privates among those white savages, and such bad men of the later frontier as Wild Bill Hickock and Manny Clements, former guerrilla leaders.

Then there are two men who characterise the opposing forces, and who dominate the story—one is saturnine, wilful, reckless, typical figure in the frontiersman tradition, and the other is a quiet and sensible youth—in his own way just as strong and inflexible as his spectacular friend—a friend who became a deadlier factor in his life than any mere enemy.

There are women in the story, too—chief among them being lovely Mary McCloud, gentle and tempestuous by turns, raised in gentility but willing to live among desperadoes.

Altogether this is a grand, pulsating story, gripping from start to finish.

AND whilst in fighting mood, let us turn to Jimmy Wilde's autobiography *Fighting Was My Business* (Michael Joseph, 15s.), with a foreword by Lord Lonsdale.

The start of Jimmy Wilde's fighting career, although it came early, came after the frail-looking youth had already tasted hard work and suffering.

He was barely ten years old when he started working on the tips, as so many other miners' children have done.

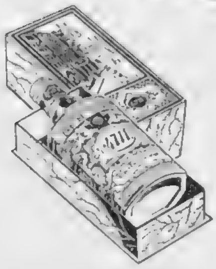
At fifteen, he met with an accident which nearly cost him a leg, but he went on to learn the rudiments of boxing whilst hacking coal at the coal-face, and before long he was fighting men almost twice his weight and certainly twice his age.

A master of style in the ring, Jimmy Wilde rocketed to the highest pinnacles of fame, which brought him into contact with many of the world's famous people, and he has innumerable stories to tell of incidents not only in this country, but in America as well.

The book includes a number of illustrations.

END

'4711' Gifts



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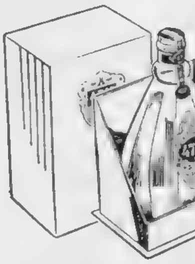
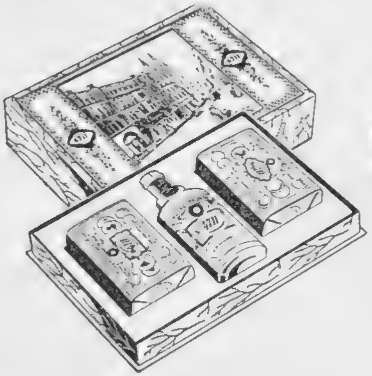
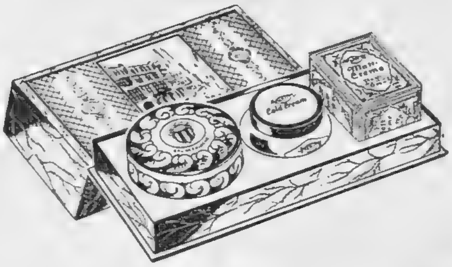


"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne, pear-shaped bottle in a boudoir box **9/6**



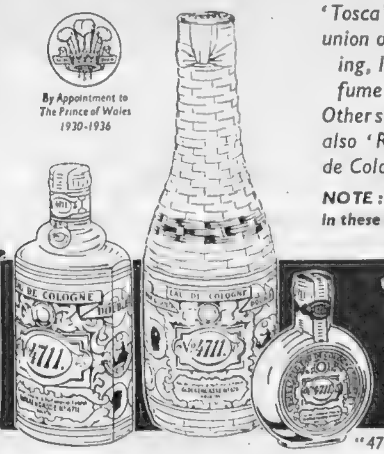
There are many delightful "4711" Christmas Coffrets to choose from, the one illustrated contains "4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne and "4711" Toilet Soap **10/6** Smaller size 6/6. Other Coffrets from 2/9 to 21/-

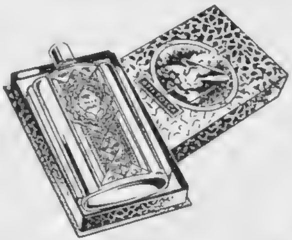


'Matt-Creme' (the "4711" Vanishing Cream), Powder and Cold Cream in Gift Box **2/9** "4711" Aids-to-Beauty cannot conflict with your favourite perfume.

"4711" Genuine Eau de Cologne, original bottle (left) 8/9, half size 4/9. Wicker bottle (centre) 14/-, others at 7/6, 27/6 and 52/6. Watch-shaped bottle (right) for the handbag, 2/6; double size 4/9. Many bottles are available in special Christmas Coffrets from 3/6 to £2

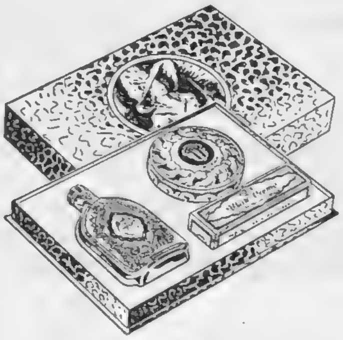
By Appointment to The Prince of Wales 1930-1936



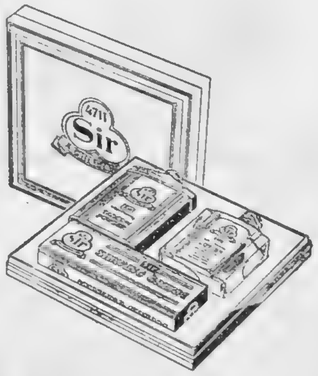


'Tosca' Eau de Cologne — a happy union of Eau de Cologne with thrilling, lasting 'Tosca' perfume — in a flat flask **5/6** Other sizes from 3/- to 21/-. There are also 'Rhinegold' and 'Troïka' Eau de Colognes in gift boxes, 2/9 to 25/-

NOTE: You can buy the Perfumes used in these Eau de Colognes in concentrated form, from 2/6



'Tosca' Eau de Cologne, Powder and 'Matt-Creme' (the "4711" Vanishing Cream) **3/6**



FOR MEN — Among the large "4711" Gift range for men is a Coffret of 'SIR' Shaving Cream, After-Shaving Lotion and Talcum Powder **6/3** Also attractively packed is an outfit containing Eau de Cologne Greaseless Hair Cream and 'SIR' Shaving Cream, 3/-

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"LAZY" THYROID THE CAUSE. Fat accumulates because your thyroid gland is slowing down its action, failing to energise the processes of your body which normally deal with fat-producing foods.

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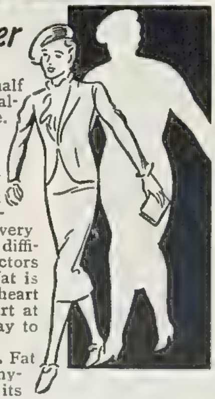

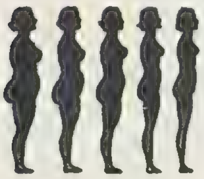

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The Dark Lady

(*Continued from page* 11)

his place, but she had wanted to get away from Bristol.

And so she had married John Davenant and come to live in this lovely city in the Thames valley, and was happy. Davenant was a good man, if dull. He worshipped the ground she trod on and let her have her own way in everything. He was well off, too, he owned both the Crown Tavern and the Crosse Inn next door; he could afford to give her everything of the best. And as his wife she was respected. No one here knew her ancestry, and expected the worst of her because of it. It was nice to be respected, nice to meet the courteous, sweet-mannered, clever people who frequented the famous "Crown"; they were so different from the unruly crowd who had come to the Hotwells Tavern. They did not offend her fastidious taste. She was not always fighting to defend herself. She could relax and know peace.

But more than peace had come into her life on the day when Will Shakespeare had jumped off his horse at the tavern door, had strode into the cool, raftered hall and called jovially for her husband. She, a bride of only a few months, had come running too, pulled by that voice as nothing in her life had ever pulled her before; and John Davenant had proudly introduced his beautiful wife to Master William Shakespeare, a London gentleman who often stopped for a night or two at the "Crown" on his way to or from Warwickshire. Master Shakespeare was a favourite of John Davenant's, and he saw with pleasure that his wife and his friend had taken an instant fancy to each other. Master Shakespeare was a married man with a wife at Stratford, and John Davenant had complete faith in Anne.

He thought no harm, and neither did Anne or Shakespeare. What could be the harm, they had asked themselves, in loving each other? It was an idyllic, Arcadian love, a thing that had happened to them at their first sight of one another without any volition of their own, a thing as inevitable as the first opening of the buds in spring or the flight of a swallow through the air. It had been cool and fresh and fairylike as the love stories in the tales Will used to weave when he sat with Anne in the tavern garden in summer, or before the fire of roaring apple logs that they lit indoors on stormy autumn nights. They needed this fresh and harmless love, so they would tell each other. They were both of them married to a mate considerably older than themselves. That was dull for them. It was natural and right that they should have romance; and their romance was not a thing that would wreck life, only refresh it.

At least that was how it had seemed at the beginning, but now every visit Shakespeare paid to the tavern—and his visits were becoming more and more frequent—became increasingly difficult. They would start well, greeting each other in that light and airy style that becomes an idyll, but they could not keep it up. Hot breaths of scorching wind kept blowing suddenly through the cool breezes of their Arcadia, their tender fairylike affection would deepen suddenly to a burning passion that was more pain than joy. They would be overtaken by fits of jealousy, of sorrow, even of despair. And then they would part, laughingly and gaily, forcing themselves back by sheer strength of will into that earlier mood of the fresh beginning. But it was a terrible strain on Anne.

ALL that morning little Audrey felt the sense of strain. Her pretty aunt was gay and irritable, loving and strident by turns. She scolded Audrey and then kissed her in a passion of penitence. She flounced out at the servants and then wept because she had made them weep. She was as gentle as any cooing dove one minute and spitting like a spiteful kitten the next. Finally Audrey, who liked to follow Anne round everywhere with adoring eyes fixed upon her lovely face, gave it up as a bad job and went off by herself, playing her favourite game of pretending this house was hers, and she the mistress of it.

Audrey, used to the cramped rooms of her little farmhouse, loved the spacious Crown Tavern from the top of the tallest of the tall chimneys that reared themselves so splendidly from its rose-red roof, down to the great wine cellar beneath it. Uncle John Davenant had once taken Audrey down into the wine cellar and she had been thrilled when he held his lighted candle aloft and she saw the vaulted roof like that of a cathedral, and all the bins and barrels and cobwebbed bottles that were for the delectation of the gentlemen who came to the tavern. "Bottled sunshine," Uncle John had told her reverently. "The juice of the grape is full of sunshine, Audrey; sunshine and singing and laughter."

The whole tavern was full of these things, Audrey thought, not only because of Aunt Anne but because of its own beauty. She did not know which she loved best, the outside of the house with its beautiful overhanging timber gables, or the inside with the spacious beamed rooms, the fireplaces with their herring bone brickwork, and the beautiful circular staircase that wound round and round its massive octagonal oak newel. There were strange fragments of religious frescoes to be found here and there in the tavern, an I.H.S. over a doorway or an Ave over a fireplace, for this old house had originally been a lodging house for monks. Then it became the Salutation Tavern, and now, in the days of good Queen Bess when popish names were looked on askance, it was the "Crown." But Audrey liked the old name best. "Salutation," she would whisper to herself as she climbed up and down the winding staircases. "Salutation." And she would have a sudden vision of angels going up and down and to and fro in the house, saluting each other very politely as they passed upon the stairs.

Audrey this morning did not spend much time upon the ground floor of the tavern, because this was where all the business of the house was carried on, and there was a perpetual coming and going of guests, and servants who said, "Run along, little mistress, run along. Don't get under my feet, there's a good child. Run along, poppet, for goodness sake!"

But on the first floor, where there were the private rooms of the family, she could go where she liked, playing happily in her own little room with its rose-sprigged curtains, gaping with awe at the great four-poster with the crimson hangings where her uncle and aunt slept, picking out a tune with one finger on the clavicytherium in her aunt's little parlour, or peeping into the linen cupboard where the fine woven sheets lay in piles, with bags of lavender and rosemary between them to keep them sweet and perfumed.

And on the floor above were the guest rooms, usually kept locked when they were not in use, where to-day there was a great bustle and to-do because Master Shakespeare was coming. Audrey badly wanted to see these guest rooms, and she patiently bided her time, picking out the tune of *Greensleeves* on the parlour clavicytherium meanwhile, until the tornado of preparation had swept downwards to the kitchen, and then she crept upstairs on tiptoe.

As she had hoped, the door of the best guest room was wide open, and she hopped excitedly in, then stopped stock still with a gasp of surprise, for this room was the loveliest room in the tavern, more brimful of sunshine and singing and laughter than all the other rooms put together.

For it had painted walls, and on them were strewn all the loveliest flowers of summer. The ground colour of the painting was a pinky orange, the very colour of the dawn-flushed

(*Continued on page* 119)

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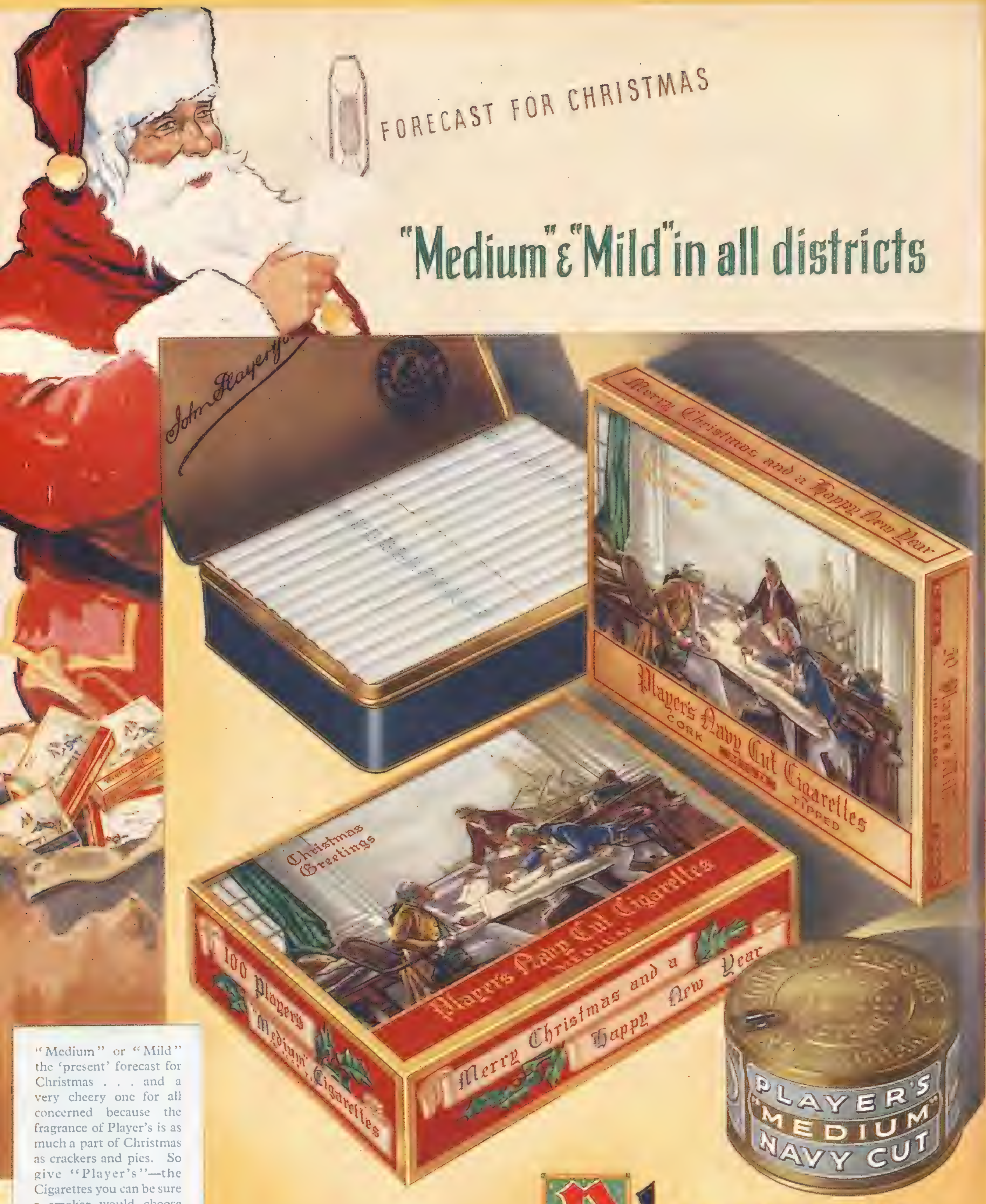
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towers and spires that she had seen early that morning, and on it was traced a delicate interlaced pattern, like a climbing vine, of old gold, outlined in black and white, holding posies of flowers within its trellis work. Canterbury bells were in the posies, wind-flowers, passion-flowers and wild roses, and, because this was a tavern and down below in the cellars there was bottled sunshine, beautiful bunches of grapes. A frieze of painted words ran round the room just below the cornice, and Audrey spelled them out to herself.

First of thy rising
And, last of thy rest be thou
God's servant, for that hold is best.
In the morning early serve God devoutly.
Fear God above everything.
Love the brotherhood. Honour the king.

There were no words to describe the beauty of this room. The artist who had painted the walls had been a magician, almost as great a magician as the sun had been when he gilded those towers and spires in the dawn.

The bed had silken curtains of pinky-orange, that matched those lovely walls, and purple canterbury bells were embroidered upon them, and on the carved oak stool in the window Aunt Anne had set a beaupot full of roses. Lucky Master Shakespeare, thought Audrey, to sleep in this lovely flowery room. Surely wonderful dreams would come to him from those sunshiny curtains, and when the moon shone surely the canterbury bells on the wall would ring out a tune, and the wind-flowers would come alive, would jump down and dance to it upon the shining floor. And this, so Audrey was pretending to herself, was her very own house. She herself was the mistress of it. She too, one day, would sleep in this lovely room and watch the flowers dancing.

"What are you doing here, child?" cried the exasperated voice of Aunt Anne, entering with an armful of snowy linen. "Pulling everything to pieces when I've just got it to rights? Naughty poppet!" And dropping the sheets on the bed she gave Audrey a hard box on the ears.

It was the first time she had ever done such a thing, and the shock of the stinging blow sent the little girl right off her balance. She was used to being smacked, of course, but not for no apparent reason, and not by her adored Aunt Anne, and not when she was in the middle of a lovely game. The shock of the transition from make-believe to the horrid world of reality was so sudden that it plunged her into despair. Sobbing heartbrokenly she picked up her little flowered skirts and ran out of the room and down the twisting spiral stairs, round and round like a blossom sinking slowly to the ground, her hands clinging desperately to the oak newel, her sobs shaking her. "Sweetheart!" called Aunt Anne from the top of the stairs. "Audrey! Come back, my poppet! Aunt Anne did not mean it!" But she took no notice. She went on till she got to the bottom, and then she ran out of the house and down the tiled passage that led to the hidden walled garden behind the tavern. She did not stop until she was inside the little arbour of vine leaves in the farthest corner of the garden, safely hidden from prying eyes, and here she curled up on the wooden bench and sobbed and sobbed.

She could not have explained why she was crying, for the box on the ears had stopped hurting and, anyway, in spite of the unreasonableness of the punishment, she did not doubt Aunt Anne's love for her. Without understanding it she had felt, as children do, the strain in the atmosphere about her. The torment and the ecstasy in Anne's mind had set the little girl's nerves ajar, as though the air were charged with electricity before a thunderstorm. And for a moment, too, when Anne had awakened her so cruelly from her game, she had come face to face with the essential tragedy of a human creature's existence, that perpetual shattering of hopes and dreams and ideals by the blows of material fate. No wonder she cried.

She did not know how long she stayed in the arbour. It must have been for hours. She heard one of the servants come into the garden and call her to come to dinner, but she shrank into her corner and took no notice. She could not go back yet. Subconsciously she knew that she must find some way of coming to terms with life before she faced it again.

"AND whom have we here?" said a strange voice. "Who is this sad little maid?"

Audrey looked up. A man's figure stood at the entrance to the arbour, blocked between her and the sunshine so that she could not see who it was, only a vague blackness. She rubbed her knuckles in her eyes and whispered, "Audrey Flowerdew, please, sir. Master Davenant's niece."

"And crying on this lovely summer day?" asked the stranger. "For shame, young lady!" And he stretched out a hand and pulled her firmly but kindly out into the sunshine. From the way that he pulled down her bunched-up skirts, and taking her handkerchief from her hanging pocket blew her nose expertly upon it, she knew instinctively that he had a child of his own and liked children. She gave her swollen eyelids a final rub and looked up at him, smiling shyly.

He had a very wide, high, lined forehead, so wide and so high that his head looked as though it must have a great deal inside it, and very delicately pencilled eyebrows with amused dark eyes twinkling below them. The nose was delicately cut, with widely curving nostrils, and the lips were full and only partially hidden by the little moustache and finely pointed beard. It was a very arresting face, full of sensitive and passionate feeling. Audrey could not know this, of course, but she liked him at once and instantly took his hand.

He smiled as he felt her hot little fingers pushed into his. So do all young things show their liking, he thought, puppies with their cold thrusting noses and young colts nuzzling your palm with their soft lips. The instinctive trust of it could give one a rare thrill of pleasure.

"Your aunt is busy," he said. "Six portly citizens all wanting ale at the same moment. Will you show me the garden?"

Audrey was only too pleased, for she considered, and rightly, that the garden was one to be proud of. The walls were covered with woodbine and climbing roses, and there were bushes of lavender and rosemary, and sweet-smelling eglantine starred with rosy blossoms. Trim grass paths wound between the flower beds, that were full to bursting with all the loveliest summer flowers, pansies and canterbury bells, foxgloves, sops-in-wine, crown-imperials, snapdragons and sweet williams, and at the bottom of the garden was a bank where a few late cowslips grew. Audrey introduced all these flowers personally to Master Shakespeare, lifting the bells of the crown-imperials on her finger so that he could see the drops of honey inside them, and pinching the snapdragons to make them put on their rabbit faces. She even repeated to him the verses that Master Matthew Roydon, one of the tavern guests, had written about the garden, and had made her learn by heart to say to Aunt Anne upon every possible occasion, so that Aunt Anne should not forget him when he wasn't there.

I saw your garden passing fine,
With pleasant flowers lately decked,
With cowslips, and with eglantine,
When woeful woodbine lies reject:
Yet these in weeds and briars do meet,
Although they seem to smell so sweet.

Farewell thou sweet and pleasant walk,
The witness of my faith and woe,
That oft hath heard our friendly talk,
And gave me leave my grief to show:
O pleasant path, where I could see,
No Crosse at all but only thee.

"The Crosse," explained Audrey, "is on the sign board of the 'Crosse Inn' next door. I think that Master Matthew Roydon must have loved Aunt Anne very much. But she wasn't very nice to

(Continued on page 120)

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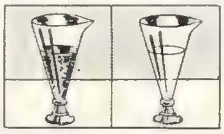

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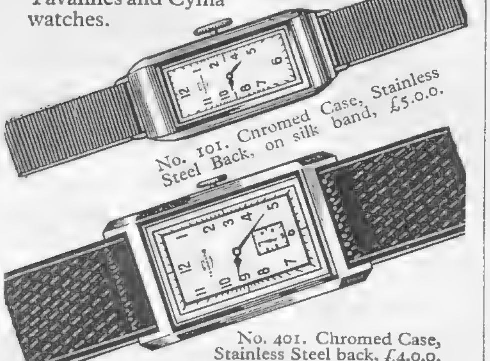

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him," added Audrey, shaking her head solemnly. "No, she wasn't at all nice to him."

Master Shakespeare laughed; he seemed pleased that Aunt Anne had not been nice to Master Roydon.

"It must be nice," said Audrey wistfully, "to have verses written for one by gentlemen. I don't suppose anyone will ever write verses for me."

Instantly Master Shakespeare sat himself down upon the bank where the cowslips grew and took his writing materials from the wallet at his waist. Then he took out a little book that he carried, turned to a blank page at the end, thought a moment, and wrote. When he had finished he tore out the page and gave it to Audrey. She took it and read, her very ears pink with pleasure.

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I :
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

"There," he said, "that is your introduction to fairyland. From now on, Audrey, you will be a happy little girl, for you will know how to creep inside a cowslip's bell, and how to suck the honey from a crown-imperial. And believe me, Audrey, not everyone has that knowledge."

Two quite unexpected dimples appeared upon Audrey's plain little face, and her beautiful eyes were like stars. She was bereft of words, but the way in which she folded the piece of paper and stowed it away in her hanging pocket was a Te Deum in itself. But yet she was a little puzzled and inquiring.

"You don't yet know much about fairies?" inquired Master Shakespeare. "Sit down and I will tell you."

She sat down and he began to tell her some extraordinarily interesting facts about flowers of which she had had no previous knowledge. Fairies lived in them, he said, tiny green fairies with spotted wings inside the foxgloves, impudent fluffy pussy-faced things inside the pansies, and very dignified creatures, with orange petticoats and golden wings, inside the crown-imperials. He was able to tell her the names of some of them. There was Puck, a very impudent mischievous creature with a snub nose, and some less clever but more obliging persons called Peas-Blossom, Cobweb, Moth and Mustard-seed. Then there was Queen Mab, who rode about in a chariot made from a hazel nut, with a cover made from grasshoppers' wings over the top of it and a grey-coated gnat for a coachman; she caused a great commotion in this coach, trundling along over the noses of mortals as they lay asleep and galloping through their brains so that they had the most extraordinary dreams. Master Shakespeare seemed to know all these creatures very intimately, and assured her that with a little practice in the art of imagination she would do so too, and there seemed no end to the tales he could tell about them. He was a magician, too, Audrey thought, transforming the garden into fairyland with apparently no effort at all, as much of a magician as the sunrise that had painted the towers, and the artist who had painted those flowery walls upstairs; the third magician with whom she had had dealings that day.

"But have you *seen* those fairies?" she cried, tugging at his hand. "Have you *seen* them?"

"Often," he said.

"Where?" she asked.

"In children's eyes," he said. "I saw Moth in yours just ten minutes ago."

Audrey gave a sudden impatient exclamation. That, she thought, was an unsatisfactory reply, one of those evasive answers of which even the best of grown-ups are occasionally guilty. Suddenly, in spite of the talisman in her pocket, she was desperately unhappy again, doleful as a young bird that has fallen from the nest.

"Not again?" inquired Master Shakespeare kindly. "Surely not unhappy again? What was the grief that had you bunched up in the corner of that arbour in as pitiful a bundle of misery as ever I saw? What is it that has tumbled you suddenly out of fairyland?"

Audrey was not quite sure. "Aunt Anne boxed my ears," was all she could say. "And I don't know why!"

He laughed, but so kindly that she was not hurt by his laughter. "So you vexed fate in the person of pretty Aunt Anne, did you?" he teased her. "You vexed fate, you do not know why, and fate hit back? But that is the way of life, little Audrey, the way of life from the cradle to the grave."

He was suddenly serious, poking his finger inside a foxglove bell and looking at it with as much attention as though it were the universe itself. "By to-morrow," he said, "it will have gone. A bee will have blundered into it and knocked it to the ground. It will have been stamped into the earth and forgotten. One day perhaps the world itself will have disappeared, knocked into limbo by a falling star, gone like a dream. And so you see, Audrey," he added, forgetting the doomed foxglove and turning his bright eyes on her, "it is of very little use to break the heart over the arrows of outrageous fortune that sting us on every side. It all passes away so very quickly. Our lives on this earth are only of such stuff as dreams are made of, and are rounded by a sleep. Think, when fate presses hardly upon you, that it is all a dream. Think that after death, perhaps, you will wake up in some undiscovered country and laugh to think that you found the dream so grievous."

Audrey was uncomprehending but comforted. Yet certain phrases stuck in her mind and remained with her through life. "Such stuff as dreams are made of. The undiscovered country." For the rest of her life her hopes were fixed, with that sense of excitement that is alive in all good discoverers, not upon this life but beyond it; though she was not regardless of this life, finding among the fairytale beauties of some of its dreams the shadow of reality that showed her the shape of things to come. But in the garden at the tavern she had somehow got her emphasis right. She had discovered how to adjust herself.

AUDREY sat up very late that night, for Aunt Anne had completely forgotten all about her. She sat in a dark corner of the parlour, watching Aunt Anne and Master Shakespeare talking together by the window, and Aunt Anne did not even know she was there.

Audrey thought she had never seen her aunt look so beautiful. She had put on her best dress, the primrose-coloured one with the violets embroidered on it, and she had changed her mob-cap for a lace coif that sat upon her dark curls like snow on a raven's wing. She was embroidering, and on the little table by her a candle burned behind a glass globe full of water, so that a patch of bright light fell upon her lovely hands and the strip of embroidery between her fingers. Her face was shadowed, yet not so shadowed that Audrey could not see the flush on her cheeks and the sparkle in her eyes. Master Shakespeare sat opposite to her, looking at her, leaning back in a high carved chair. His attitude was relaxed and peaceful, and his face had that look which she had sometimes seen on people's faces when they were saying their prayers in church, or when they were looking at a sunset or a harvest moon, a look which later in her life she was to identify with the human soul in utter self-forgetfulness, face to face with momentary perfection; but yet his hands, laid on the arm of his chair, were gripping it so tightly that the knuckles shone out as white as ivory. Their heads were dark against the deep blue of the sky outside the window, where one star was shining. It was a scene so beautiful that Audrey was sorry Uncle John was not there to see it; but then, on second thoughts, for some reason or other, she thought perhaps it was better not.

"This is a door-hanging I am making for you," said Anne, (*Continued on page* 122)

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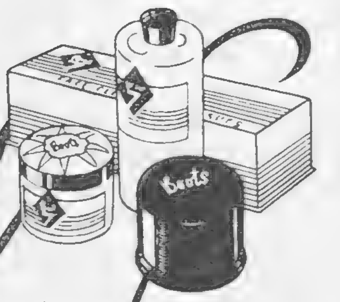

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holding up her strip of lovely embroidery so that it gleamed and shone in the candle light. "What flowers shall I embroider on the border?"

Master Shakespeare had been silent for a long time, but now, though he did not move, he bestirred himself to speak. "Lavender," he said.

"The marigold that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age."

"Don't be ridiculous!" she laughed. "There are pink roses down the centre of it. I can't put marigolds with them. Yellow and pink are ugly together."

"Pale primroses," suggested Master Shakespeare helpfully,

"That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds.
. . . O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of . . . sweet friend."

"Will!" laughed Anne. "Are you seeing me as someone else? Who am I now?"

"A lady called Perdita," he said.

"And do you see all of them in me? All the lovely ladies of your verses that you make to delight the world?"

"All of them. I see them in your eyes."

She pouted a little. "But do you never see me as I am? Do you never describe the real Anne?"

"Now and again," he said. "In single phrases. Listen. My hostess of the tavern, a most sweet wench. A wench of excellent discourse, pretty and witty; wild, and yet, too, gentle. A whitely wanton with a velvet brow, with two pitch balls stuck in her face for eyes."

His voice suddenly broke a little harshly and he leaned forward, looking at her. "Is that you? Does the cap fit?"

She shrank back as he leaned forward. "That's not very pretty," she said. "Is there not another sonnet for me? A poem all to myself?"

He pulled out the little book in which he had written Audrey's verses, fluttered the pages, and read,

"Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy face:
O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part.
Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

Anne sat for a little while in silence, and then suddenly she stood up, her lovely embroidery tumbling unheeded to the floor, her clenched fists pressed against her temples. "Do I want to do it?" she cried. "Do I want to torment you? Can't you see I'm in hell? Can't you see it?" And then she began to cry, not the pretty petulant tears that she used to get her own way, but choking tearing sobs that were not pretty at all. "Why should life be like this?" she gasped. "What have we done that life should treat us like this?"

Master Shakespeare pitched his book across the floor and went to her, flinging his arms about her and murmuring little broken phrases of comfort. Audrey slipped off her stool and scurried, silent as a mouse, to the door. Once she looked back. Their two figures, black against that glorious blue night sky, pricked out now with many stars, were straining so close together that they looked like one figure.

* * *

Audrey was at home again when the storm broke, shaking the respectable Davenant family to its very foundations, and she only dimly made out what all the fuss was about. Uncle John Davenant, so she understood, had discovered something about Aunt Anne that had made him so angry that he had turned her out of the house.

"And a good riddance," said Audrey's father vindictively.

"Poor girl!" said Audrey's mother, who was a kindly soul. "What could you expect, with those looks, and that ancestry? Heaven knows what'll happen to the poor soul now."

"Where *is* Aunt Anne?" Audrey demanded to be told. In London, they said. "With Master Shakespeare, I expect," she said comfortably. "How nice." But at this both the parents gazed at her with such horror and dismay that she trotted off down to the bottom of the garden and began to look for fairies inside the bluebells that grew beneath the flowering apple trees. And she found two or three, murmuring as she picked them up and perched them on her finger, "Merrily, merrily, do I live now, under the blossom that hangs on the bough." She was a much happier little girl in these days, everyone noticed, than she used to be.

And so, at this date, she thought no more about it. It was not until she was an old woman, and had read those terrible scorching scenes of jealousy in some of Shakespeare's plays, and the bitter verses that he wrote to the unfaithful and unhappy dark lady, and the heartbroken ones to the friend who had overwhelmed her and stolen her from him, that she realised that happiness had not come to them after all. "For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright," Shakespeare wrote of Anne, "who art as black as hell, as dark as night." And to his friend he said,

"Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
What has thou then more than thou hadst before?
All mine was thine before thou hadst this more."

There was no suggestion of Arcadia there, and Audrey shivered to think of the abyss of misery into which those two radiant creatures must have fallen. Almost she was glad to think that Aunt Anne had not lived for very long to bear the blows of her fate. She had died while she was still young, and her great beauty still fresh upon her; and Uncle John Davenant was able to marry again, bring up a family of six children, live and die respected and lie at last beside his second wife Jane, in a fine tomb in the church of Saint Martin at Carfax, within a stone's throw of his beloved tavern.

But Master Shakespeare did not die young, and Audrey often wondered if he had been able to comfort himself, as he had once comforted her, with the thought that we and our sorrows are, after all, only such stuff as dreams are made of.

END

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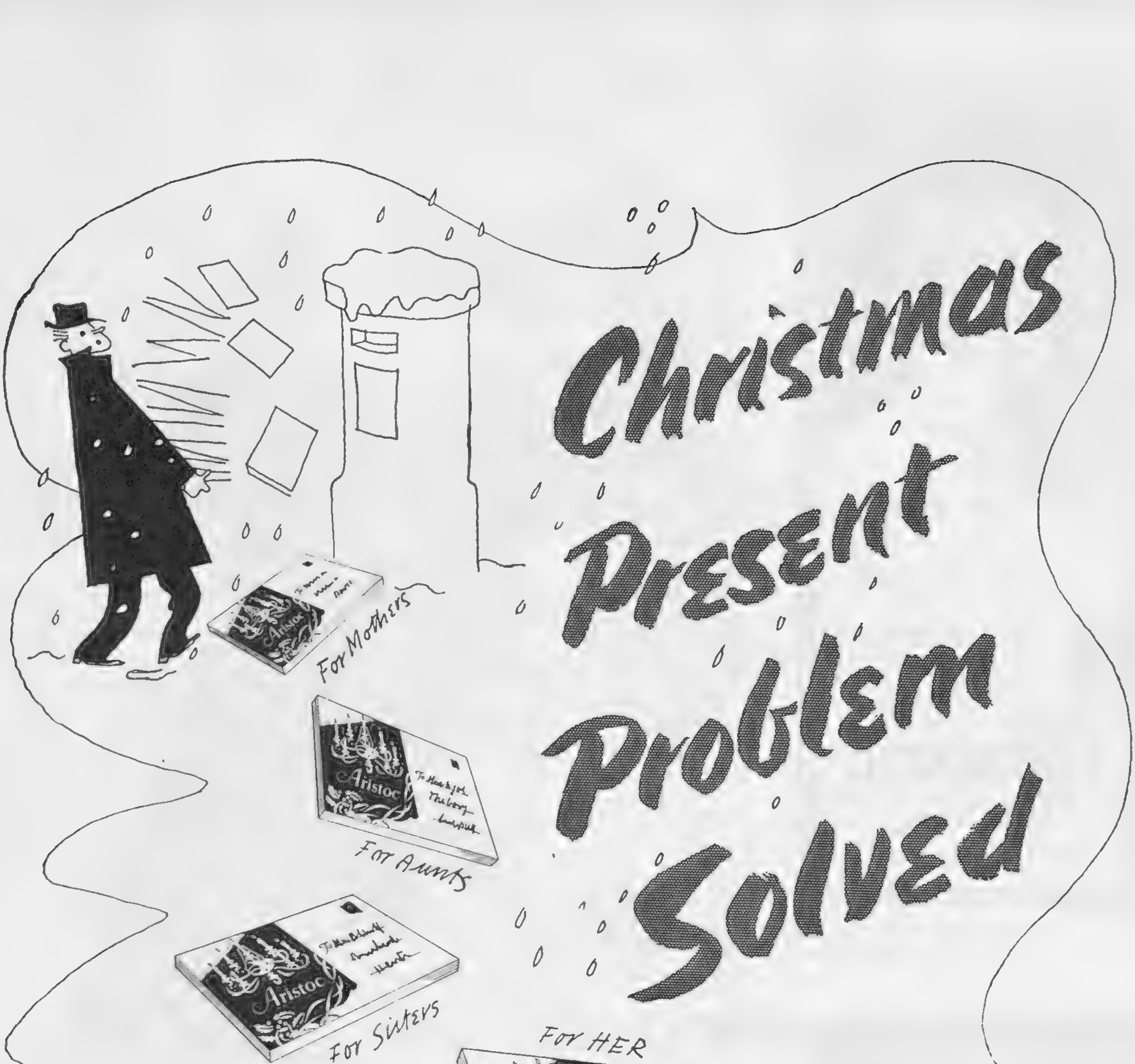
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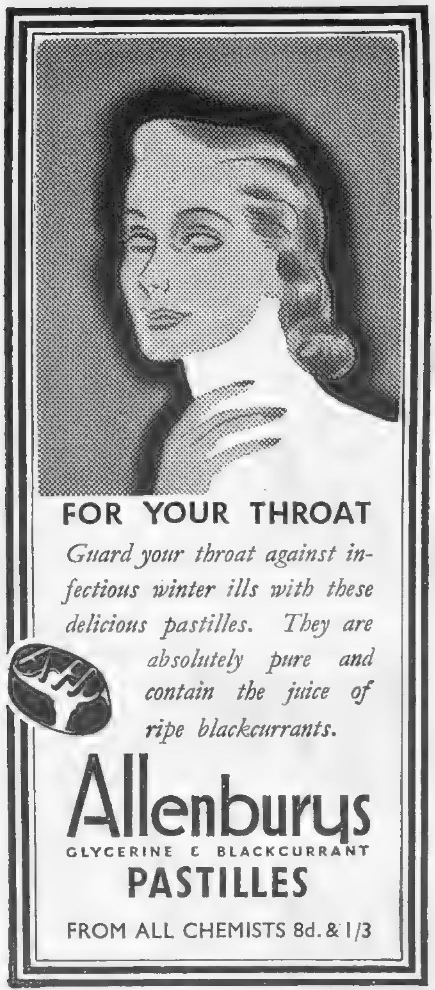
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Will You Dine With Me On Christmas Day?

(*Continued from page* 13)

had a sore throat, it seemed as though it was our own throats that were sore, our own lips parched, our own necks with a noose drawing tighter. Even the final escape does not make that week a pleasant memory. Indeed, I would like to wash it out by the happier atmosphere of a Christmas party.

ON the other side of the Duchess of Windsor, I should place a clergyman. He is not an ordinary sort of clergyman. He does not simply swot up a sermon out of a book and mumble it to an empty church every Sunday morning, and then think his duties for the week are done. He is a crusader. He really has renounced the world, the flesh and the devil, to follow the banner that he considers is the only banner worth following. He really is carrying out Christ's work on earth. His name is Pickering. He is the Vicar of St. Nicholas', Durham. He started life as a Cambridge graduate, and after that he had a cushy job underwriting at Lloyds, until suddenly he heard the call and gave up everything to answer that call. He served his apprenticeship in a poor, straggling London parish, and then went north, where he has spent the last eight years of his life, fighting the slump, the slump in faith as well as the slump in material things that in recent years, has hit the north so hard.

Last Christmas we made a pilgrimage together, Mr. Pickering and myself. I went to Durham with fifteen hundred turkeys that had been provided for me by my readers. It was the happiest moment of my life. Or rather, the happiest twelve hours while we tramped side by side through the slums. In the interval of knocking on each door, Mr. Pickering was able to tell me the whole history of the family we were going to visit. He did not care a damn whether they came to church or not. He went to visit them, just the same. They were God's people and that is all that mattered. I remember one tableau particularly. We went inside to find a pretty girl in her twenties with a baby fast asleep beside the fire. It was a beautiful child, but the mother's eyes at that moment were on the turkey that we had brought her. "God bless you, sir," she said to the vicar. "And God bless you, too," he replied, taking her hand. And somehow, from the way he spoke, it was as though I was hearing those three familiar words for the first time. When we got out again from the alley, he explained to me, without a trace of condemnation in his voice, how the mother was unmarried, but that he had been able to get her a job so that she could look after the baby, whose father had let her down.

I am quite certain, too, whom I should put on Mr. Pickering's other side. In fact, it would be a bit of a conspiracy on my part I admit it frankly. One of my vices or my virtues, it depends on your point of view, consists of trying to bring people together whom I have a hunch might be of use to each other, and I am quite positive that the Rev. F. H. Pickering and the Countess Reventlow, would be of immense mutual assistance. Despite her fantastic wealth, when you see her in public, she gives one the impression of being desperately lonely. She has a face of alabaster, whose delicate, sensitive features seem frozen like the features of the Sleeping Princess. That may seem an exaggerated, poetic image to you, but then perhaps you did not know that in the days when she was Barbara Hutton, she tried to write poetry herself. When I heard of her amateur efforts in this direction, I did not smile as some might do, for I realised only too well, that she was searching for an answer in such self-expression to those questions that all the money in the world cannot answer. Those questions which keep us all awake at night sometimes. Why am I here? What has the future in store for me? Am I making the best of my life?

All those questions undoubtedly Mr. Pickering could give an answer too, and a satisfactory one . . . yes, and I am not forgetting the one about the camel and the eye of a needle. In return, it would only be fair if he received a generous cheque to provide more turkeys for his parishioners this year. And with this mutual exchange of benefits, I am certain that Mr. Pickering and the Countess would get on beautifully together. But all the same, I hope with all my heart that she would not neglect her neighbour on her other side. His name would be Bill Naughton. He is married, has two kids, and lives at Bolton in Lancashire. He is a lorry driver, and every week he writes to me about my current work, and gives me his reactions. Sometimes he praises me, sometimes he tells me pretty sharply where I get off. I look forward to his weekly letter more than to all the other thousands I receive from time to time. Because there is a reality in what he says that stares right out of the paper and gives me furiously to think.

Listen to this: "I know a couple and they had only their dole to draw one week. So they prayed together, the first time since they had left school, and they prayed from the bottom of their hearts, yet there seemed no place where help could come from. But she came home from the dole—and when she opened it TWO TEN SHILLING NOTES were stuck together. I know because I was the husband." "Do you know, Godfrey," again he writes in another letter, "many tragedies are very humorous. We 'popped' a canteen of cutlery once when we were hard up, and we discovered afterwards that we had not a knife in the house. Just try cutting a slice of bread with a razor blade. That is what we used for three days."

You must not think from that that Bill often complains. On the contrary, he thinks he is one of the lucky ones. He earns £3 a week now, he has got a happy family life, and he had a grand summer holiday at Blackpool.

WHO should I give him as his neighbour on the other side? Gracie Fields is the obvious choice. Selfishly I would love to ask her because then perhaps she might be persuaded to sing *Sally In Our Alley* for us afterwards. I am always inveighing against people who invite guests to a meal in the hope that they will get a free performance from them afterwards, but quite unashamedly, using Christmas as my excuse, I should ask three of my guests to perform. I should cater for all tastes. If the rest of the party would not join in the choruses with Gracie—and I cannot believe anyone could be such a sour-puss as to keep silent—perhaps they would at least be enthusiastic when Yehudi Menuhin produced his violin or Harriet Cohen sat down at the piano and played some De Falla. I shall always remember a night last summer when Harriet asked a few of her special friends to her studio, and in the interval of conversation changing hands, she would sit down and play another piece by Clifford Bax or from her repertoire of Bach in which she specialises or from my favourite Spanish composer. At one such moment, I happened to be sitting in the garden, looking out at the sky merging into night, as the first of her chords struck against my consciousness. Pink clouds trailed their glory across the horizon. A church spire was silhouetted sharply in the foreground. Suddenly, pricking the sky, I perceived, not the first star, but the twinkling tail-light of an aeroplane. The peace of nature and the disruptive force of man. As the music surged to its climax, I had never been more conscious of the bitter contrast.

(*Continued on page* 126)

"Is there any cure for orange peel skin, Jane Seymour?"

"Yes," said a woman who came to my Salon, "'orange peel' skin is my trouble. You know — big pores and greasiness. I'm tired of trying to cover it up with powder. Tell me — *is* there any way of improving an unpromising skin like mine?"

"Of course there is," I said, smiling. "I can give you a simple basic treatment which will soon refine the texture and take away the sallowness."

"It sounds almost too good to be true," she said. "Tell me, what is it?"

"First—shun cleansing cream," I said, "and take to Cleansing Lotion instead. It's a tonic as well as a cleanser, slightly astringent, and a very good bleach. For six or seven nights, smooth on Pore Cream to contract those pores to normal size. For the next few weeks, pat in Greaskin Cream, which feeds the skin without adding extra lubrication. Every morning close your pores with Astringent Lotion. And finish off with Petal Lotion—and Greaskin Powder. These two will keep you matt all day."

Well, I'm glad to say she persevered with my prescription. I have a delighted letter from her this morning saying: "I could never have believed my skin could be so fine and free from grease—and I'm shades lighter too! It's a pleasure to make up now."

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As for Yehudi Menuhin, of all the geniuses whom I have never met, he is the one whose personality has most completely captured my imagination. Perhaps it would be a mistake ever to meet him. For I can still remember the shock of disappointment when I first heard H. G. Wells's high, fluting voice. But I would take the risk with Menuhin, because whatever happened to disillusion me in conversation, the old magic would be back again, the moment that he raised his bow and played *Ave Maria*. Yes, I know what a hackneyed piece it is, but I have never had much sympathy for those who are so highbrow that they cannot enjoy a piece like *Ave Maria* because it has come to be part of the repertoire of a barrel organ.

And I would take the same risk of coming face to face with a celebrity in two of my other guests. For I do not believe that either Helen Jacobs or Katharine Hepburn would shrink to the size of an ordinary human being, however well one came to know them. I have been one of Helen Jacobs' most enthusiastic fans for years. To me it's a remarkable thing that someone should look like a Greek goddess, hit a tennis ball like a man, and in her spare time, be an ardent concert-goer. I shall never forget the historic match last summer at Wimbledon, when, having staged a magnificent come-back to reach the final, her Achilles tendon went in the first set when the score was four all, and from that moment Mrs. Moody had merely to keep the ball in play for a couple of returns to win the point. Helen Jacobs was a virtual cripple. That is ancient history now. But what is not so well known is that when she hobbled up to the net to congratulate her rival, this is what she said: "I am sorry I did not give you a better game."

In the course of my work I have had to interview many film stars, and nearly always I have been bitterly disappointed. Miriam Hopkins, off the set, was as mousy as a school-marm, Marlene Dietrich was so quiet that you thought you were looking at one of her posters outside a cinema. But I believe that Miss Hepburn would leave as dynamic an impression behind her at a private party as she did when I first saw her and fell under her spell in *Morning Glory*. For one thing, she does not pretend to be a beauty, and therefore there would be no illusions lost there. She has an ugly voice and high, masculine cheek-bones, and she never cares what she looks like. I know all that. But she has a vitality that is fabulous. She has harnessed the passionate, ambitious restlessness of youth, so that it has led her ever onwards towards the heights of success instead of round and round in a perpetual circle of frustrated longings.

At table, I should sit her next to someone else who knows Hollywood well, but has no more illusions about the place than I guess Miss Hepburn has. That is Bob Sherriff, who first came into the limelight with *Journey's End*, but who has stood success better than any man I know. I asked him once what he thought of Hollywood, and he replied, in an illuminating fashion, "I always spend the evenings sticking in my stamps. The months I spend there every year by my contract, give me a chance to put my collection in order." Bob is a near neighbour of mine in the country and we are rival gardeners. It gives me a tremendous kick when he comes round and praises the roses. I do not mind saying that the reason why I am asking Mr. Middleton to the party is in the hopes that, by the time the brandy has been round again, he will make a rash promise to come down himself in the spring and give me some free advice. However, there is one bone I have got to pick with him. Recently he gave a list of all the roses that he admired and he left out my favourite. Her name is Betty Uprichard, and she looks like a young girl in her first pink party frock. Do you know her history? She is named after an only daughter who was killed out hunting. I cannot imagine a more lovely epitaph, can you?

When the ladies are powdering their noses after dinner, and the men get together, I hope that Bob would move his chair to be beside Lord Beaverbrook, because they both possess one great thing in common. A longing to see farming in this country put on a paying basis once more. Bob is determined to buy a farm somewhere on the coast, where the fields go right down to the shore, and then he is going to put a farmer in charge to make the experiment of seeing why it does not pay, and then more and more experiments, until it ends up by being a profitable concern. And he is not doing this to make any money for himself, for he already has a far larger income than he requires. But simply because he loves his country, the future of his native land, as much as you or I or any man. And who knows, perhaps he is remembering the English proverb of John Ray:

"A little house, well fill'd, a little land, well till'd, and a little wife, well will'd, are great riches."

Yes, indeed, the greatest of all. And that will be the toast, coupled with the toast of "Absent Friends," which at home we have always had on Christmas Day as long as I can remember. And I should raise my glass to my mother sitting facing me at the other end of the table, for I cannot imagine having a Christmas party without her. I expect you feel the same. But hush, before we start getting sentimental, someone is turning down the lights and the bathroom door is opening and here comes Father Christmas. Do you recognise him? Of course you do not. He is the finest character actor on the London stage. Yes, it's Seymour Hicks.

And what has he got in his sack? It's no use asking me, because I do not know.

END

The Apple Green Diamond

(*Continued from page* 17)

languages, and though no one is sure who he is, he has many patrons."

Madame de Guerchy spoke fearfully.

"Pray," she added in a lower voice, "have nothing to do with this dreadful man. He has manifold abilities and talents; but everyone is afraid of him. All those in whom he has shown his interest have died or come to some terrible misfortune. I am indeed sorry that he has noticed you and I shall write to M. de Croy at once!"

"NO!" exclaimed Louise. "I am no longer betrothed to M. de Croy, who is still mourning his wife—and if I wish to see the green diamond, why should I not do so?"

"Green diamond!" exclaimed Madame de Guerchy. "Have nothing to do with his diamonds! He has them by the box load, but they are avoided like arsenic!"

"What makes you think him so evil?" asked Louise, whose fear of the magician was fading into a deep curiosity.

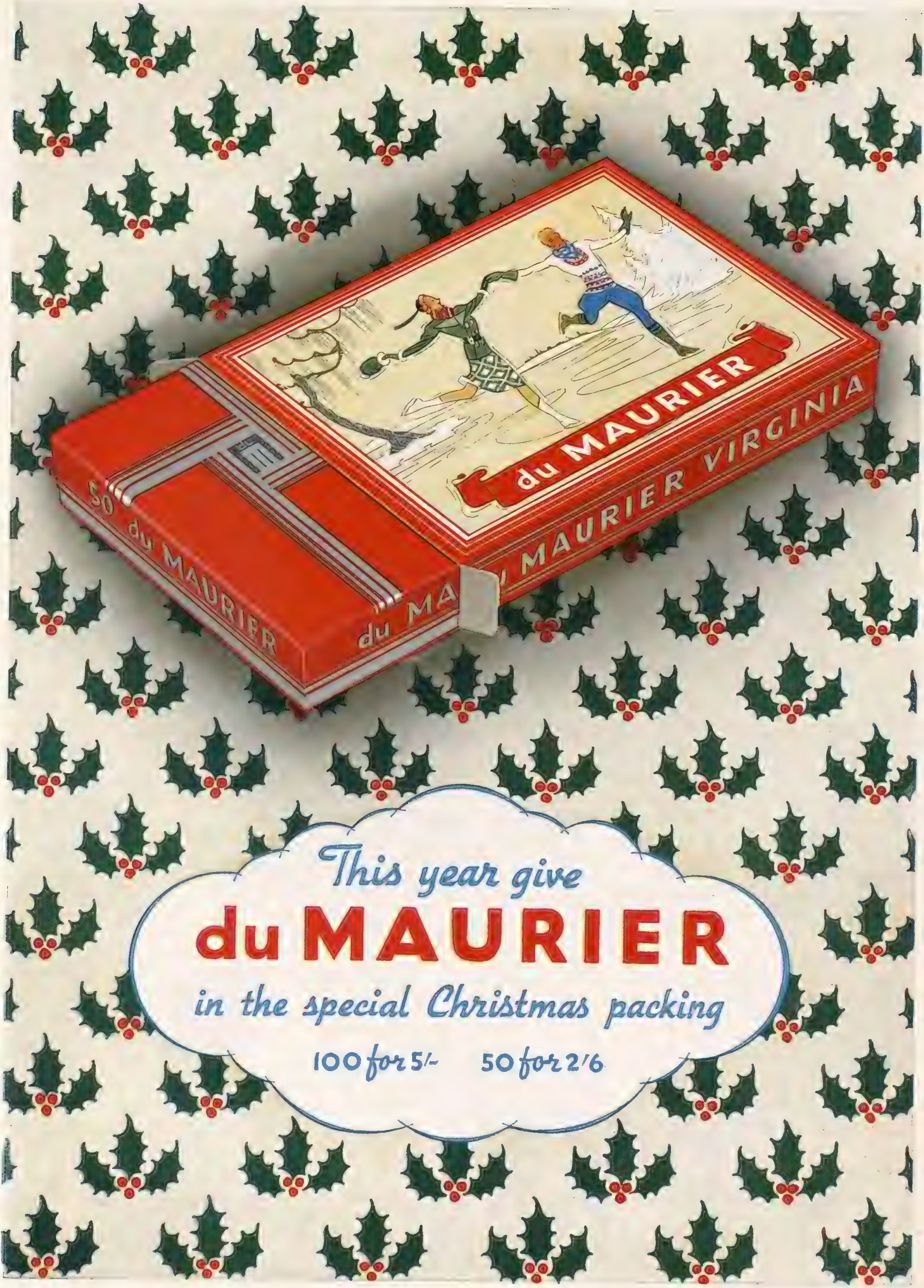
"Child, don't be foolish. It is believed that M. St. Germain is an emissary of Satan, or something not much better. As such he is always trying to snare souls." The gay lady crossed her breast. "And he likes in particular those who are young and innocent."

Louise shuddered at these earnest words.

"How then, madame, is it that he is tolerated at court?"

"He has given the King a panacea for lengthening life, and Madame de Pompadour a pomade for preserving her beauty," whispered Madame de Guerchy. "Besides, he tells wonderful stories—and every one at court is bored and grateful to him for amusing them."

(*Continued on page* 129)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She then made Louise promise to have nothing more to do with M. St. Germain, but the girl could not get the green diamond out of her mind; she looked at the stones in the bouquet that M. de Croy had sent her and how mean they appeared, like chips of glass!

For a few days Madame de Guerchy kept a watch on the girl, then became again absorbed in her card playing and Louise was left to amuse herself.

She wandered about the long galleries, exchanging a few words with acquaintances and feeling very dissatisfied.

There were so many mirrors that she saw her own reflection a hundred times, and what a plain little country mouse she looked!

No wonder that the men ignored her, the women tossed their heads at her, and M. de Croy wanted her only out of convenience, to have a mistress for his great Paris hotel, and his vast country château.

She sank down in a window place and began to cry; all at once, as if he had been wrapped in a protecting cloud, M. St. Germain stood before her; Louise turned pale and rose.

"Remember that I am a man who cannot die and who knows everything, mademoiselle! You feel neglected, lonely! Now, if you were to wear the green diamond, how different everything would be!"

"Wear the green diamond!" whispered Louise. "Why, then surely I should attract a good deal of attention!"

"No one would look at anyone or anything else," the count answered her. "Besides, I could improve your beauty. I have wonderful recipes for rouge and powder, for pomade and perfume, such as were used by Cleopatra, Thais and Helen of Troy."

"But, my betrothed husband?" faltered Louise.

"Bah! You have seen where his heart is! Have you not already decided to break with him? Come, do you desire to be beautiful, or not?"

"I was always considered pretty," murmured Louise.

"Bah! No one looks at you, do they? Come to my apartments, and I shall show you a few of my secrets."

Louise no longer hesitated; she had lost count of time and place, she burnt with a desire to be beautiful, to have the court at her feet; she forgot her home and M. de Croy.

M. St. Germain lighted an arras and revealed a secret door; Louise followed him through this and down a long passage that was dimly lit by sparse lamps.

At the end of this they entered a large chamber that was lofty, plainly furnished and had an unnatural air, for there were no windows and the light came from a lantern hung very high up.

St. Germain begged Louise to seat herself before a tall mirror and clapped his hands. A door opened in the smooth wall that was covered with grey damask and several maids came eagerly in bearing boxes and bottles.

Louise shuddered at their appearance, for they were grey, like the walls, and moved like automata; neat lace caps crowned their ape-like faces and they wore ash-coloured dresses and silver aprons.

The magician stood apart smiling while these attendants performed the toilet of Louise; when they had finished with her face and hair, they put a screen round her, whipped off her clothes and laced her into a dress of white cut velvet with a low corsage, a tight bodice, a huge hoop; they then—still in silence, not one of them had spoken a word—stood aside for her to look into the mirror. Now neither Louise nor her strange grey attendants noticed the modest little wooden cross that the friar had given her, that she had slipped inside her bodice; there it still lay, within her chemise, neither seen nor thought of by the excited young lady.

For, there was no doubt about it, she was becoming, under the ministrations of M. St. Germain's sprites, every moment more beautiful. When they had curled and powdered her brown hair, the white locks showed up the brilliancy of her eyes, the purity of her complexion; the rouging of her cheeks and lips made her appear older, wiser, more alluring. Never had she worn a dress cut so low and never had her bust, shoulders and arms shown to such advantage.

She could scarcely take her eyes from her reflection in the mirror, but, half remorsefully, she put her hand to take up the little bouquet of jewels that M. de Croy had sent her; but at that moment the magician entered the room, bearing a small casket.

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "You do not need to wear that tawdry stuff! The gems are very small—I doubt if they are even real—place this in your bosom my dear child."

He opened the casket and a light, like moonlight reflected from ice, filled the room. Louise exclaimed in rapture as the diamond, in a case lined with white velvet, was held under her gaze.

The colour was, in truth, that of an acid-green apple, but every facet was undershot with light in every dazzling tint of green, that is blue and yellow overlaid and blending into long dazzling shafts and rays of fire.

Louise thought: "This is an unnatural colour, that of poison, of decay——"

"It is also that of plants, fruits and the ocean," smiled M. St. Germain, thus showing that he had read her thoughts. "Allow me to fasten it to your corsage. It is mounted with a clip of pure gold."

She shuddered as his cold fingers touched her flesh, but she felt transformed as the jewel blazed on her bosom. The grey attendants faded away, as if blasted by the beams of the apple-green diamond, and the mirror seemed to expand until it filled the entire room and Louise saw herself in a green radiance that flashed and sparkled with herself in the centre.

The light given forth by the jewel sent a greenish, pearl-like hue over her face, bare shoulders and bosom and sparkled on the crystals and silver thread of her dress like moonlight on snow.

M. St. Germain offered his arm to Louise, who thought no longer of her home, of M. de Croy, of Christmastide drawing so near, but only of her own beauty and the fact that she was wearing the green diamond. The doors of the magician's apartment flew open of their own volition, and M. St. Germain proceeded down the mirror gallery with Louise beside him, her finger-tips lightly resting on his brocade cuff.

It was evening; the musicians were playing in the gilt galleries and thousands of white wax candles had been lit in the chandeliers of cut crystal. Yet all this light was dim compared to that given out by the green diamond. The courtiers who were waiting for the King to pass through into the supper room, put up their quizzing glasses and exclaimed: "What has that mysterious St. Germain done now? He has made a woman out of snow and moonlight and fire!"

For none of them could see, because of the lustre of the green diamond, that this great beauty was none other than Louise Langallerie, the rustic little charmer who had taken the fancy of the Prince de Croy.

Even the ladies were impressed, and drew back with curtsies, for they thought that the companion of M. St. Germain must be some great princess. For no one quite knew who the magician was, but it was generally assumed that he was some very important personage *incognito*.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" he asked Louise. "You will admit that I have some power!" "What must I pay for this?" asked the girl with a sudden pang, as if something hard and sharp had pressed against her heart.

"We will talk about that presently," said M. St. Germain pleasantly; at that moment they passed Madame de Guerchy, who bowed low, not knowing Louise. The girl made no further protests, for the green diamond had another effect on her, besides entrancing her beauty it was chilling her heart, and the sole reason that it did not turn this completely to ice in her bosom was because of the forgotten wooden cross that lay inside her bodice. The courtiers (*Continued on page 130*)

Here's a happy ending, says James. He means the tricky fringe on cuffs and neck of this distinctive jumper. Make it in "Excelsior" Crêpe Wool, in Amber, Burnt Orange or Persian Peacock.

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BEFORE AFTER

stood aside to allow the King to pass; he came down the gallery, slowly and with a bored air as usual, but he was startled on looking round to perceive a greenlike flash from every one of the mirrors that lined the walls.

He thought vaguely of the star that had guided the Wise Men and he ordered the purple velvet curtains to be drawn that he might see the sky. It was blank of stars, and the King, looking about him again, perceived that the light came from the bosom of a beautiful young woman who was standing quite near him, in a respectful attitude.

Madame Pompadour was beside him, but King Louis paused and gazed at the stranger as if he had never seen loveliness before. The magician whispered in the girl's ear: "You could take the place of Madame Pompadour and enslave the mightiest monarch in the world!"

Louise smiled; she looked with defiance at the favourite and with tenderness at the King, then when His Majesty had reluctantly gone on his way, M. St. Germain took his new *protegée* into the card room at the end of the gallery.

Louise had never entered this room that was hung with straw-coloured velvet and lit by five hundred candles, before. There was a large circular table in the centre of the room and round this pressed a crowd of men and women with fevered, haggard faces, their anxiety showing through their elegance and their paint; for here came those to whom gambling had become a madness and a ruin; those who used the cards as a diversion merely used the little alcoves in the galleries.

To this room experienced gamblers enticed young nobles who had just made their *entrée* to court and here women of boundless extravagance, pressed by creditors, came to gamble their jewels on a throw of a dice or a chance of the cards.

"Why should I play?" asked Louise; she felt oppressed, for indeed the air was heavy with a miasma of evil, and what of her heart was not frozen by the apple green diamond stirred in shame and terror.

But M. St. Germain made way for her, obsessed as the gamblers were by their passion, they yet recognised him and shrank from him and allowed his companion to approach the table that was piled with cards, dice, and pyramids of gold.

Obeying the whispered instructions of the magician, Louise played, staking on the numbers he told her, for the company were hazarding on a wheel that a tall man with a long white staff, spun at intervals.

Louise won every time she put her stake down, and her companions shrank away from her sinister good luck, and the blaze of the green diamond.

Suddenly a clock struck and M. St. Germain touched Louise on the shoulder.

"We must go now, for I have other work to do, but meet me to-morrow evening and we will have supper together." As he spoke the room, the gamblers, the light of the five hundred candles, faded together and all the gold that Louise had been holding fell out of her hands in the shape of breadcrumbs; she found herself in the park with the dusk falling, throwing bread to the little brown birds.

Before her stood M. St. Germain with a smile on his face and in his cravat the green diamond that now cast forth a more subdued ray.

"Oh, you have made fun of me!" exclaimed Louise, looking down at her ordinary clothes. "You have deceived me!"

"Not at all, I merely showed you what it was like to be admired and rich—to be gazed at by a king and to handle gold by the heap. In short, I gave you a taste of my favours. You have taken my fancy and I am prepared to renew them."

Louise, now that she no longer wore the green diamond had recovered most of her human feeling, but her heart was still cold from contact with the icy stone, and she was infected with a great longing to wear it again.

"Allow me to escort you to the palace," said M. St. Germain, "it is dark and cold."

Louise felt very humiliated as she passed

again through the groups of courtiers in the long gallery of mirrors and no one took any notice of her at all; she heard several people earnestly disputing the identity of the lady who had lately been seen with M. St. Germain and whose beauty had been literally dazzling.

Louise looked at her companion; she noticed that the green diamond he wore had shrunk to the size of a pin point and was, indeed, almost invisible.

As she passed Madame de Guerchy she heard her aunt whisper:

"What an extraordinary man M. St. Germain is! He was last seen with a distinguished and lovely stranger and now he is escorting poor little Louise who is really very insignificant."

The magician left the girl at the door of her apartment and she crept into bed feeling strange, excited and restless. She could not sleep, but stood for a long while at the window listening to the bellringers practising the Christmas chimes and trying to think of the peaceful merry Christmastide she had enjoyed at home, but her mind was on the green diamond and the beauty and power it had given her—so entrancingly, so briefly.

Now it chanced that M. de Croy had obtained leave from his duties at Strasbourg and was hastening home to spend Christmas with his betrothed; there was not time to let her know of this for he intended to travel faster than any post, but as it happened he encountered a great storm of snow and was forced to put up at a post-house to rest the weary horses, himself and his servants.

The tempest continued and M. de Croy, to his intense annoyance found it impossible to continue; he would have risked all possible danger to himself, but no one would guide him and this part of the country was unknown to him; so he sat, fuming, in the parlour of the hostelry, for he was very much in love with his country bride.

As he gazed impatiently into the flames of the great fire, trying to control himself into the composure suitable to his rank, a brown-habited friar entered the room and meekly, in God's name, greeted the young gentleman. M. de Croy was respectful and offered the friar his chair; an expression of pleasure passed over the holy man's face.

"I perceive, monseigneur," he said, "that though you have youth, rank and wealth, you yet offer deference to a poor friar, and that although you are in a bad temper."

"You read me too clearly, my father!"

"If you knew the truth you would be in even more of a hurry. Your betrothed is in great danger of losing her immortal soul."

"Is it possible!" A look of horror passed over M. de Croy's handsome features.

"A magician is enchanting her. He has given her a green diamond, that he confused from the burning sands of Hell, to wear. When she puts it on again her heart will completely freeze. She will sign away her soul at his bidding and follow him to the ends of the earth and beyond, into perdition."

"I must start at once!" exclaimed M. de Croy, springing up so that all the gold lace on his uniform shook and the powder flew from his hair, "but how to obtain a guide!"

"There is white magic as well as black," smiled the friar. "I will guide you myself, monseigneur."

"You! Bare-footed, and in this storm! Besides, I don't suppose you can ride——"

The friar smiled away M. de Croy's objections.

"One must allow something for the fact that it is Christmas Eve. You are both kind-hearted; your betrothed offered to find a bowl of soup for a poor wanderer and you offered me a chair by the fire. Come, monseigneur, order out your horse and I will meet you by the porch in a few minute's time."

With this, the brown-robed friar left the room.

"Of course, he is mad," said M. de Croy, "but I will chance that."

So he called the host, bade his horse be prepared and ordered his servants to wait until the storm had subsided. At this there was a great outcry that the prince was out of his wits, and all (*Continued on page 132*)

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his people crowded about him, begging him not to trust himself to the crazy friar.

But M. de Croy wrapped his military cloak over his uniform, mounted his white horse and waited for the friar who duly appeared and murmuring a prayer, took the horse's bridle.

It was dark and the snow was falling so thickly that M. de Croy could not see his hand before him, but, after they had proceeded a little way through this murk, a pale light hovered in front of the friar and made a luminous path before him, while a gentle warmth enveloped the travellers, who began to move with incredible swiftness, passing through the storm with the swiftness of light itself.

So, before Christmas Eve was over, they arrived at the great gates of Versailles and though these were closed, they passed through, up the great avenue, where the trees bent beneath their weight of snow, to that part of the vast palace where Louise had her rooms.

"Why do you take this trouble for me?" asked M. de Croy, humbly.

"You love her truly and with an undivided heart—she loves you, though the green diamond is making her forget that. I gave her a little cross," added the friar, "and she has kept that over her heart and that has prevented it from becoming quite frozen."

"I do not like to leave my horse in the storm," said M. de Croy, dismounting.

"Do not fear, you will find him quite safe in the morning."

So the young soldier followed the friar up the terrace steps, along the terrace, and through the window of Louise's apartments. She was seated at her dressing-table, with two grey attendants hovering about her, and before her stood M. St. Germain, holding the green diamond in his hand.

"But you really must, before I take you out to supper, throw away that ugly wooden cross," he was saying, as Louise hesitated, her greedy gaze on the diamond. The friar passed between her and M. St. Germain and boldly exclaimed:

"Back to your infernal outposts, fiend!"

The magician gave a cry of rage and terror, the diamond split into sharp flames and he disappeared in a rush of fire, the grey attendants being drawn away in the trailing smoke.

"Louise!" exclaimed M. de Croy, and clasped her in his arms.

Being no longer under the spell of M. St. Germain, she was delighted to see him and forgot about the vision of his first wife, for she saw that she was truly loved.

She also remembered the friar perfectly and when she heard of the service he had just rendered, she turned to thank him, but the holy man had gone.

"In my little room at home is a statue of St. Francis," she said, "and he found me when I was feeding the sparrows."

Then the lovers went on their knees and prayed together before they waited on Madame Guerchy to tell her that they were to be married immediately and before they had finished discussing their plans, the bells rang out for Christmas morning, and Louise took out the friar's gift from her bosom and kissed it humbly.

But M. St. Germain was driving in a sledge across the ice, wrapped in a protecting cloud, with the green diamond to light him on his wanderings.

END

One Week of History

(*Continued from page* 29)

"We are resolved," perorated the Führer. "The nation stands behind me to a man, and as one man, let Benes choose between peace or war."

Those in England who understood German were also resolved. A cause had dawned upon the darkness of futility. There was no mistaking the purport of Herr Hitler's aims: they were all-conquest, Germany all-powerful; his attitude constituted a menace to the liberty of free peoples. It was a challenge to arms, and as such must be met.

Typically British was Mr. Harold Nicolson's talk on "The Past Week" over the radio at 10 p.m. He showed clearly that Herr Hitler's Godesberg demands did not merely aim at the cession of Sudetenland, but at the end of Czechoslovak independence. For the first time we also heard that if Germany invaded Czechoslovakia, France would be bound to come to her assistance, and England and Russia would stand by France.

THE 11 P.M. NEWS BULLETIN announced that Parliament would be called at 2.45 p.m. on WEDNESDAY.

The Roosevelt Peace Message had been withheld from the public in Germany.

Tuesday, September 27

Morning papers had little to add to the late night broadcasts.

Mechanical diggers were now working in the parks scooping out the earth. Excavation in London squares had begun; evacuation from certain hospitals, notably St. George's and West London, was in progress.

An extraordinary gentleness prevailed among strangers to each other in the street. It was as though each creature regarded the other as already doomed. Air raids were clearly uppermost in people's minds. The big stores sold out of gas-suits, other departments were deserted save for their attendants who stood like dummies.

THE 10.30 A.M. NEWS BROADCAST announced that the Premier would speak to the nation at 8 p.m.

Traffic had diminished, nursemaids had vanished from the park. Early editions of the evening papers set up a catchpenny trade on the previous day's news. ROOSEVELT WARNS HITLER was a placard which concealed a repetition of the peace wire published twenty-four hours previously. At last a noonday placard struck a bright note: KEEP CALM AND DIG. Two old ladies in a bus nearly passed out: "Did you ever hear the like, KEEP CALM AND DIE," they said, misreading it.

A number of lorries passed with troops in tin helmets; there were many military motor cycle despatch riders on the streets. GAS MASKS EVERYWHERE WERE GIVEN OUT.

THE 1 P.M. NEWS BROADCAST announced *Sir Horace Wilson flying back from Berlin. Food prices were to remain fixed until October 8.*

The Queen who was launching the new transatlantic liner at Clydebank had given a message to the people from the King: "KEEP COOL HEADS AND BRAVE HEARTS."

The L.C.C. plan for the evacuation of schoolchildren from London was divulged to parents assembled at public schools. Children were to come to school in their warmest clothes, wearing an overcoat and mackintosh. They were to bring a small suitcase, containing nightgear and toothbrush; if possible, also, a rug. Suitcases—in the case of St. Paul's girls' were to be labelled H.90; in this way any child who wandered away from her school tea and became lost at a great terminus would promptly be sent back to her platform. The names of railheads were to be made known only to headmasters and headmistresses just before starting. A broadcast message would announce which letters of the alphabet were to proceed to school equipped. Parents would be informed later where their children were billeted and could fetch them at any time. The Government would contribute ten shillings and sixpence a week to each child's expenses. But headmistresses warned parents who were already thinking of sending their families away privately, that it would be best to do so, as any arrangement the L.C.C. could make in regard to public schools was of a temporary nature, and children could always pursue

(*Continued on page* 134)

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their education wherever they went at secondary schools.

An intolerable weight seemed to close down on London during the day, the sky seemed to have been driven down to meet the earth, and it had, actually, in torrents of rain.

The Prime Minister's Broadcast at 8 p.m. began in a voice charged with emotion, a voice that almost broke under the words: "How horrible ... *fantastic* ... and incredible it is that we should be digging trenches and trying on gas masks here, because of a quarrel in a far-away country between people of whom we know nothing. It seems more impossible still that a quarrel which has already been settled in principle should be the subject of war ... armed conflict between the nations is a nightmare to me. *Only* if I were convinced that any nation had made up its mind to dominate the world by force, should I feel it must be resisted. . . But war is a fearful thing, and we must be very clear before we embark on it that it is really the great issues that are at stake, and that the call to risk everything in their defence is irresistible. For the present I ask you to wait ... as long as war has not begun there is always hope . . . and you know I am going to work for peace until the last moment."

Reactions to this speech were three-fold. A minority, who were certain that the Nazi movement desired to dominate the world by force, thought the Premier should have given England a fighting slogan.

Those who had hoped for peace at any price, whatever the issues, were discouraged, and felt there could be no other outcome but war. Had there been hope, the Premier would have given it.

Wives wept. There remained the vast majority who felt that if a way out could be found, the Premier would find it, and if *not* and the worst came to pass and they had to fight, fight they would. They backed Mr. Chamberlain, whatever the outcome.

His broadcast was straightway translated into German, Italian and French and transmitted from all Regional stations. The German version began with President Roosevelt's peace appeal to Dr. Benes (the same appeal as was sent to Hitler and England), and Dr. Benes' reply. While this broadcast was going on, German stations were repeating a recorded version of Herr Hitler's Sportspalatz speech of the night before. The two contrasted strangely, Mr. Chamberlain's broken voice, Hitler's triumphant shout.

Wednesday, September 28

The British Fleet was Mobilised.

Roosevelt sent another message to Hitler, this time to him alone. Many people took comfort from the fact that this cable placed the responsibility of war on the Führer. "The question before the world to-day Mr. Chancellor," said the cable, "is not a question of errors of judgment or of injustices committed in the past. It is a question of the fate of the world to-day and to-morrow. It is therefore, supremely important that negotiations should continue. . ." If Hitler failed to respond, America would come in on *our side*, they thought. (Turkey appeared to be friendly and ready to come in. She would harass Italy in the Mediterranean. How soon could England enforce a blockade was the great question? The Nizam of Hyderabad and thirty-two Indian Princes had offered the resources of their states to the King-Emperor. The Punjab was loyal. We had Australian and Canadian support.)

Newspapers were full of the new Women's Auxiliary Territorial Service, requiring 2,000 *officers and* 23,000 *members. Officers were to enrol for an indefinite period and members for a period of four years, with the option of re-enrolment for periods of two, three, or four years at a time.* Oh dear! did that mean this war was expected to last six years at least then?

Local borough councils sent round an urgent appeal asking women to report *immediately* at their local St. John's Ambulance depots. Most women went and enrolled as nurses, and came out feeling slightly cheered as they would at least be doing their bit.

Parents who arrived at railway station with families, found the termini so crowded, they realised that private families would have to travel by night mail-trains.

Sandbags were piling up in streets, especially in the City. The 1 a.m. News Broadcast *issued warning of air activities for practice over London. Searchlights were to be unmasked. Appeals were made for the enrolment of A.R.P. wardens, ambulance drivers, firemen.*

Certain L.C.C. schools and high schools evacuated.

Placards announce: Germans Delay Mobilisation Twenty-Four Hours. This came as news to many who did not expect a German mobilisation till Friday.

At 3.30 p.m. the B.B.C. Started Relaying the Prime Minister's Speech from House of Commons. This speech has since become so firmly part of the fabric of history it seems as though there could never have been a time when it was awaited in kitchens, in bedrooms over trunks where packing was proceeding, in offices where no work was being done, in motor vans, in factories, and was as yet unspoken. It was vital to all men, nothing else counted.

The Premier started by the narration of his trips to Germany, to Berchtesgaden: "*I know to-day, that my visit there alone prevented invasion. . .*" He told of his return to Godesberg with the terms Hitler had demanded—self-determination for the Sudeten Germans—when he was confronted with entirely fresh demands; of the letters which passed from one side to the other of the Rhine, between him and Hitler, which (on consultation of a White Paper subsequently) showed the untiring patience of a Chamberlain determined to preserve order, and the unswerving determination of a Hitler to play conqueror over the Czechs.

Came a survey of the last few days' inexorable drift to war—and then the Prime Minister mentioned things we did not know: that that morning he had sent a *last* appeal to Herr Hitler, and had also appealed to Mussolini to intercede. It was Mussolini's intercession that had delayed the German mobilisation for twenty-four hours. (At this moment there was a rustle of papers along the ministerial bench. These papers were passed up to the Premier who read them and said in a trembling voice: "I have now been informed by Herr Hitler that he invites me to meet him at Munich to-morrow morning. He has also invited Signor Mussolini and M. Daladier."

M.P.'s were stunned. They could not believe what they had heard. Then they swept to their feet with a burst of prolonged never-ending cheering. The hell which had overshadowed them for days had been cracked for a glimpse of heaven. The news was incredible. The relief stupendous. Never had the House of Commons been treated to such a *volte face*, to such a spectacular *coup de théâtre*.

Was it Hitler, that master of stagecraft, who had arranged the telegram should arrive at that time? Or did the Prime Minister know before he came to the House of Commons?

The debate was adjourned. The news was relayed by loud-speakers to crowds outside. To the cheering throng in Whitehall the Premier waved his hat and said: "It's all right this time . . . all right."

Papers came out; as fast as they were delivered they were bought up. People devoured them standing, anyhow, anywhere in the street. They were so anxious to know all they could find out. The sky which had pressed down on the earth had sprung back, magically released, to its proper place. An intolerable weight had been lifted. Here was Hope.

M. Daladier who was to have broadcast to France that night said only a few words. Herr Hitler had left Berlin, Signor Mussolini had left Rome. Sleep should have been sweet in London, but until dawn searchlights crossed the sky and aeroplanes kept up a menacing drone. (*Continued on page* 136)

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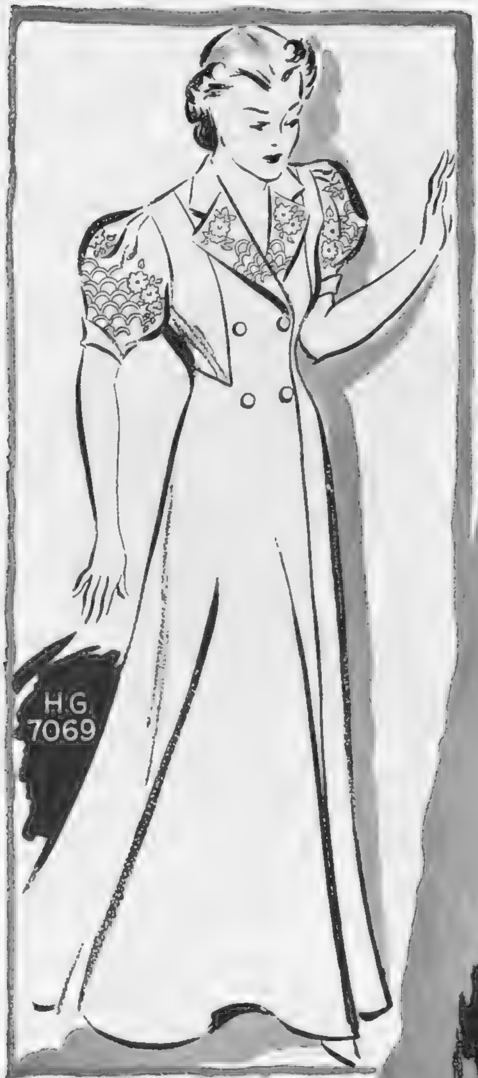

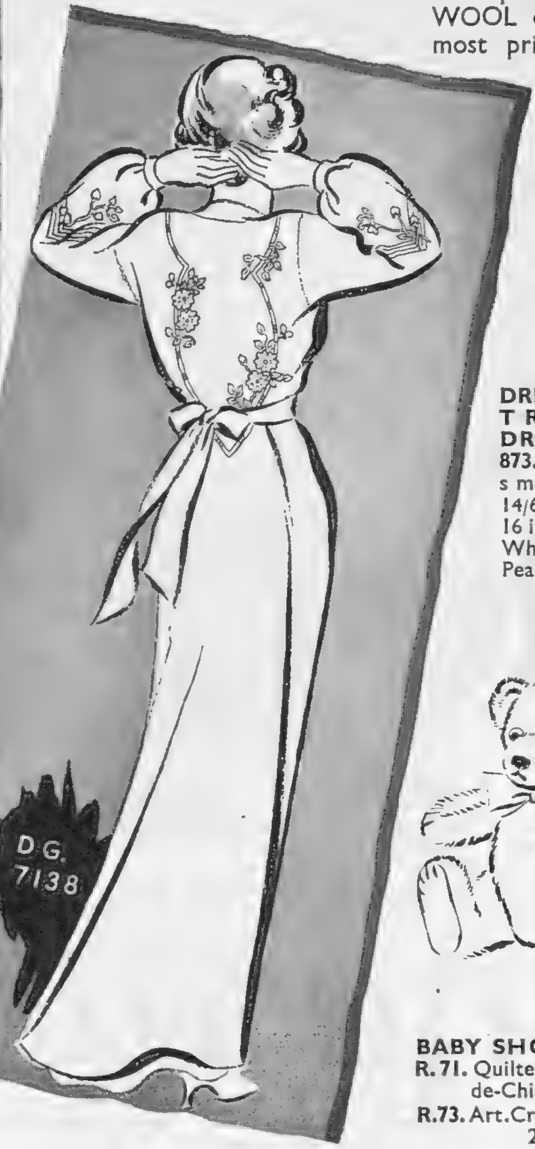

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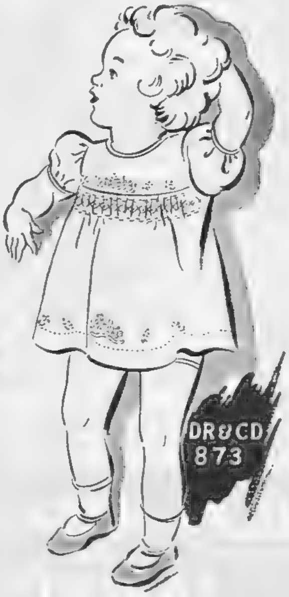

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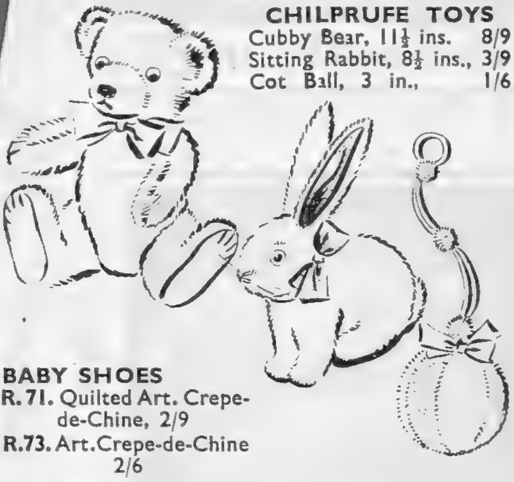

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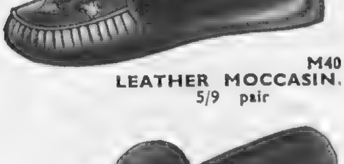

M40
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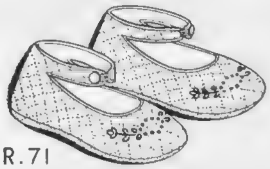

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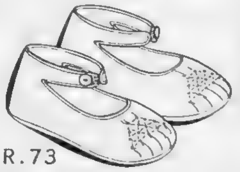

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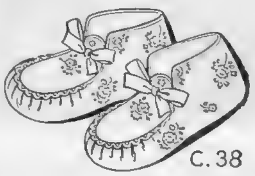

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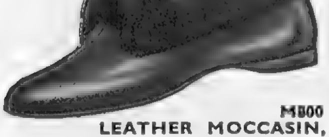

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DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

CHRISTMAS GIFTS of 10/- and upwards will be most welcome.

Cheques, etc. (crossed), payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes, should be sent to 319 Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

Thursday, September 29

Cabinet Ministers were at Heston Aerodrome at an early hour to see the Prime Minister off.

HITLER SEES RED LIGHT was a newspaper placard, misread owing to the way it was placed on the pavement as: "HITLER SEES BED LIGHT.

The slackening of tension was so great many people were ill. THE 10.30 A.M. NEWS BROADCAST reproduced the Prime Minister's speech before leaving for Munich: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. When I come back, I hope to say as Hotspur says in *Henry IV*: 'Out of this nettle danger, we pluck this flower, safety.'" Some people would have preferred the use of the word peace. Since when had Britain to seek safety?

Evening newspapers continued to come out in half-hourly editions.

TWO CZECHS INVITED BY PREMIER.

CZECHS ACCOMPANY MISSION.

BIG FOUR IN MUNICH.

BIG FOUR GO FOR A DRIVE: This gave rise to the query which one was going to be bumped off?

But there was an upward lilt to affairs as compared to the downward thrust of the last four days. Families who had migrated from London thought about returning, did not unpack. Families who were still in town did not unpack either, but were glad they had not left. Schools opened with five per cent of pupils present.

A.R.P. booklets were delivered. Broadcasts kept up the appeals for volunteers for war services, and explained details of London's evacuation scheme. But life was none the less returning to normal, the afternoon première of a new film show which had been cancelled, opened.

THE 1 P.M. NEWS BROADCAST said the Big Four had already set in to their conference at Munich. How could it fail?

True, the *Evening Standard* had reported that M. Daladier had strode grim and unsmiling down the ranks of his Guard of Honour at the Munich aerodrome. He did not like his rôle. This paper had also published a wired photograph of Hitler and Mussolini driving through the streets, in which Hitler's eye, indeed his whole face, had a wild gleam of triumph. Was it possible that Hitler was going to win? Had something been conceded to him?

But these and other misgivings aroused by a poster which said: ALL FRANCE ON WAR FOOTING, were swept aside in the rising tide of optimism. The probability of war had receded so far that the events recorded were no longer of personal concern; they were part of a drama being enacted against the blackcloth of Europe.

THE 11 P.M. LATE NEWS BROADCAST had no definite statement. The conference was still sitting. But it was significant that night work on trenches had been suspended in both squares and parks.

Friday, September 30

PEACE AGREEMENT SIGNED.

This news was officially announced at Munich at 1.45 a.m., and the terms were immediately transmitted to the Czech Government. They were accompanied by a map and agreed upon the:

Evacuation of Sudeten areas in ten days; evacuation to start on October 1 *and be completed by October* 10, *without destruction of any of the existing installations. The Czechoslovak Government was to bear the responsibility for seeing that the evacuation was carried out without damaging the aforesaid installations.*

The occupation by stages of the predominantly German territories by German troops was to begin on October 1, *and be completed by October* 5. *The remaining territories of a German character were to be ascertained by an International Commission forthwith, and occupied by German troops by October* 10.

What was this?

Were the Czechs to abandon their guns and forts intact? Was there to be an armed occupation as against the non-military occupation, for which Mr. Chamberlain had previously fought? On reference to the map it was idle to pretend that the areas did not more nearly conform to those of the Godesberg map, than to those of the Anglo-French plan. To take one point alone, the cession of some of these territories would take ninety per cent of the Czech coal.

Why had we given way to Hitler's demands of the previous week after mobilising the Fleet, Army and Air Force, digging trenches all over England and issuing gas masks?

What did it mean? And why was Russia who had not been present at the Four Power Talk, so quiet?

But these questions were only the stricken mutterings of a minority among a population that had gone mad with joy over *certified* peace.

They argued that Hitler had consented to negotiate, and that was the main point; that although the German troops would march into Czechoslovakia the next day at 2 p.m., it would be a peaceful occupation. And anyway, had there been war, the Czechs would have been wiped out.

Jubilation ran riot. Families unpacked: others tried to get out of the leases they had signed for country houses (country owners were most generous); housewives asked grocers to take food back.

Traffic reappeared on London Streets. There was a sharp rally on the Stock Exchange, in Wall Street, and on the Paris Bourse.

THE 1 P.M. NEWS BROADCAST announced that Mr. Chamberlain had signed a private Peace Pact with Herr Hitler. Private, in that only the interpreter, Dr. Schmidt, had been present. It testified to "*the desire of our two peoples never to go to war with one another again,*" and continued: "*We are resolved that the method of consultation shall be adopted to deal with any other questions that may concern our two countries, and we are determined to continue our efforts to remove possible sources of difference.*"

Then came the Czech acceptance of the FOUR POWER TERMS. (The Czech Government had previously expressed itself as amazed; and now said): "*The Czechoslovak Government after having considered the decisions of the Munich Conference taken without and against it, finds no other means but to accept, and has nothing to add.*"

But in Munich Mr. Chamberlain had been acclaimed by a crowd of five thousand, to whom he had waved a bouquet. M. Daladier had been acclaimed by two thousand. In London Mrs. Chamberlain was mobbed when she went for her morning walk in St. James's Park.

THE 4 P.M. NEWS BROADCAST cited the opinion of the *New York Times*: "Let no man say too high a price had been paid for peace in Europe, until he has searched his soul and found himself willing to risk in war the lives of his nearest and dearest. *But no man who is honest will attempt to pretend to himself that a high price has not been paid.*

"It is a price that enables a dictator to claim that he has scored over the democracies of Europe the greatest diplomatic triumph of modern times; that he has accomplished by a mere ultimatum what Bismarck failed to accomplish with armies."

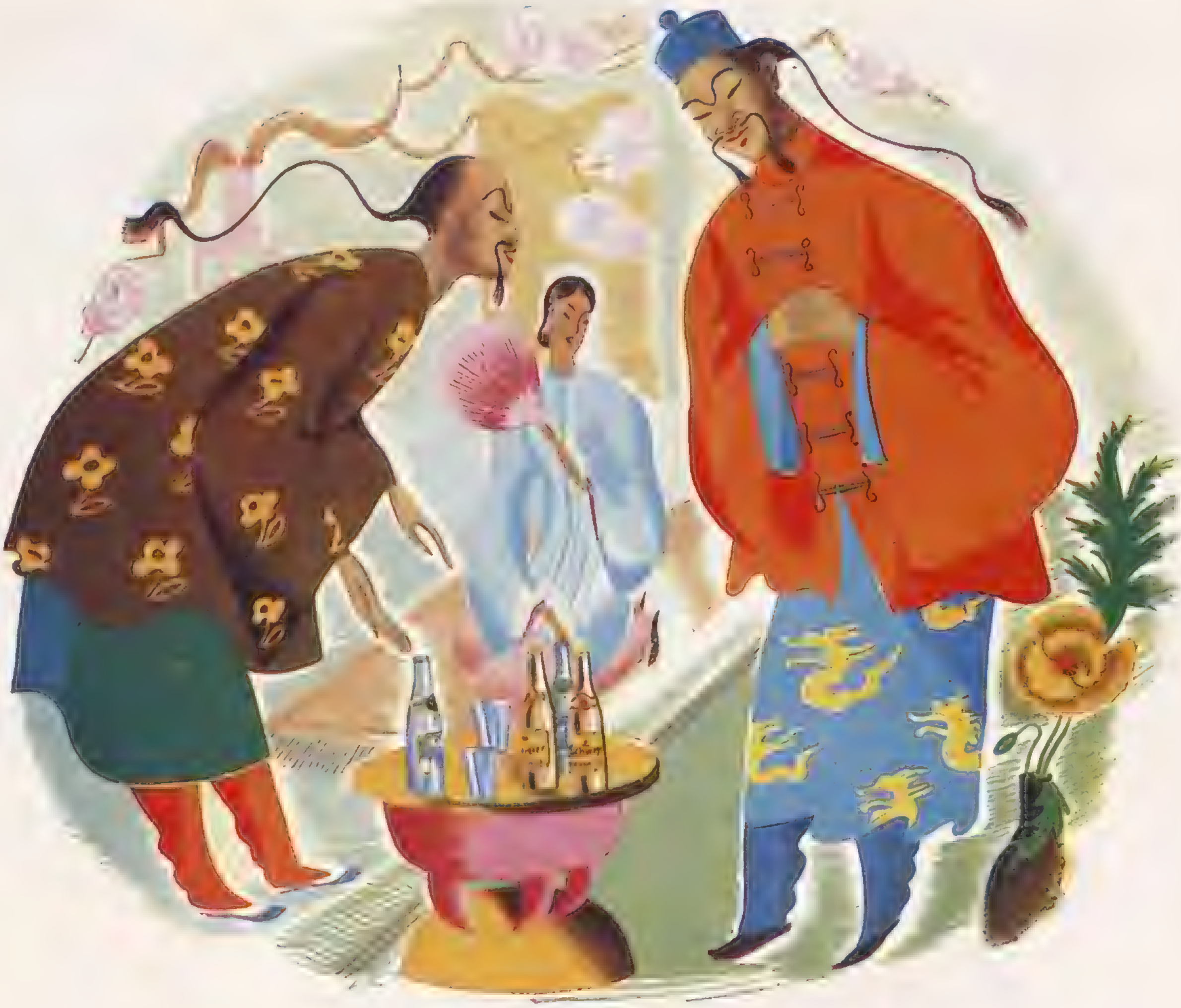
MANY TERRITORIAL UNITS DISSOLVED AND CAME BACK TO THEIR HOMES. Several of these men deservedly had a most profitable week. There was the case of one sergeant, an electrician by trade, who received close on £8 from the Government and £4 from his firm.

THE 6 P.M. NEWS BROADCAST recorded the delirious reception given to Mr. Chamberlain on his arrival back at Heston. He produced the peace pact he had signed with Herr Hitler, which he had also dated. Mounted police had to clear a way for him through crowds assembled at Buckingham Palace. Anti-aircraft searchlights had to be focused on a Palace balcony. The King and Queen came out, and stood on either side of the Prime Minister and his wife. The crowd sang "For he's a jolly good fellow," and would not disperse. Mr. Chamberlain was mobbed again in Downing Street. He was the Man of the Hour.

In France

(*Continued on page* 139)

IN CHINA ONE DRINKS TAR-ASUN . . *



. . . WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

* Tar-asun is the old-style beer of China. Brewed from wheat or barley, it is sweet, and generally drunk warm. But a Chinese epicure can pay you no higher compliment than ask you to enter his execrable house and delight his despicable family by cooling your honourable throat with celestial Schweppes.

WHEREVER YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

BUTTER AT ITS VERY BEST

IT IS SUMMER TIME now in New Zealand, and although New Zealand butter is "grass-fed" *all the year round*, current arrivals are of particularly fine quality and flavour.

All the natural health-giving properties of warm sunshine and fresh green pasturelands are brought to you in New Zealand Butter. Every pound is full of health and enjoyment for you and your family during the trying days ahead.

NEW ZEALAND BUTTER

ASK FOR IT BY NAME

N.Z.116

One Week of History

M. Daladier's route through Paris was strewn with flowers, Signor Mussolini was cheered all the way from the Italian frontier to Rome.

At the same moment in Prague, General Syrovy was broadcasting an appeal for calm. "I have experienced the most tragic moment of my life. I am fulfilling a duty that is worse than dying. But my aim is to preserve intact the life of our nation. . . ."

It was the one city that was not indulging in the European "Barn Dance."

Mr. Chamberlain was still the Man of the Hour. There were suggestions that he should be given the Nobel Prize for Peace. Streets were to be named after him; he was to be presented with estates in France.

In France M. Daladier had been asked why he consented to the handing over of the Czech forts intact, as these fortifications were a reproduction of those on the Maginot Line between Germany and France.

Instead of the usual week-end exodus from town, the great trek back to London began. Trains were filled to over-flowing; there were traffic blocks and cars proceeded at a snail's pace on the road from Bath.

Householder were requested to take care of their gas masks, and put them away in corrugated paper boxes. A.R.P. preparations had been estimated to have cost the nation £45,000,000. Builders had profited during the crisis: the price of sand had risen to five times the normal, timber to three times; picks and shovels cost double, so did buckets and torches.

In the afternoon the Czechoslovak Government bowed to the Polish demand, and ceded the Teschen district to Poland.

The German troops entered Sudetenland at two o'clock; Herr Hitler returned to Berlin as the conquering hero; church bells pealed and he was bombarded with bouquets. "It is the greatest day in all my life," he said, and was believed.

Sunday, October 2

The Archbishop of Canterbury had called for Thanksgiving Services, which people were eager to attend, for their hearts were overflowing.

A slight murmur broke from the minority who could feel no rapture: Mr. Duff-Cooper, First Lord of the Admiralty, resigned—owing to his profound distrust of the foreign policy the Government was pursuing.

Mr. Harold Nicolson, M.P., speaking at Manchester, also said: "We have betrayed a valiant little country and a great democratic idea. Many people feel that in so doing, we have achieved peace for a generation. They are wholly mistaken."

NAVAL RESERVISTS who had been called up, returned home. It was a day of reunions and of fresh rejoicings. Families made merry in homes where traces of the Great Flight were fast being obliterated.

Many were laid low by nervous prostration. So much had happened in a week. On the previous Sunday they had been peremptorily summoned from their homes to fit on gas masks; this Sunday they were stowing these away in attic cupboards, but they had been too near the abyss to believe that war *could not* come in their lifetime.

Sunday December 25, to Sunday January 1, 1939, will be a week of fun-making. Let us, however, remember our warning, let us make one firm New Year's resolve: that we will devote much of our time in the coming year in our country's service, so that Britain's voice may be strong in future in international council.

END

Christmas Game Hunting

(*Continued from page 63*)

inspection of his wares and, at a given signal, every player must try, by attitude and facial expression to convey the required effect.

The one considered to be most successful now takes the place of the "purchaser." The "art dealer" keeps his rôle throughout.

Players with a sense of drama or comedy can make this an extremely entertaining pastime.

RUSSIAN DRAWINGS Most people know the game usually called "Scandal," in which one player whispers something once to another, who repeats exactly what he hears to his neighbour, who passes on exactly what *he* hears, and so on—always speaking in a whisper—until the full circle is accomplished and the last player announces what he heard and compares it with what the first player originally said.

"Russian Drawings" is played on the same principle. All the party being equipped with pencils and paper, the first player begins a drawing, going on with it slowly stroke by stroke with pauses allowing time for the others to make their copy.

The second player imitates each line just as well as he can from one glance at it, the third player copies the second, the fourth copies the third, and thus it goes on until the drawings are all duly finished, numbered and compared. The results are usually very laughable.

This is an admirable game for five or six people, but I must give you one warning. Don't *try* to be funny by deliberately mis-copying. The effects achieved by serious methods will be quite queer enough.

The first player's drawing should not be too fantastic or "abstract."

SCARECROW FORFEITS People organising games often have a good deal of trouble thinking out forfeits for lost points. Here is a new kind of penalty on the lines of strip poker, but with the principle reversed. Instead of taking off a garment, you put one on.

The hostess collects a large assortment of hats, coats, blouses, and so on, old if possible, and the more likely to produce a comic appearance the better. Each player due for a forfeit must put on the first article he or she draws from the pile, regardless of sex, size, or fitness.

The losers soon begin to look like scarecrows, and this gives a considerable amount of pleasure to the young and disrespectful.

END

Christmas Comes in a Fur Storm

(*Continued from page 21*)

to appeal to our Mae Wests and the larger sized tennis and golf champions. Women are also being told that brown furs are "terrifically important." Mink is the queen of the brown furs. You can get quite a good mink coat for from £300 to £1,500.

Women yesterday bought "black curled Persian." It will not do to-day. To-day's fur in that category is "a pitch-black knuckle-curled Persian"; it is not merely "slim," but "arrow slim."

A sable-dyed baum marten coat is "a thrilling masterpiece of design." Another is extolled as a coat in which to "make an unforgettable entrance." This should make it *the* fur coat for all women with a Dietrich complex, those women who are always making entrances and exits, but never seem to get anywhere in particular.

Lynx cat I see described in one of the fashion shows as "a showy and flattering fur—you can wear it with a dark evening gown or with simple tailored clothes." It sounds economical. There is then an ermine evening jacket which, besides possessing "a dramatic simplicity," also achieves "distinction and elegance." And what more could one want than that?

But fashion is only a superficiality of fur and the fifty (*Continued on page 140*)

LATEST BEAUTY NOTE: YOUNG AND OLD NOW BLANCH THEIR TEETH.

Women who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight (men, too!) will be interested in the discovery of what actually does whiten teeth in a week's time.

Within a few days from the time you begin this simple treatment your teeth will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. Your mirror will show it plainly, and your friends will notice it. Magnesium Hydroxide causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

Getting the right brand of Magnesium Hydroxide is no trouble. It is 'Milk of Magnesia,' and this can be obtained in a new type of toothpaste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Use this as your regular dentifrice, and your teeth will be very perceptibly whiter.

That, however, is not the main reason dentists are urging the use of this dentifrice. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids yet discovered. Tartar does not even form in the mouth that is kept alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline safe from decay. And the teeth have an amazing, almost artificial whiteness.

All chemists have this remarkable dentifrice. Ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

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If you want to reduce safely and surely, read the rest of this advertisement. We have evolved, after many years of research, in Hollywood, a combination of herbs that will definitely reduce your body **as many pounds and stones as you wish.** Charm School Reducing Tea makes a clean sweep. No dieting, no strenuous exercises, no gadgets, and no harmful drugs. This blend of selected herbs literally breaks up fatty tissues, which the system will wash away through the normal natural functioning of the body. No matter if you have just put on weight, or have been overweight for years, this truly remarkable method will, once and for all, rid your body of the unwanted fat, at the same time invigorating and rejuvenating the system.

LOSE POUNDS WEEKLY

Thousands have reduced by this simple, safe, sure and certain treatment for ridding the body of pounds of surplus fat—and without a doubt, you, too, can reduce in this very pleasant fashion. **Once you have lost the surplus fat and reduced to the extent you desire, there is definitely no need to continue the treatment.** Charm School Reducing Tea goes to the root of the trouble immediately. In justice to yourself, you should send to-day for explanatory leaflet on Charm School Reducing Tea, also full particulars of free dual treatment.

FREE

Every reader of "Britannia and Eve" will be given our dual treatment Free.

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Considering the fineness of the hand made British cases and the exceptionally high quality of their jewelled and fully compensated Swiss lever movements, Ciro Diamond Watches are amazingly inexpensive. A tremendous choice awaits you, exclusive designs in every theme and style—in Real Diamonds too, for as little as 9 gns. May we show you?

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We have never dropped a Ciro Watch from the stratosphere or boiled one in oil. We do not claim the unattainable precision of terrestrial time, but if you need a good Watch you will not find a better one for less than Ciro asks. Our jewelled and fully compensated Swiss lever movements are more costly than many jewellers would consider necessary and our exclusive cases are wonderfully made. Please call, or send for catalogue and save pounds. Ciro's idea of a Watch will please you.

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different kinds of fur skin—they include four kinds of bears, four kinds of cats, and seven kinds of fox—which are regularly traded in the great fur marts of the world. Fur is entwined in myth and legend and fairy story. It runs as deeply as the thread of gold and blood through the pattern of the story of mankind in his rise from the cave and the tree to the world of television, the motor car, the aeroplane, Greta Garbo, and Reichsführer Hitler. Furs are so woven into human history that if all the records were lost except the history of fur, we could reconstruct from it the outline of the human story and the vicissitudes of the great empires.

In the old Roman world the centre of the fur trade was Armenia (ermine derives its name therefrom). When the barbarians broke into the Roman Empire the fur trade centre moved to the shelter of Constantinople and stayed there a thousand years. Then Constantinople lost its imperial capital status, the trade tide shifted, and the great international fur mart moved over to Genoa and Venice.

To-day there are great fur markets in St. Louis, New York, Leipzig. But London is the world market for furs, as for gold, money, rare books, art treasures. To the great imperial city on Thames-side come buyers from all over the world for the fur auctions in January, April, and October. College Hill, Paternoster Row—which is to fur what Hatton Garden is to diamonds—becomes a Tower of Babel. At the sales they think nothing of auctioneering half a million or a million rabbit or mole skins in one lot. Half a million fox skins have been traded at one sale. You can gauge the economic health of the world pretty accurately by the way the fur auctions go in London.

But in that Paris fashion salon still another aspect of fur was dawning. I was witnessing the first gusts of the fur storm to come. It was not a matter of fur coats, cloaks, throat wraps. These mannequins were peppered with fur. Fur grew on their hats, elbows, skirt hems, pockets.

One wore a day frock which looked as if someone had stood back and thrown handfuls of fur at it; and the fur had stuck, burr-like, wherever it chanced to land. Another had a cloth coat on which a silver fox fur spiralled up one arm, was carried across from one shoulder to the other, in front, and spiralled down the other sleeve. She carried a large fur muff, and sported a fur beret.

A tawny-headed mannequin wore a pair of shapely laced walking shoes—of leopard fur. Another exhibited an eyebrow-tilted hat on which a fur circlet clung like a rum baba to a dinner plate. A Juno flaunted an afternoon gown whose skirt bore a line of fur down either side.

I could not grasp the latter idea at all. The frock was a thing of lovely lines—beautiful in its lithe elegance as one of those new combat planes which carry eight machine guns in the wings and will better four hundred and fifty miles an hour. But the fur broke the line. It was thus spoilt for me as a Stravinsky piece would be by a shattering intrusion of Wagner. Imagine a cavalryman "improving" the effect of his dress trousers by sewing cowboy "chaps" down the stripes!

But I refrained from comment to my companion. Hers was a different standard of aesthetic values. The gulf which prevents a Fascist from comprehending a Communist was not greater than the gulf which separated us on this issue.

"Line? What d'you mean—line?" she would argue. "It's *fur*, isn't it? And fur's the *fashion* now. You've *got* to have fur. What's that frock without it? Last year's model! Or the year before's. Idiot! Don't you see that fur trimming?" And so on.

Reflecting, I perceived that I, a reasonable being, might glimpse enough of her fantastic angle of approach to admit that she might see things I could not see—approximate in the realm of fashion sense to those creatures who can see a finished pattern of the most enchanting sort in a surrealist's picture which to an uninitiated person like myself merely suggests a drunk trying to paint a firework show and confusing it with a snapshot impression of a high explosive shell bursting in the middle of a column on the march.

Line is one thing, fashion another. One might say to the girl: "Your shoulders are matchless. If Praxiteles had sculptured them in marble, they would have come down to us as the greatest masterpiece of the Golden Age of Greece. Men would rave about them instead of about the Pantheon." She would be flattered. She might admit that one spoke no more than plain truth. But would her own appreciation of the unique beauty of her shoulders steer her off a mink cape when one offered, or even quiet her demand for one not offered, but desired? The question answers itself.

In any case, a woman of wit could outgeneral the male. She could respond that the shoulders are natural; the fur represents decor. One is simplicity, the other luxury. Besides, the fur can be cut to display beauty and grace of line, inherent beauty apart. The texture of human skin is equalled or excelled by alabaster. But where is the comparison for a fine fur, which is unique?

It is a long call from these subtle realms to the rough fur lands and the great markets where fur is simply another commodity valued on the supply-demand basis. This is the time when skins, wrapped in wet leather and sacking, are coming into the markets of the West in long camel and mule caravans which start from the steppes of central Asia and wind over ancient routes by way of Persia and Baghdad, and Afghanistan and Peshawar. Birchbark canoes, fur-laden, are gliding down the ice-cold rivers of a snow-wrapped world to the fur posts. Over packed snow trails come more furs, on the backs of men, and on pack horses. In rough log huts the agents of the fur companies are bartering trade goods and food for furs. In the depots the furs are accumulating against the return of the fur steamers—in with food and stores, and out again with furs, when the ice breaks up.

In the far north, the Indians and Eskimos are on the hunting job. The women and children help the lone trapper, catching and freezing fish for dog food while the man makes his fifty mile rounds, setting and tending his steel and "deadfall" log traps. He has his risks. Wolves may get him. He may break something and perish in the snow. His dogs may go off after game in an unguarded moment, leaving him stranded sans dogs, sled, grub. Or a wolverine may get on his line of traps, and keep on making the round in his trail, unless he can get on its tail and kill it.

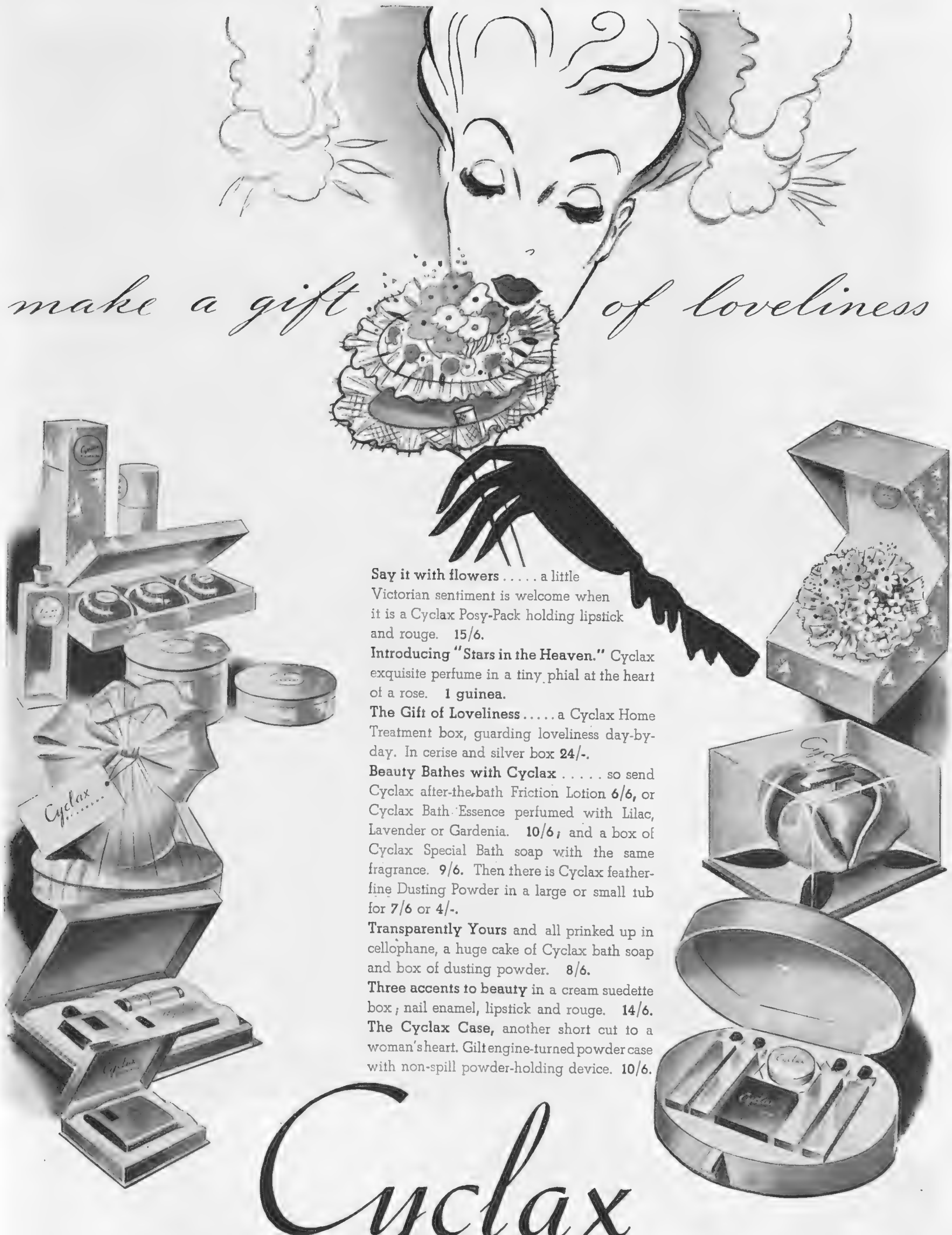
The hunter skins his catch on the spot, feeds the flesh to the dogs, packs the skins on his sled. It is well the ultimate wearer in the big cities of the West cannot see the fur she wraps round bare skin or silk-clad shoulders, as it travels by sled on its way to the post, the market, the merchant's warehouse, the fur dresser with his machines, chemicals and dyes, and so to the fur department of fashion house and big store. An undressed skin to the fastidious eye is like a sailor's oath to the delicate ear.

But many of your furs are no wilder than a cultured pearl.

Fur farming and ranching is growing fast. It is not really a new industry. The Chinese farmed animals for their skins thousands of years ago. Some animals can be successfully farmed; others have broken the hearts of the experimentalists. Chinchilla rabbits, beavers, mink, raccoon, musk rats martens, skunks, silver foxes, have all been, and are being, successfully farmed. You will find some of these fur farms in Britain as well as in a dozen other countries, although most are on the North American continent. There are nearly two thousand fur farms in Canada—more than a thousand on Prince Edward Island alone.

The price of fox furs has been brought down by the increase in the supply brought about by fox

(*Continued on page 142*)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Transparently Yours and all prinked up in cellophane, a huge cake of Cyclax bath soap and box of dusting powder. **8/6.**

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You will be delighted with the improvement in the general condition and appearance of your hair and scalp which 'Danderine' will bring. Just try it. You can buy 'Danderine' at all chemists and stores 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

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farming. But for the same reason fox furs in general are not as fashionable as they were. They are more generally worn because they are good-looking and relatively cheap. A red fox skin is worth a couple of pounds, a first-class silver skin, twenty pounds.

You can offer all the gold on earth for a sufficient quantity of brown silver-flecked Russian sables (unworn) to make into a coat—and you won't get them. The sable was dying out in Russia in Romanoff days owing to ruthless hunting. In 1913, the government tried to restore the supply by prohibiting hunting or trapping of sable for four years. Just when the ban was due to be lifted, Lenin and Trotsky staged their revolution. The Russian sable does not seem to have recovered from it yet. Sable skins come now from China and Japan mostly, but they are inferior—not "real" sable.

In the slump a French industrialist's wife sent her sable coat to London to be sold for £3,000. £7,000 would have been the price in good times. The coat didn't find a buyer then. Two years later £5,000 was offered for it—but the owner's husband was "back in the money" then, and the offer was rejected. There are not more than half a dozen Russian sable coats in existence. A cheap sable is probably kolinsky or skunk, dyed sable, or "topped."

THE story that Father Christmas finished his Mayfair round last year wrapped in a blanket, because Lady X lay in wait for him and wrenched off his robe, under the impression that it was sable lined (it would be—Santa Claus is Russian by origin), may be just another story. But there are women who are mad about furs as there are others who are mad about jewels. One curious story was told me by a man to whom furs are an article of rare merchandise, and who knows all the notable fur wearers and their tastes, weaknesses, and the length of their purses or those they can command. It explains one of the headline divorces of last year, which puzzled many people, since the wife had long been tolerant of the path-straying habits of her wealthy and attractive husband—they got along.

It appears that one day the wife, noted for her furs, saw and coveted a fur cape, a thing of dreams. It was seal brown, white-spotted mink, the pick of the new season collection of a house famous for its furs. Not another mink cape to touch it in England or perhaps the world: that is, not another one offering in the market place. She asked the fashion lord to hold it for her until next day: the price was fabulous: she must see her husband, but it would be all right.

Unfortunately the fur was not at once put away, and later that morning the lady who was at that time the quarry of the husband's latest hunt came in and saw that fur. She admired it, probably regarding it as something as remote for her as the crock of gold under the rainbow's end. She was apprised of the situation. She smiled, and departed.

In the early afternoon she was back with a luncheon-warmed and woman-bewitched husband. The fashion lord had to make some quick decisions. If he let the fur go, his name was mud with Lady X. If he mentioned the matter to the husband, his name was mud with lady Number Two. Would the husband be grateful to him for apprising him? Maybe. But would he sell the fur to Lady X then? Probably not, since the chased but as yet uncaught lady would vow that if the hunter gave his wife that fur after she had expressly stated her desire for it, it would be good night and good-bye. There would be a row, but lady Number Two was evidently the coming one, and lady Number One the going one: and the husband paid the bills anyway. When the wife saw her rival wearing that fur, she abruptly decided that her husband had at last gone too far, and the divorce lawyers wrote the finish of the story.

Strange to think that a number of skins of a musteline animal of the genus *Putorius*, a savage little fellow related to the weasels, an amphibian, feeding largely on fish, a poultry poacher, should have power to provoke such passions. Of course, there is mink—and mink. They dye musk rats to resemble mink, and you get the result in a coat for £20 instead of £300. Musk rats pose as mink, too. Also rabbits.

Ah, the homely rabbit! What would the fur trade do without him?

Cry-baby-Bunting
Daddy's gone a-hunting.
He's gone to get a rabbit skin
To wrap his Baby Bunting in!

So runs the nursery rhyme. But chemistry and the art of the fur processor, have outmoded the rhyme. Rabbit is now used for grown-ups. It takes a hundred million rabbits a year to satisfy the desire of the world's women for furs. Thirty million were used for fur making in this island alone last year. The best rabbits come from China.

Ladies do not wear rabbit skin coats. A coat made of rabbit skin, uncamouflaged, is a coney coat. A coat made of rabbit, camouflaged, can be anything from sable to seal. Practically any fur can be imitated from rabbit skin. Ingenious processes, shearing, electrical treatment, disguise them. Dyes complete the illusion. You can make a tiger skin out of rabbit.

The chinchilla rabbit is, of course, celebrated. He is quite an industry in himself in this island. But he is not the animal which produces authentic chinchilla, the most delicate—some say the most beautiful—of all furs. Real chinchillas are almost as rare as Shakespeare first editions. Not enough exist to make a whole coat. You have to pay between £50 and £80 for a single skin the size of a large squirrel skin. Even the bastard chinchillas that come from Plata have increased in price a hundred and twentyfold in the last thirty years—from a shilling to £6 a skin.

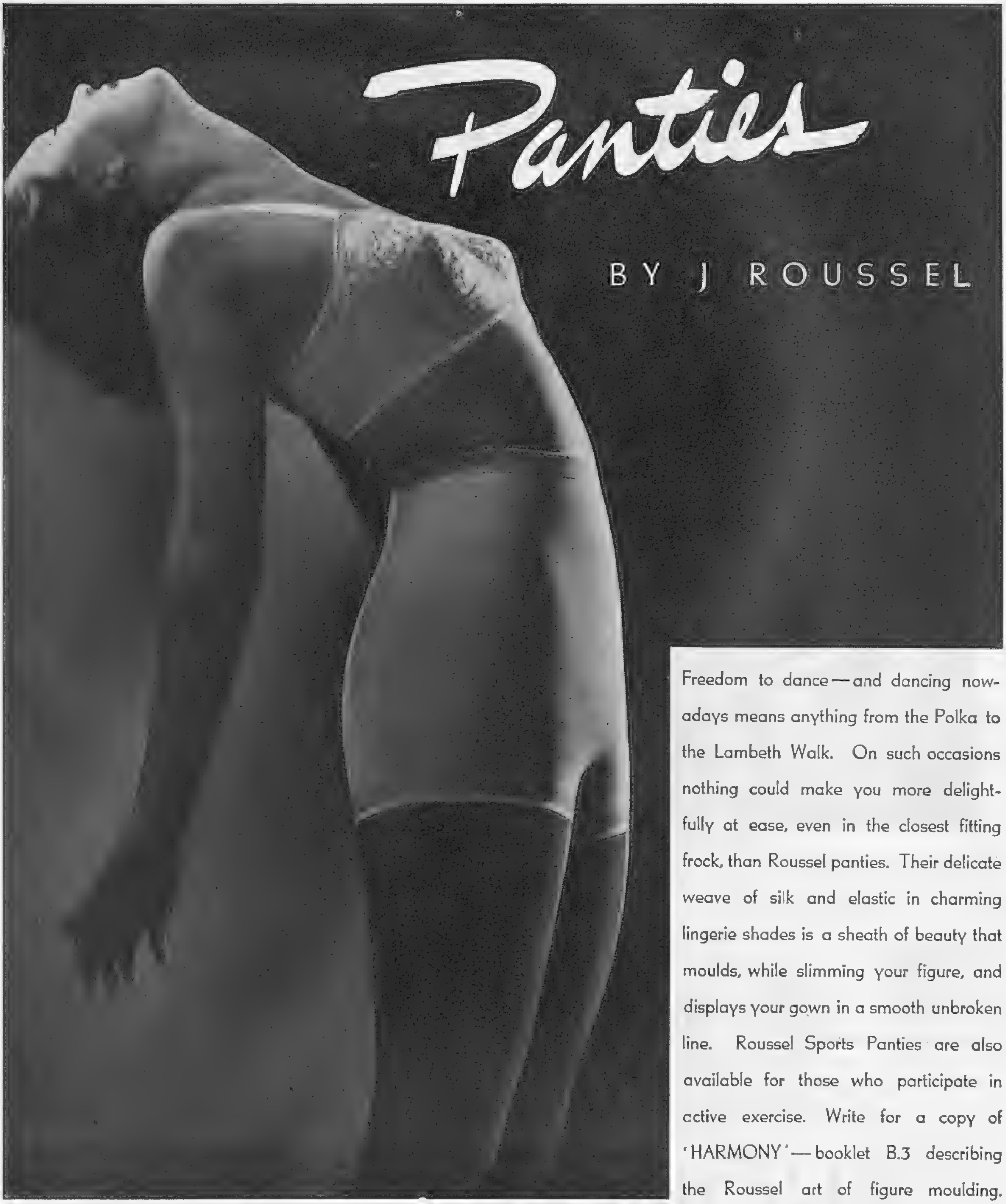
If you want to be exclusive, you should buy sea otter. A marked auction list I have by me shows that the top price among forty-five varieties of furs was recorded by the sea otter. The year's supply for the market was five only. It comes from the North Pacific, and provides the most durable of all fine furs. Mandarins in China—if there are any left—have their robes adorned with its rich woolly fur. Eight hundred pounds have been paid for a single skin. The aristocracy under the Romanoffs in Russia had their great coats lined with sea otter skin in preference to sable.

The demand for seal fur would probably have resulted by now in the extinction of the sea lion if the governments of Britain, Japan and the United States had not intervened. Bachelor seals provide seal skin coats now. A sad story.

The seal herds, the bulls, come swimming up to the Bering Sea between May and June, and clamber up on the shores of Pricyloss Island. They come in battalions, fight for the best position, and await the coming of the cows. About mid-June the ladies arrive. The bulls immediately descend upon them—that is, the bulls that have collared the most advantageous spots. The males who have got knocked out in the fighting, or given up, form a sort of "stag line" further inland, and they get no wives at all. While they lie out in solitary loneliness, the victorious bulls enjoy themselves with their harems. Some collect as many as a dozen wives. The herd is carefully protected by the tripartite agreement aforesaid. Neither husbands, wives, nor cubs may be killed. It is only the unfortunate bachelor seals that get clubbed and skinned.

Any woman disappointed at discovering that mink is a sort of weasel (one of the nastier sorts of animal) may console herself by the knowledge that ermine, too, is any of several species of weasels of the northern parts of both hemispheres. The European ermine is *Putorius Ermineus* (stoat to you). The ermine in winter assumes a pure white coat, but keeps a jet black tail end all the year round. It is the tail tip that makes the black spots you see in ermine when it is used on peers' robes and kings' crowns. The fur artists insert the black tail fur at regular intervals to contrast

(*Continued on page 144*)



Freedom to dance—and dancing nowadays means anything from the Polka to the Lambeth Walk. On such occasions nothing could make you more delightfully at ease, even in the closest fitting frock, than Roussel panties. Their delicate weave of silk and elastic in charming lingerie shades is a sheath of beauty that moulds, while slimming your figure, and displays your gown in a smooth unbroken line. Roussel Sports Panties are also available for those who participate in active exercise. Write for a copy of 'HARMONY'—booklet B.3 describing the Roussel art of figure moulding.

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'Ah Madam!

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Christmas Comes in a Fur Storm

with the pure white fur of the rest of the body. The spotted fur is then called miniver.

Ermine has been used to symbolise high rank in Europe from time immemorial. Napoleon wore ermine at his coronation. Edward III, when prohibiting persons with incomes under £100 a year (equivalent to £500 at least to-day) from wearing furs, elevated ermine to the status of a royal fur. His wife, Philipea, wanted to be exclusive in ermine. Henry V's wife wore a skirt of ermine, probably the only one ever made, and the wife of Richard II stunned all rivals with an ermine cloak eight yards long.

To-day, if you cannot afford ermine, you can get away with Chinese weasel. It is the substitute for ermine. If the Ugly Sisters had their way, Cinderella would have had her foot fitted with a Chinese weasel, and not an ermine, shoe.

This puzzles you? You think: "Ermine? It was glass."

But students of literature have been more puzzled that Cinderella's shoe should be made of such extraordinary material as glass. A silk shoe, a gold shoe, a velvet shoe, a fur shoe, perhaps—but why glass? They therefore probed back to sources, and found that it was not a glass shoe at all.

Perrault, the French story teller, borrowed from Egypt as Shakespeare borrowed from Rome. Taking an ancient story, and treating it as freely as Shakespeare treated the tale of Hamlet, he told the ageless and universal story of Cinderella. Her slipper was just a detail. In the old original story, it was made of fur. The printer who handled the Perrault manuscript read *vaire* as *verre*. *Verre* means glass. The English printer who handled the French version copied faithfully, and so Cinderella's slipper passed into print, circulation, and immortality as glass. The material *vaire* was the privilege of the aristocracy. Made of the belly fur of grey squirrel or ermine it symbolised high rank. That is why the notion of poor little Cinderella, the kitchen girl, wearing a shoe reserved for patricians shocked the stepmother and jealous stepsisters.

Wolf fur was the vulgar fur of the old days. It was a home product. Wolf skin is little worn now in polite society. But you can buy a nice refined-looking blue-grey wolf fur. The furrier will tell you it is best dyed. It wears for ever, and if you get a good American wolf you can use the thing as a blanket when you are tired of it as a coat or cloak.

Furs, except the furs of animals which can be farmed, are getting scarcer. But the fur trade has developed so enormously in the last half-century, the consumption of furs has expanded so hugely with the immense increase in wealth, that it is a wonder there are any wild fur-bearing animals left. From a relatively small luxury trade the fur business has grown into one of the thousand million pound industries of our world. The trade is worth £50,000,000 a year to this country alone. Nearly seven hundred tons of fur skins (not including rabbits) were brought in last year. Two-thirds of those were dressed or made up here, and sold abroad. Over 50,000,000 rabbit skins were processed and re-exported. The American figures, of course, run higher.

The trade has wide cyclical swings. Roughly, it parallels the up-and-down swings of the trade cycle. When people have money they buy furs, as they buy motor cars, diamonds, houses. When they haven't money, they don't buy furs so much. But there are always buyers for furs, and the market is still expanding. If it is increasingly difficult for the millionairess or millionaire's pet girl to obtain an authentic mink coat, and practically impossible for her to get a new sable or chinchilla coat, it is becoming increasingly easy for the middle-bracket-income woman to array herself in fine-looking and hard-wearing furs, and the fur-wearing classes have now been extended to the womenfolk of the wage-earning classes and of girl wage-earners in mill and factory. Two factors account for this market expansion.

One is the application of instalment buying technique. (*Continued on page 146*)

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Christmas Comes in a Fur Storm

Time-payments have replaced the "charge it" system, which had a considerable vogue in America until a revolt of irate husbands stopped it. The method was to tempt Eve to forget the cost by offering to "charge it." That meant you shut your mind, took the luscious thing, signed on the dotted line—and put off thought of paying the bill for anything from one to three or more months. But the day came when an irate husband, wondering about income tax, school bills, and the rent, gave a convulsive start as his eye came to rest on a price marked on a store bill. Fifty, a hundred, two-fifty, five hundred dollars!

The domestic scene can be imagined. But the interesting thing is that after a while the big stores recognised that the husband-wife row did them no good and much harm. What happened in most cases was that the wife regretted making the purchase, and started a ruthless economising campaign that brought howls from the other departments in the store. Or else she wanted to send the fur back and threatened to desert the store if they didn't take it. Or else husband and wife made it up, but the husband said the store was trying to put a fast one over on both of them, and they'd just change their shopping centre—a proposal which seemed fair enough to the wife, who had her fur and made peace with the good provider.

So now "charge it" is out, and the six to twelve months' instalment plan is in. The man may grumble, but £2 a month is not £20 by return; and many a man may feel that a pleased and grateful woman is pretty cheap at the price.

The other factor is the dexterous handling of mole, rabbit, kolinsky, raccoon and opposum. The technicians can work miracles with fur skins. In the arctic regions Mrs. Eskimo chews a skin to dress it. This is a process not to be recommended to the average fashionable desirous of economising by buying an undressed skin and processing it herself.

That soft and beautiful fur you wear has probably gone through eighty to a hundred separate operations from the raw pelt state. It would have been water-soaked, cooled, rotator-dried, chemically cleaned, warmed, the rough hair rooted out by scraping bit, a blunt two-handled knife, cleaned again in a sawdust-filled drum, water-washed, delicately pared on the inside with hand-operated and mechanical knives, hot-room dried, made supple in the sawdust drum, greased, "leathered" by human feet in a tub or wooden paddles in a machine, sawdust-cleaned, treated with chemicals, combed, brushed, fluffed.

The skin goes in a skin; it comes out a fur.

The furrier handles a good skin with bad patches by "topping." He applies dye with a brush to the top hairs. Only an expert can tell that a skin has been "topped." An entire skin can be, often is, "topped." Inferior skins thus handled look like good-quality specimens. Worn skins are made new again by the same process.

In big cities furs are guarded like gold in bank vaults, for fur robbery has become a special branch of the upper division of gang crime.

Furs are difficult to trace. Valuable made-up furs never come back into the market with the authentic hall-mark of a particular cutter or designer. They are cut apart by skilled workmen. The skins are re-made, or offered as single skins, or in lots. There are always stolen fur skins circulating in the international trade.

One large ring was broken up last year owing to a slip-up. A fur thief's "moll" crossed to France wearing a sumptuous mink coat stolen from a fashion house some weeks earlier. A port watcher, who had studied a circulated photograph of the coat, spotted it, and on instructions followed the girl. She went to Paris and returned minus the coat. Two months later the police in London, Paris, and Amsterdam made a simultaneous move in on a gang of international fur thieves, receivers, and distributors, and cleaned up that organisation: an operation which diminished the volume of fur thefts substantially.

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END

Looking After Mary Smith

(Continued from page 45)

grades until she reached this position at Wood Green and now she controls the welfare of some 160 women and girls. Their health as well as their personal well-being are, in strict confidence, her wholetime concern. But she has time for her private life, too, and she adds that "When we had to move for me to take this job the firm paid for the move."

Welfare is the endless capacity for personal thought and care on the part of the manageress. But—behind her is the Personnel Department of the central office, amazingly devoid of any red tape, implementing her decisions and assessing her demands. Just as she is behind Mary Smith (so that young Miss Smith knows she is no longer a lone struggler for a living, but one of a cheerful young army)—so the Personnel Department at head office is in personal contact with all of their hundreds of managers and their immediate assistants. Always the possible "machine-made" decision is scrapped in favour of: "Now, what are the circumstances—and we will help as much as we can!"

How does it work, if there's no compulsion?

The answer is in the daily life of the girls. First, what do they earn?

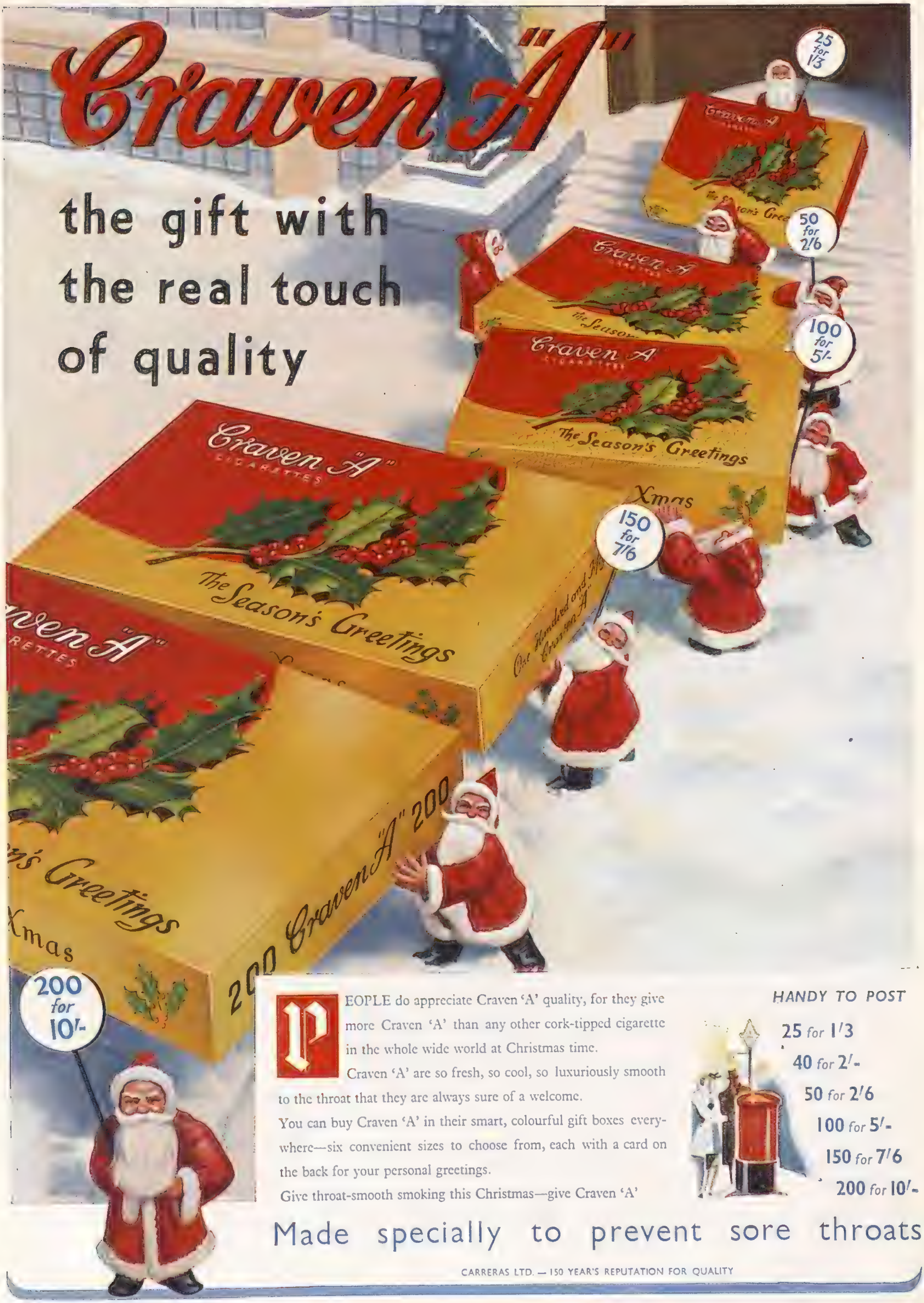
Mary Smith, aged sixteen (the lowest age at which Marks and Spencer take their recruits), was at once paid £1 a week in this Wood Green branch. Between sixteen and twenty-one her wages will automatically rise each birthday to a minimum of 32s., in addition to which, on each birthday she can obtain a merit increase awarded on the record of the past year. Therefore, it is possible for a girl, starting at sixteen to reach—by her twenty-first birthday—some 39s. 6d. a week, while meantime she has learned a trade. And this if she remains only in the lowest grade; in the higher grades she can earn up to £5 a week.

This, at this branch, is the basic cash wage, as it were; but, in addition to this there is for all employees of more than eighteen months' service, two weeks pay bonus at Christmas and a bonus according to service for every employee, even temporary staff. There are also two weeks' holiday on full pay for every worker of twelve months' service and over (proportionately less for others). ("And this was done long before other people began to talk about it . . . !") and wedding and long service gifts, the former four guineas for a minimum of four years' service.

"Yes—but what do they have to spend—in their canteen for instance?" The answer is simple. Nothing—unless they wish; but most of them do wish. For a matter of 4s. or even less the assistant, with her ten minutes off in the morning, sixty minutes free for lunch and thirty minutes for tea, can get early coffee or milk, a hot dinner and a good high tea for the whole working week.

Come inside their canteen and see them at it.

This appreciably eases the burden of the cost of living:—for an average luncheon, taken at random from their menus, is: "Roast pork, apple sauce, sprouts and baked potatoes; and iced *(Continued on page 149)*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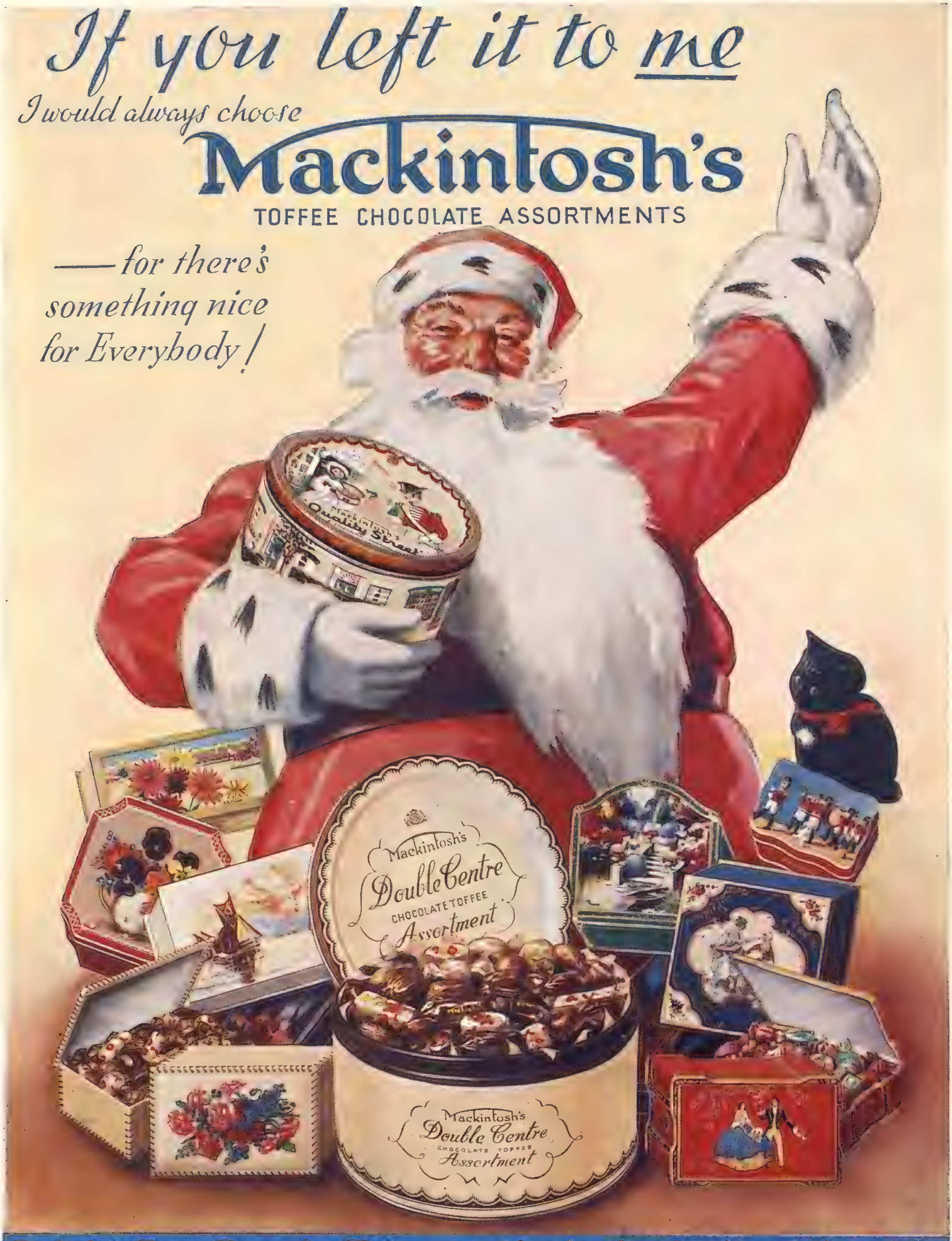
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bananas split." *This costs 6d.* We watched Betty, the cook, preparing Friday's fish, with parsley sauce and mashed potatoes; and fruit pie, with cream. For tea there were to be meat sandwiches. On Saturdays tea is provided, free, by the firm.

"Supposing, in spite of this, a girl still looks peaky and thin—have you done all you can?" No. As tactfully as possible home circumstances are investigated and often it may be found that the girl, with an unemployed father, is giving all her money to help the family. Under conditions of secrecy the girl is helped with free canteen tickets—there are some 400 on that scheme and in any case in stores in the distressed areas, the charge of 6d. for a hot luncheon is reduced to 4d. per head to help.

"Yes, but—long hours of work?"

The maximum is being fought down—*by the directorate!* The present forty-eight hours a week (though actually in average much lower) is to be reduced to forty-four hours within the next few months, it is hoped. So much depends on customers! If only people would shop early whenever they can—remembering that, to a large extent, this hours' question can be decided by those of us who are the other side of the store counter. At Wood Green it is a forty-six and a half hour week, from 9.30 a.m. to 7 p.m., with one morning off each four weeks, which coincides with the half-day and so gives one whole free day.

And—illness. Obviously welfare includes arrangements for the immediate necessities of first aid: even the most backward factory has to have that! But here we get always that personal contact, investigation of individual circumstances and help. Highly confidential are these case records that come before the weekly welfare meeting at headquarters. Here are, briefly, some typical (but disguised) ones: "Miss V., mother seriously ill elsewhere. Firm to try and arrange for district nurse to attend and (here is the point, for the mother is not an employee) failing that, Miss V. to get two weeks on full pay to return home and look after her. . . ."

Then, Mrs. X., seriously ill. The usual twelve days on full pay allowed every employee, and then prolonged wages to make up the amount with Health Insurance: assistance with necessary treatment and grant towards operation, and finally, a holiday entirely free with fares paid both ways, at a convalescent home. "And"—says Mrs. X., to whom we talked—"they gave me five bob a week pocket money, and when I got back here was my job kept warm for me. . . ."

And Mr. C., a manager, showed signs of asthma after an illness and, on medical advice, the firm has shifted him from his own to another branch on the north-east coast, where conditions are better for his ailment. And the firm subsidises and runs the usual social and sports clubs, summer camps and so on—here, as elsewhere, staff co-operation is entirely voluntary but abundantly worth while.

We notice the "M. & S." cypher (Marks and Spencer) on some uniforms and that prompts the question "How much do they have to pay for their uniforms?" "Nothing," smiles the staff manageress and took us along for a final glance at the canteen. First we visit the kitchen to see the black currant pies ("fruit pie and cream" of the menu) being made, and Betty, a mere slip of a girl, working with the most formidable concentration and complete control of her staff, who does not pause except to smile her "Yes, ma'am" and go on with her pies. Through the hatch we see the line of waiting girls and in the next room, the rest room, the radiogram is going . . . nearby someone is discussing A.R.P. with vigour and someone else is describing the classes to which they went "in the firm's time and with our fares paid. . . ."

We leave, tremendously impressed, by all we have seen.

This, it seems to us, is the new "welfare" that is neither machine made, nor patronising. And we take our fourpennyworth of modern transit, home.

END

The Party Season is Upon Us

(*Continued from page 86*)

dishes hot, melt a little butter in them and break in the eggs carefully. Season with salt and pepper, and start cooking on top of a slow fire. When the whites begin to become solid, pour a little melted butter over the yolks and finish cooking on the top shelf of the oven.

The whites should be set, but not really hard or leathery, and the yolks soft with a white film over them.

Many things can be used to garnish "oeufs sur le plat": a thick tomato sauce made with fresh tomatoes, kidneys or mushrooms separately cooked; chipolata sausages; grated cheese.

Ragout Piquant

Take about two pounds of stewing beef, trim it well and cut it into pieces (about two inches square). Have ready half a pound of onions chopped, and fry in a thick saucepan until golden brown, using dripping or butter.

Add the meat and salt and cook together for a few minutes to close it. Add half a teacupful of cold water, cover the saucepan and simmer gently for half an hour, adding more water if it dries up completely.

Now add three-quarters of a pound of potatoes peeled, washed and cut into cubes, a clove of garlic chopped and a heaped tablespoonful (or more or less according to taste) of paprika, also two or three tomatoes peeled and cut up, with the seeds removed. Put in enough water to come just level with the ingredients, bring to the boil, cover the saucepan and simmer until the potatoes are quite soft.

You can make this in the morning for the evening, or, better still, the day before.

END

(*Continued from page 87*)

celery gently and stuff with the cheese mixture, press together again and tie with cotton. Just before serving remove the cotton, and cut the celery into pieces three or four inches long.

Wine Cup

Whether you are using cider, white wine, or champagne always start in the same way.

First put the fruits—orange, lemon, pineapple, in slices—in a large jug. Add a little brandy, a sweet liqueur, and whatever herbs are available; also sugar, or, better still, a few sticks of barley sugar; rosemary gives a most refreshing and slightly gingery flavour.

Cover the jug and let it stand on ice for at least one hour. Now add the wine, previously iced, and just before serving splash in some soda water.

Christmas Punch

Squeeze the juices of an orange and a lemon into a punch bowl. Cut up the fruits in small pieces, removing the pips, and add these, also a coffee spoonful of powdered cinnamon.

Add about a quarter of a tumblerful of orange curacao and one quite full of rum and brandy in equal proportions.

Pour in two pints of boiling water, add sugar to taste, and stir well.

END

SLIM
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Many of the great men and women of today were sensitive, highly-strung children . . .

But with sensitive children there are DANGERS that have to be watched during childhood

WHEN a child is highly-strung and sensitive, it depends in many ways on you whether he'll develop into a fine human being or not.

You see, a highly-strung child has got all the qualities that are necessary to put him far and away ahead of other children. He's alert, quick on the uptake, keen in his reactions.

But it is in this very mental and physical make-up of the child that the danger lies. He lives more intensely, reacts more vividly to every little thing in his surroundings. That's why the bringing up of such children needs far more insight on the part of the parents than the bringing up of ordinary children.

Many such brilliant children have failed in life. They've grown up weak, easily-led and over-sensitive, simply because their parents did not understand certain health warnings in childhood.

When you notice that your child is off his food, or that he looks pale, puffy under the eyes, that he's rather nervous and irritable or gets tired too easily, then you should act quickly. All these are warning signs that the child is using up his nervous energy more quickly than he's replacing it. *And it is at night, during sleep,* that these stores of nervous energy should be replaced. If they are not replaced the nervous strain on the child gets worse and worse. He is suffering from Night Starvation.

If you give your child Horlicks every night at bedtime, his tiredness, paleness and "nerviness" will disappear. Horlicks, by guarding against Night Starvation, replaces nervous energy during sleep, strengthens nerves and builds appetite. Your child will grow up strong and healthy, able to make the most of his special qualities.

* * *

Start your child on Horlicks tonight. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

Cinderella Boys and Girls of Screenland

(*Continued from page 23*)

high-pitched and nasal. To-day, it is low and has a tender quality in it that exactly suits her lovable type. By reading scores of plays aloud, by speaking whole sentences thirty times over on *one note*, by repeating a single word twenty times, to get the pronunciation right—that is how Cinderella Arleen was made ready to attend the ball, and meet her public.

YOUNG Richard Greene is English. Acting is in his blood. For three generations his family have walked the stages of our theatres. His aunt, lovely dark-haired Evie Greene, was one of the greatest musical-comedy stars our stage has known; his uncles, Frank and Norman Greene, are both acting to-day. We have known Richard Greene by sight, for some time, without having any idea of his identity. His attractive head, with its naturally wavy hair, has been seen on buses and hoardings and in newspaper advertisements all over the country, drawing attention to the excellence of a well-known hair preparation.

Many of my friends, when they saw Richard on the screen for the first time in *Four Girls and a Prayer*, gave a couple of looks at the boy in the picture, and exclaimed: "Why, that's the boy in those hair-advertisements!" And it was.

Young Mr. Greene must go down as another discovery to the credit of Darryl Zanuck, the man who knows how to pick stars. In Richard Greene he has a star who might be Tyrone Power, when you look at him in profile, and whose hairline and lower lip suggest Robert Taylor quite emphatically, when he is viewed full face. Add to those assets in appearance the fact that Richard Greene is tall, possesses a natural and engagingly warm manner, a charm that is entirely his own, and an admirable speaking voice which he knows how to use. Yes, he seems to have about everything that is needed to make a young man into a world-wide favourite.

His stage work started when he was nineteen; in *Julius Caesar* at the Old Vic he was one of the crowd, and from that went on to small parts and "bits" in English films. With Gracie Fields in *Sing as You Go* a close observer might have spotted Mr. Greene, with precisely two words to speak. The words were: "Not yet!" In the repertory company run by Jevan Brandon Thomas in Glasgow, Richard Greene began to know what it feels like to play important characters on the stage. After a stretch of repertory work he was out of a job for a few months, and then went into *French Without Tears*.

On Christmas Eve in 1937 came an offer from Twentieth Century-Fox for Hollywood; it was far too tempting to be disregarded. On January 17 a contract was signed, and on January 19 Richard Greene sailed for Hollywood. Five days later saw him in New York; two and a half *hours* later he was in a plane, west bound; fourteen hours later he was stepping out of the plane at Glendale; and seventy-two hours later he walked on the set at Foxhills Studios, to play a romantic scene with Loretta Young in *Four Men and a Prayer*. Seven weeks later, when the film was finally cut and seen in the studio projection room, word was sent to Richard Greene that he was to be co-starred with Miss Young in his first Hollywood picture!

Now he is Sonja Henie's leading man in *My Lucky Star*, and Hollywood talks of him as the most sensational over-night star in the history of the studios. Since Mr. Greene is unmarried the usual crop of romance-rumours have been flying round his head. He is said to be much attached to Arleen Whelan; but Sonja Henie appears to like him a lot; while Loretta Young is by no means indifferent to the newest star in her studio. By this time next year it is safe to bet that Richard Greene's name will mean as much outside a movie theatre as Robert Taylor's does to-day.

From the blue grass State of Kentucky comes brunette Marjorie Weaver, who was declared by a dramatic coach to possess the least acting aptitude of any member of his class! Yet Marjorie is about to become a star, on the screen. Once more, Twentieth Century-Fox has picked a winner; more than half the newcomers of this year are under contract to that powerful studio. Nine pictures in a row have come the way of cheerful little Miss Weaver, during the past twelve months. Once she was so much in demand that she was appearing in no less than three different films at the same moment.

Marjorie Weaver is vivacious and full of pep; she has the kind of smile that seems to put sunshine into the dullest day. Even the fact that the dramatic coach already mentioned took it upon himself to bounce her right out of a part in *East Lynne* before the great performance could take place, did not remove the smile from her face. She says she deserved to be fired—she was an awful actress! But she wanted to act; so she stuck to it, and played in amateur shows staged by her college. It was indirectly from those shows that she marched into Hollywood; and Robert Taylor did the very same thing, only a few years ahead of her.

During her college days a friend sent a photograph of Marjorie Weaver and entered her name for a Ruby Keeler dancing competition. Marjorie, finding herself hurled into the fray without her knowledge, thought she might as well go ahead and see what she could do. What she did was to win the competition, which took her straight to New York. Soon studio talent scouts, on their usual prowl, heard about the beautiful winner of a dance competition, and a handful of offers for the movies found their way to Marjorie's letter-box.

She staggered the talent scouts by saying she was not interested in Hollywood; she wanted to stay in New York and learn how to dance really well. In the end, she consented to have a test made; and it was so good that a contract was pushed into her hand. So off went Marjorie Weaver to California, fully prepared to take the first train back before she had been there a couple of hours. She hated the place, and decided that after giving it a trial for six months she would pack up and clear out for good. But when her original contract with one of the studios came to an end Mr. Lew Schreiber, casting director of Twentieth Century-Fox, jumped to the nearest telephone, and exercised all his sales-talk powers.

He persuaded Marjorie Weaver that it was not necessary for her to go back to New York in order to carry out her declared intention of learning how to act. She could do it right in Hollywood. All she wanted was a little more training—and his studio would provide that training. Marjorie listened, and stayed; and nine pictures straight off the reel constituted her reward. She won't go back to the blue grass of Kentucky—except for one of those "getting-away-from-it-all" holiday trips—unless I miss my guess completely.

WHEN poster artists and commercial photographers were seeking a young man to pose for the two-fisted-punch type of advertisements they invariably picked Alan Curtis for the job. They won't be able to get Mr. Curtis any more, because the movies have snatched him. His brown hair, blue eyes, square jaw, and six feet three of muscular manhood, were familiar to millions of magazine readers when Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer offered him a contract last year.

For six months he worked at the studio, going through the grooming stage common to most beginners. Then he jumped right into fame with an outstanding performance in *Mannequin*, opposite Joan Crawford and Spencer Tracy. Mr. Curtis played an unpleasant character in that film. But though he was such a rotten scoundrel you could not help liking (*Continued on page* 152)

". . . but once a year!"

'We're going to have the grandest, merriest Christmas party this year. Everything's ready—the holly and the mistletoe ordered already just to make sure. And the final thrilling surprise is to be—candlelight! Such a simple, inexpensive idea, but those Venetian candles are going to make our party a glorious success.'

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VENETIAN
CANDLES

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PER BOX OF TWO 8" CANDLES
Other sizes:
12"-9d.: 10"-7½d.: 5"-4½d. PER PAIR.
Obtainable everywhere. Send for a free copy of "Charm in Your Home" telling you all about Venetian candles to—Department 3A Price's Patent Candle Co. Ltd., London, S.W.11

Give Everybody a Hindes Hairbrush this year

Simplify your Christmas present buying by making every gift a "Hindelife" or "Very" brush. You will be sure that the lucky recipients will *all* be delighted. These two famous air-cushioned brushes with their pure, well-separated bristles, get right down to the roots. They massage the scalp and *brush in beauty* by giving a new, silky lustre to the hair.

PRICES : Handled or Military Shape :
" HINDELIFE " 2/11, 3/11 and 5/11
All complete with cleaner except the 2/11
" VERY " series : X quality - 7/6 XXX quality - - 15/-
XX quality 10/6 XXXX quality 18/6 to 28/6

From Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores.

MEN

The two special military shapes : " Hindelife " military and " Very " military will ensure a healthy scalp and preserve a good head of hair.

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"Hindelife" REGD. and "VERY"
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him, against your better judgment. Like Clark Gable—and he is not unlike Clark Gable, now I come to think of it — he started as a "heavy," and will end up, doubtless, as a perfectly good and charming hero. Beginning his working life as a bill collector for a Chicago firm, he became a taxi driver when his job folded up with the collapse of the firm in the chaos of 1929.

One of his customers noticed his firm profile and fine head, as Alan steered the taxi through Chicago's traffic blocks; and said there was a good way for Mr. Curtis to make some extra money on the side. The customer was an advertising man, and visualised Alan Curtis wearing a snappy sports suit. Mr. Curtis said he was ready to try anything once, even posing for commercial ads. He looked so attractive in the snappy sports suit that a new career opened in front of his astonished eyes. A few weeks later he had ceased to drive a taxi, and was busy posing for all sorts of commodities, from automobiles to refrigerators. This went on for two years, by which time a great many people knew Alan Curtis very well by sight, without ever having heard his name !

MARIE WILSON is a (Californian) farmer's daughter. She grew up on a small farm in the small town known as Anaheim, about thirty miles from Hollywood. She wore, without exaggeration, a gingham dress and a sun-bonnet. And when she was sixteen she took herself off to Hollywood, to see and to conquer. She is twenty-one now; so it took her four years to achieve her heart's desire. For Marie Wilson is one of the new stars of the screen.

She plays dumb blondes, but is far-removed from the dumb type, in real life. She has fair hair, and large very brown eyes. They look at the world in a beseeching, vague, helpless way, and everyone wants to do anything they can to assist the owner of those eyes. There is a director in Hollywood named Nick Grinde. He lives somewhere near Beverly Hills, and has a front lawn which he likes to mow, when he is not too busy at the studio to give it that attention.

He was mowing the lawn when a car tried to start from its parking spot a little further down the street. It refused to start, and the owner of the car approached Nick Grinde, asking for aid. He beheld her golden hair, and her enormous dark eyes, and said he would get the car going in no time at all. Then he told the owner of the car she should certainly be in pictures, and asked where she lived.

"Oh, just next door !" replied the owner of the car.

And that is how Marie Wilson broke into the movies. At least, that is how she broke out of the ranks of extras, where she had been plugging along for quite a while, trying to earn enough money to look after her mother, step-father, two step-brothers and two step-sisters. That's one reason why she refuses to become Mrs. Nick Grinde, until she has made enough money to see the family comfortably settled. But one day she will undoubtedly marry the man who has played Prince Charming to her Cinderella, and set her on the road to fame.

TWO years ago Bing Crosby crooned a song entitled *I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store*—and now he has found one in real life. Her name is Ellen Drew; and wherever *Sing You Sinners* is shown that baby from the five-and-ten-cent store will be seen, acting with Bing and Fred MacMurray, and winning a lot of praise for herself. Her name is Ellen Drew. At least, that is the name by which she is known to-day, though when she first hit Hollywood she was called Terry Ray.

Ellen Drew worked in a big department store in Chicago, and then moved on to a five-and-ten-cent store in Englewood, just outside the big city. In both places her salary was £2 a week; but at Englewood she had a chance to enter a beauty competition. Ellen won the competition in a walk-away; which is not surprising, when any portrait of Miss Drew is studied seriously. Like so many beauty competition winners, Ellen turned her beautiful eyes towards Hollywood; but in her case it was getting to California that was the trouble, because she had not nearly enough money to pay her fare.

LUCK was with her, for some friends decided to drive a rackety car to the coast; and Ellen went along with them. She had no knowledge of the studios, nor of the best way to break inside those tall iron gates. But she had to earn some money, and quickly; so she took a job in Brown's confectionery shop, on Hollywood Boulevard. There she sold candy, and mixed ice-cream sodas, and made sandwiches, and washed dishes; and the most she managed to earn—with tips—was £3 10s. a week.

One day William Demarest, an actor from New York, who is also an agent in Hollywood, came into Brown's confectionery shop for an ice-cream soda, and Ellen Drew mixed it for him. He watched her, as she moved about so efficiently and swiftly behind the counter, in her gleaming highly-starched white overall and cap. And he thought she looked as though she might be a gift to the movies. So he suggested to the powers that be at Paramount that it might be worth their while to have a look at a girl he had discovered mixing ice-cream sodas in a shop on Hollywood Boulevard.

Ellen was duly interviewed, and the usual test was made of her. The next step was a stretch of training in the Paramount school for stock players, from which more than one individual has stepped forth to fame. That is what happened to Ellen Drew. No sooner had she finished appearing with Bing Crosby in *Sing You Sinners* than she heard she had been awarded the much-to-be-desired role of tragic loveable Hugette, in *If I Were a King*.

This, then, is how the little girl from the five-and-ten-cent store finds herself playing opposite no less a star than Ronald Colman, in a film that is talked of already as the big sensation of the year.

Another girl at Paramount is due for a lot of popularity, very soon. Her name is Louise Campbell, and we have seen her, so far, mainly in *Bulldog Drummond* pictures. Louise tried for three years to crash into the movie game, without any success. Then, suddenly, came such an overwhelming demand for her services that she had to make an overnight plane jump to Hollywood from Chicago in order to rush into the film business with Edward Everett Horton in *Wild Money*. From there, Louise Campbell is going straight ahead.

THEY call Joan Davis "Falling Star," out in Hollywood; because she falls about all over the place, like the crazy comedienne she is. Joan has made a lot of money, one way and another, by falling about. She has been on the stage almost the whole of her life, and has found out all there is to know about hard knocks on every vaudeville circuit in America. She is tall, with very long, graceful legs, and the most remarkable ability to twist those legs into any given position.

She dances so elegantly and languidly; then before you know what is happening she has taken a head-over-heels tumble, and landed in a far corner doing the splits. Splits are just child's play, to Joan. It was in *Wake Up and Live* that her sensational comedy dancing first made film audiences conscious they wanted to see a lot of Joan Davis; and now she is being starred in films of her own.

Even more than that, we shall find her making a lot of laughs in Shirley Temple's latest offering, *Lucky Penny*. She is just one more of the Cinderellas who have marched up the palace steps, to receive a hearty welcome and an invitation to stay on indefinitely.

END

Many happy complexions

Innoxa Gift Sets are the ideal way of saying "Wishing you a 'lovely Christmas". They make the wish come true. All Gift Sets are daintily presented in blue leather cases, neat, elegant and practical. Chosen by a council of women who studied and judged each item before its inclusion in a range designed to answer every gift problem, there is a wide choice of gifts suited to every taste and purse, from complete beauty outfits containing Innoxa products for skin care, make-up, hand and eye beauty, to charming vanities, powder cases, or artistically boxed bottles of incomparably seductive Innoxa perfumes.

Christmas Gift Sets and simple Innoxa treatments for dry, greasy, neglected and ageing skins, together with a free copy of the booklet on Natural Loveliness by Innoxa, can be obtained from all high-class shops or from: Innoxa Salon, 37/38 Old Bond Street, London, W.1 — Telephone: Regent 3306/7 — where Innoxa Beauty Treatments are given daily. Advice on individual problems by letter or interview and consultations are free.

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Elizabeth Craig says..

. . . "follow the MARTINI way to the table"

"What I would do without Martini Vermouth I really don't know! I serve it as an Aperitif before meals and with biscuits or cake when friends drop in for a chat in the late evening. I serve a glass of plain Martini with Hors-d'œuvres, clear soup or the fish course when giving a dinner party. When I'm tired, a glass of it brings back my vitality. Do make a friend of Martini too—it keeps you slim while it stimulates. Why not let Martini Vermouth help us to make our parties a success—it's going to help me."

Elizabeth Craig

A Plain Martini Vermouth is becoming more and more popular as a meal-time drink—its delightful bouquet and flavour is recognized the world over—and the beneficial aromatic herbs which are blended with the mature wine, make it of utmost value as a health beverage. Over-strained digestive organs all benefit from Martini Vermouth. Moreover it keeps you Slim and Youthful.

ELIZABETH CRAIG SUGGESTS THESE RECIPES

Men's Delights

Spread tiny rounds of bread, toasted only on other side, with chopped lobster or prawns, seasoned to taste with salt, cayenne pepper, and lemon juice, and moistened to taste with white sauce, flavoured with Martini. Sprinkle with grated Parmesan cheese to taste. Brown under grill. Serve as a hot appetizer with a glass of plain Martini Vermouth, allowing two of these snacks per person.

Salmon Titbits

Chop smoked salmon. Flavour to taste with Martini and lemon juice. Pile on fingers or rounds of fried bread. Garnish with cayenne pepper and chopped gherkin. Serve with a glass of plain Martini Vermouth before lunch or dinner.

MARTINI Vermouth

Dry—5/6, ½ bottle 2/9 DRY or SWEET Sweet—4/6, 3/6 and 2/-

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THERE ARE COUNTLESS THOUSANDS OF OTHER DOGS, CATS, HORSES, AND ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF ANIMALS, WHO LOOK TO THE P.D.S.A. TO RELIEVE THEIR SUFFERINGS.

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Please send a donation to Hon. Treasurer—

THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY FOR SICK ANIMALS

14, CLIFFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Lion Heart

(*Continued from page 43*)

if he's going to offer me that part, what is it, Blondin . . . ?"

"Blondel, darling. Blondin was a tight-rope walker."

"I'll take it," he finished triumphantly. "You and I have never played together yet."

"We should play together for three nights, perhaps."

"And all the rehearsals."

"I don't think grandfather will offer you a very high salary. He might run to fifteen pounds a week."

Kingswood chuckled. It was no good modestly pretending that he was worth no more; the high bidding from the market place which was Hollywood was too blatant a contradiction. He was a remarkably fine actor as well as the idol of the Kingswood Fan Club. And he told Jessica that he was glad to get a chance to come back to the legitimate stage for a while, however brief.

"I think, Hal, that it would be only fair if I now told you the general layout of *Lion Heart*."

TWENTY minutes later. "My God!" said Hal Kingswood, deeply moved. Then he pulled himself together, and repeated loyally that whatever happened he would accept the part, being one of the Neville family. . . .

"Optimist!"

"One of the Neville family," he repeated firmly, "for my heart precedes the slow march of time. I feel that my rightful place is in *Lion Heart*."

Jessica did not know whether she wanted him in *Lion Heart* or not. It was always heaven to be with Hal, especially as her grandfather's prejudices made it necessarily a secret affair; but she foresaw that the rehearsals could not but be one long agony of embarrassment to the younger generation.

"Are you quite sure you're free?"

He nodded. "Leman has got an option on me, of course, until about 1950; but he doesn't want me until they do *Jack of Clubs*, and he told me yesterday that he's definitely abandoned all idea of that until the fall."

"Fall of what?" asked Jessica, who, reared in the Shakespeare tradition, could not quite get it out of her blood that men sometimes talked like Marc Antony: "Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen. . . ."

Kingswood was certainly a little astonished in spite of Jessica's coaching, when Sir Marcus Neville, having summoned him to an interview and received him in a fashion of old-world courtesy, opened the actual negotiations by: "Well, young man, I'm going to give you your great chance. That is to say, if on reading the part I consider you equal to it."

Kingswood showed the proper spirit of awe and humility, swallowed several more insults, and was graciously permitted to read the part at the first rehearsal. Jessica's prophecy of fifteen pounds a week, however, was too rosy in hue. Twelve pounds was the suggestion from Sir Marcus Neville, and Hal said that twelve pounds would do him nicely, thanks.

But as the rest of London's theatrical population was not in love with Jessica, Sir Marcus Neville encountered some nasty shocks during the next two or three weeks, in his other attempts to cast *Lion Heart* worthily. His own family were no more than a nucleus; and everyone he wanted outside the family was either in Hollywood or in British films, or sheered off nervously when they heard what was in the air. Or worst of all, received a film offer just as Sir Marcus had got them settled, and the contract only needed signing. His temper grew worse and worse. Even Monica was stunned by the Jove-like flashes of thunder and lightning which crashed and forked across their dining-room table. His daughter Mary was terrified that he would have a stroke, and confided her fears in Jessica and Louis.

"Let's ask him to give it up," she suggested brightly.

"Which of us?"

Dead silence.

At last rehearsals got under way, with the Nevilles, Hal Kingswood and a very lame supporting company. By a stroke of luck, Sir Marcus had both a theatre and a stage manager; the latter, one of his former employees, a devoted fossil who had toddled out of obscurity, and begged to be allowed to take office again under his old chief.

Sir Marcus had been considerably impressed by Kingswood's acting, though he carefully concealed it from him; not out of jealousy, for the Gom's character was naturally noble and not petty, but because he believed he could help him more with criticism and training than by praise. He trained Kingswood for all he was worth, but the latter did not blink an eyelid, and carefully did not look towards Jessica.

Multiply by a hundred the usual nervous wear and tear of rehearsals, and add to that the nervous wear and tear of a famous stage family of three generations all acting in the same company for the first time in their lives, the younger ones under the strain of having to conceal their fanatical hatred of *Lion Heart*, for fear a beloved grandfather's heart might at any moment give way, and one would get some idea of what these rehearsals were like.

Worst of all, Sir Marcus had discovered a new slogan: "We must move with the times," and had introduced into the consistent drama of *Lion Heart* a few creaking and highly incongruous innovations which only served to destroy the play's chief merit of sincerity.

The trouble was that Sir Marcus Neville himself, though drawing the tattered cloak of his illusion majestically round his shoulders, nevertheless could not help being aware of the cold winds blowing through. In other words, he was no fool; and though he believed in *Lion Heart* with his soul, his intelligence was slightly doubtful about it. It had been a great show in its time, but was it still? Would these restless modern audiences appreciate it as it deserved? Was his daughter Mary as good as she used to be, in the part of Berengaria? Was Theodore's voice equal to the dark splendour of Saladin's speeches? Little Jessica was all right; little Jessica was charming, a chip of the old block. But his grandson, Louis, had been polluted by these infernal up-to-date notions of strolling about the stage as nonchalantly as though it were his own bedroom, and turning your back on the audience whenever he had a really thrilling line to deliver.

Half-way through this nightmare period, however, as usual in rehearsals, agony was almost imperceptibly transformed to hope. Came a day when it really looked as though the play were gaining pace and coherence; when it hung together instead of lying about the stage in tatters; when the same company had been acting together for nearly a week, and a faint wan light of optimism trembled over the horizon. Sir Marcus Neville was radiant.

"Mr. Kingswood—sir, you're wanted urgent on the phone. Mr. Leman."

"Go on," called the great actor-manager, majestically from the stalls. "What are you waiting for, my boy? Go on, you are doing very well."

Hal Kingswood, paralysed, torn between the voices of authority on either side, finished the love-scene and then slipped away down to the telephone at the stage door, where he rang off and then rang up again, as the quickest way to cut through the accumulation of secretaries which had piled up at the other end. "Good heavens," whispered Jessica, when he rejoined her behind a pile of old boxes back-stage, a few moments later, "you're as white as cream cheese. What is it? Bad news?"

"The worst. Leman's producing *Jack of Clubs* at once."

"At once? But he can't. It was postponed for a year at least."

"You don't know the films, darling. It can be postponed for a year at least, and then you hear they started shooting the day before yesterday."

"And must they have you?"

Ruefully he nodded assent.

"But Hal, you can't throw up Blondel. It'll break grandfather's heart."

"Grandfather's

(*Continued on page* 156)

Goodnight Sir. Goodnight milady!

She isn't a 'milady' at all . . . but she has such an air about her that the Commissionaire (who knows a thoro'bred filly when he sees one) is taking no risks. And can you blame him? For she's a Personality. More, far more than a mere adorable bundle of 'cuteness' in wizard clothes. More than merely lovely. More than graceful, smart and gracious. For to her other charms, she adds the magic breath of "Mischief"—the desperately smart new perfume that Mayfair has taken to its fashionable and fastidious heart. Exciting, disturbing, glamorous. And yet in perfect taste. No wonder the best-looking Bachelors in her very exclusive circle are looking daggers at each other—and wearing out her telephone in endless efforts to make a date!

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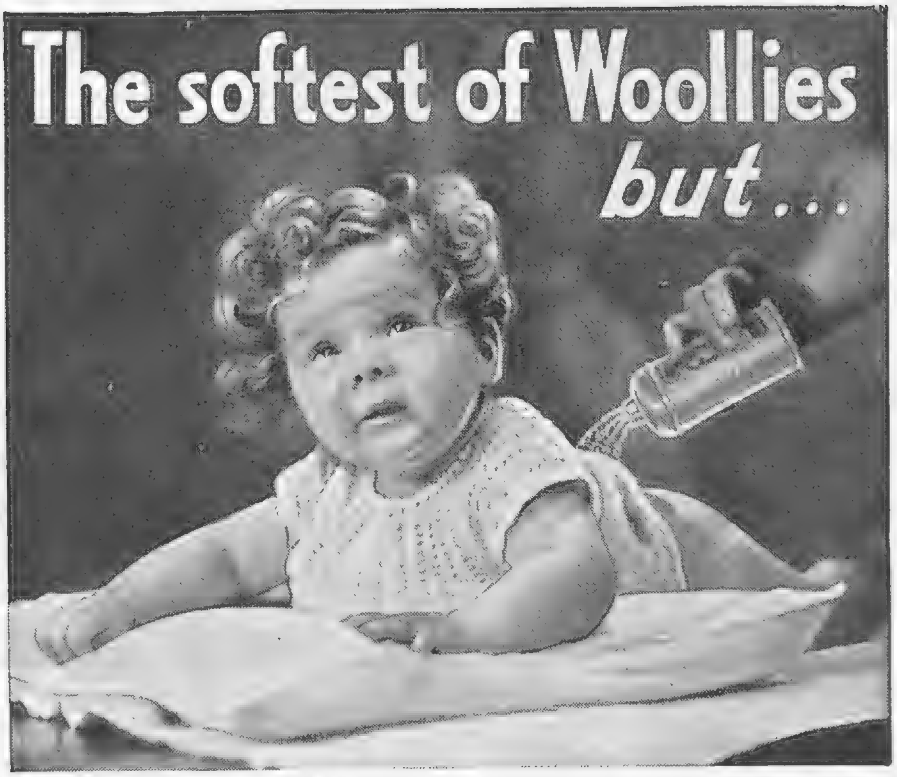

they will not *prevent*
CHAFED IRRITATED SKIN

The finest and softest woollies money can buy cannot prevent or relieve "nappy soreness"—that stinging, smarting inflammation which causes babies so much suffering. Some poor little mites have such sensitive skins that, no matter how often you change them, it doesn't help a bit.

Here is a bit of advice which thousands of mothers have followed and the result has delighted and amazed them—simply use Cuticura Talcum. Not just the usual dusting you have been used to giving baby, but a really lavish powdering, the more the better. It may sound extravagant, but the small extra outlay is a trifle compared with the comfort and sound sleep it means for baby and the peace of mind it will bring to you. But any kind of powder will not do. It must be Cuticura Talcum, which has wonderful absorbent properties that enable it to counteract the irritating effect of dampness.

Use it freely and baby's skin will quickly regain its smooth, healthy condition again. Cuticura Talcum is deliciously fragrant and a sheer joy to a hot perspiring skin.

You, too, will enjoy using it after the bath. Its perfume gives the final touch to personal daintiness.

Another valuable aid to baby's skin comfort is Cuticura Soap, perhaps the mildest soap ever made, as soothing as fresh dairy cream to a baby's sensitive skin.

In case of pimples, heat spots, rashes, and such distressing eruptions as Eczema, Cuticura brand Ointment instantly relieves itching and quickly heals.

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REFRESHING
OF HIGHEST
ABSOLUTE PURITY
FOR THE TOILET, BATH AND NURSERY

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heart, my sweet, isn't mentioned in the terms of my contract with Leman."

Then they almost quarrelled.

"I believe you want to play *Jack of Clubs* more than—more than—oh, yes, I know this is fustian nonsense. It's old fashioned. It's of no value any more. It's dead and buried and ought to have been left in the grave. We shall make fools of ourselves in front of the whole world, and you're well out of it. *Jack of Clubs* is a glorious part, and I believe I'm glad on the whole that you've got free from the romantic Blondel. He's such a complete idiot."

But Jessica was crying by now, and Kingswood found it difficult to comfort her. The prospect of telling Sir Marcus Neville, for whom he had actually a deep respect as a man who had once been head of his profession, filled him with panic. In the most unheroic style, having told Jessica, he then confidentially told Jessica's mother Mary, and Jessica's uncle Theo, and Jessica's brother Louis, and even great-aunt Harriet and little Monica, before he could bring himself to come out into the open and break the news to grandfather.

And then he made a very lame affair of it. The rest of the Nevilles watched and trembled.

"Quite out of the question," Sir Marcus pronounced, when at last he realised what his juvenile lead was trying to say to him. It took at least another twenty minutes' hard labour from Kingswood to convince the Grand Old Man that the obstacle was real, and had been written in black and white in the most binding contract that the legal department of the Ashchurch Film Studios could produce.

"Do you propose," Sir Marcus spoke slowly, heavily stressing each word. "Do you propose that I should allow you to walk out of my production now, at the eleventh hour, in order to fulfil some shadowy nonsense in the world of shams and charlatans which you choose to call films?"

("He's looking terribly congested," murmured his daughter anxiously to Jessica. "Oh, dear, I'm so afraid he'll have a stroke.")

Sir Marcus Neville flung his cloak majestically about his shoulders, picked up his malacca and announced his intention of immediately visiting this man—what was his name?—Leman at the film studios, to inform him there was no hope that Mr. Kingswood would be able to play—what was the part?—at any time whatsoever during the next six months.

"After that," said Sir Marcus, "I am ready to make a concession. If you play Blondel for six months, he can have you after that, and I will engage another actor for the part. But that is my ultimatum. Mary, will you take the rehearsal? Ladies and gentlemen, I will be back presently," and he stalked away, bitterly offended with this preposterous intrusion, yet so scornful of its claims that even Hal Kingswood wondered in a dazed sort of way whether he had exaggerated the importance of Leman, the Ashchurch Film Company, and *Jack of Clubs*.

Obedient to orders, the company went on rehearsing; but the Nevilles, though present in the flesh, were absent in spirit, wondering whether the great Leman of the present would consent to see the great Neville of the past. Theodore wondered if he should have gone with him. Mary wondered if his heart would stand the shock of blunt words. Jessica wondered if loyalty would compel her to break it off with Hal, her fiancé in the rival camp. Louis, who of all the Nevilles cared least about his grandfather, and most resented not being able to accept film offers with handsome salaries attached, could not help feeling that it would do the old boy good to come out of his dreams and be forced to behold the truth.

The moments dragged on. It was now an hour since he had gone. Now two hours. Then they heard his step sounding on the wooden stairs. More than his step, they heard his voice. He was singing!

Enter Sir Marcus Neville, sunny and debonair. He handed his cloak to one, his malacca to another, his gloves to a third.

"Charming fellow, Leman," he said. "Curious how no one had told me . . . most intelligent. A real treat to hear his views. And by the way, we can postpone rehearsals for the moment till everything is finally settled. But you may accept my assurance," he addressed the members of the company collectively, "that you will none of you lose by it. I made it a condition with Mr. Leman —Jessica, my dear, what is it? Why are you so impatient? Yes, Mr. Leman has decided to make *Lion Heart* his next big technicolor production. He is most enthusiastic, and it is indeed a great opportunity for the cinema. He kept on repeating that he could not imagine why it had not occurred to him before; the subject was obviously even more suitable for the expansion and detail which can only be obtained via this new medium. What is it, Mary? You and Theodore are looking as if you'd seen ghosts. . . . Ah. Harriet has guessed it. Harriet was always the quickest. Mr. Leman saw no reason, no reason whatever, why I should not let myself be persuaded to play my old part. But I have a disappointment for you, my boy," turning to Hal Kingswood, "you are not to play Blondel. Mr. Leman seems to think you would do better in some other film, I forget the name. But otherwise *Lion Heart* will be filmed just as it stands. We are thinking of including the Battle of Lepanto in the script."

* *

"A CHARMING fellow, a charming fellow," Leman was describing the recent interview with Sir Marcus Neville. "Most intelligent and progressive. A real film mind. I wish you could have heard him on the future of technicolor. Full of enthusiasm. He's going to cost us the earth, of course—his agent has just been on to me—but as he said himself—what was it?—'we needs must pay the highest when we see it.'"

END

The Luck of the Pentons

(*Continued from page 37*)

A white and graceful nymph Diane stole down the beach and entered the water.

NOW as she swam with easy strokes into the soft night there came to Diane a belief that the spirit of "Lucky Larry" was hovering above her. A belief that he was encouraging her. Urging her to continue swimming.

This seemed unexplainable, but the belief persisted in spite of its lack of logic. Why should the spirit of her father urge her to continue? If he objected to her decision to leave the world, why didn't he advise her to turn back towards the illuminated shore that she was leaving?

Suddenly a thrilling thought came to her. An amusing thought. She told herself that the spirit of "Lucky Larry" was urging her forward in the belief that she would swim into the radius in which the "Luck" worked. Some special sphere where it could upset the laws of the universe. The Principality of Monaco might be a "blind" spot where it had no power; a place where other and more powerful forces worked against it and nullified its strength.

Slightly amused, she wondered in a lazy fashion how far she would have to swim. Perhaps leagues. She looked up at the star that she had noticed when sitting on the beach. She thought it might be over the Holy Land. It was a bright star. It might be the star that the Wise Men followed. The star that the placard of the bearded man told of.

She became sweetly fatigued. She was filled with a great desire to fold her arms and sink gently into the depths. But a ghostly prompting compelled her to swim on. It grew stronger as her strength ebbed. Now, surely, she felt that it was an order from the dead of her clan. A fierce and definite order.

Puzzled she floated to rest herself, then, as she lay on her (*Continued on page* 158)

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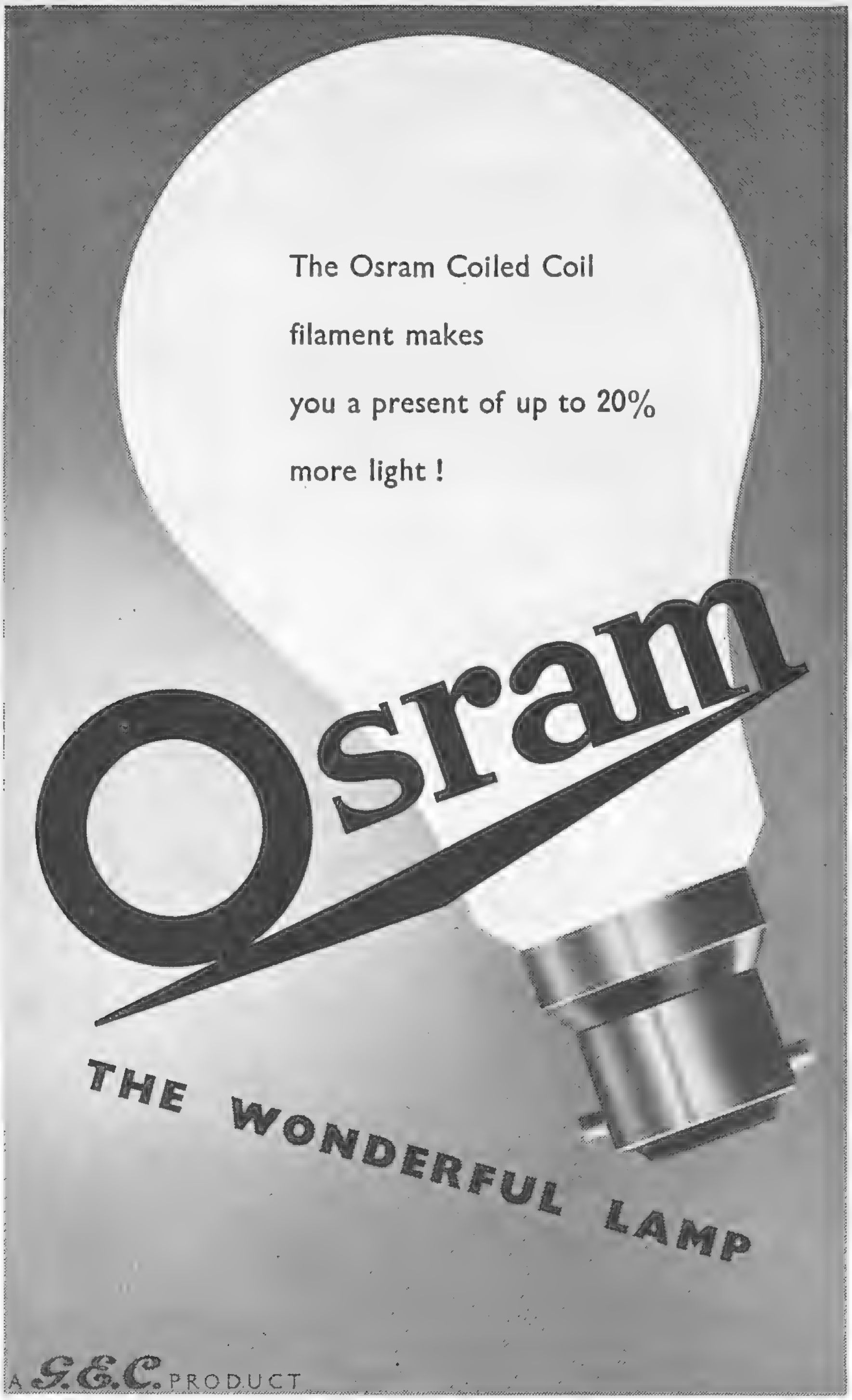
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BELLIN'S WONDERSTOEN

back, there came across the waters a startling sound. Diane listened intently. Listened with every pore of her sweet white body. Somewhere ahead of hera woman was crying softly, while a man's voice, thin and querulous, was uttering words of comfort.

Diane Penton drove her lithe body forward. She could distinguish the outline of a large motor boat. A cabin cruiser. It was rocking gently in the swell, its engine silent. The whimpering of the woman and the excited stuttering of the man came quite plainly to the ears of the swimming girl.

Softly, ever so softly, Diane approached. She trod water and listened. Now the voice of a youth came to her ears. A youth who was being questioned sharply by the owner of the thin, elderly voice. The youth answered in the *Nicois* dialect, and Diane followed him with difficulty. She understood that the youth was protesting his ignorance of the engine. He asserted again and again that someone named Robert had never permitted him to touch the controls. This Robert was jealous, blubbered the youth, jealous of anyone going near the old engine. Now his jealousy had left them in a fix. They would, he asserted, drift across the Mediterranean to the shores of Africa if they were lucky enough to escape being plowed under by the forefoot of a tramp or a hurrying liner bound for Port Said.

Diane wondered about the jealous Robert who would not permit anyone to touch his engine. Where was this Robert? What had happened to him? Had he fallen overboard? Surely someone had piloted the boat out into the Mediterranean !

The sobbing of the woman distressed her. She judged from their voices that both the man and the woman were old. Very old. Their voices were thin and dry with age and the fear that was now upon them.

Suddenly a remark of the youth made Diane aware of the difficulties in which the old couple found themselves. The boy had expressed an opinion on the condition of someone whom Diane guessed to be the jealous Robert. The boy thought that Robert was dying.

The old man rebuked the youth. He affirmed that it was but *un malaise du coeur*. It would pass. In stuttering sentences he damned the incompetence of the boy.

Now the situation was plain to Diane. The jealous Robert had been smitten with a heart attack while bringing back the cruiser from a trip to Mentone. He had, sensing the attack, shut off the power before slumping over the wheel.

Diane Penton moved close to the boat. She spoke from the soft darkness. "If I can help you in any way I will be pleased," she said quietly.

The old man let out a startled "My God !" Clinging to the rail he peered at the place from which the voice had come. His cry suggested that he thought the offer of help had a supernatural source.

"Who—who are you?" he gasped.

"I am Diane Penton," answered the girl, and she laughed softly as she introduced herself. "Lucky Larry" would be delighted at hearing her words. Possibly he had heard. A strange thrill went through her at the thought.

"But—but what are you doing here?" cried the old man. "You're miles from the shore !"

His astonishment amused the girl. "I was swimming out into the sea hoping to find my 'Luck,'" she answered. It was ridiculous to make such an answer, but she knew of no other. Yes, "Lucky Larry" would be vastly amused to hear her responses.

The old woman had stopped whimpering now, her sobs throttled by the voice of the girl. Her head appeared above the rail close to that of the man. In turn came the head of the youth, his stupid round face, washed with fear, showing plainly. He stammered out words in the dialect, pointing to the spot where Diane trod water. He begged the old man not to let the girl aboard the boat. The youth thought her a witch. He thought her a *sirene*. "*Oui ! Oui !*" he shrieked. "*Une sirene nue !*" He danced up and down in his excitement, pointing and gesticulating.

Diane stroked closer. "I'm real," she said, quietly. "Plain flesh and blood. If you give me a cloak of some sort—you see I am really naked as that boy says—I would come aboard and help you. I know a lot about engines."

Now she was alongside, her hands touching the boat. She was looking up at the three startled faces thrust over the rail. She recognised the old man. Larry Penton had pointed him out to her one night at the Sporting Club. "Old Colonel Aspinall," Larry had said. "Weight nine stone seven with a gold covering for every ounce."

"There's no—no trick?" demanded the colonel. "No one—no one with you? Robbers, pirates, eh?"

"I'm alone," answered Diane. "If you wish me to help you please toss me down a cloak or an overcoat."

Clumsily the old man handed down his overcoat. Diane waved him and the boy back from the rail. Dexterously she drew herself up from the water, draped the overcoat around her slim white body and climbed aboard.

THE three, still in the clutch of fear, stood together and stared at her. The light of the hurricane lamp fell on her sweet face, traced the graceful lines that the muffled overcoat could not entirely conceal, showed the small feet around which a puddle formed as the salt water ran from her long shapely legs. She might have been a mermaid, so beautiful and strange she appeared.

She glanced at the man stretched out alongside the wheel. He was breathing heavily. This, she knew, was the jealous Robert who allowed no one to touch his engine.

"We'd better get him in as soon as possible," said Diane, breaking the silence. "He doesn't seem at all well."

The old man motioned to the controls. "If—if you would," he gurgled. Even now a belief that she wasn't real was upon the three.

Diane turned to the engine. Once when "Lucky Larry" had a big win at Newmarket he had bought a place at Ventnor and a motor boat whose engine was a small brother to that in the cruiser of Colonel Aspinall. In those days Diane had acted as engineer.

The stupid youth watched her as she started up the engine. He sprang backward as the deep throb went out over the water. To him the girl was still a mermaid. He stared at her with unblinking eyes.

Diane took the wheel and swung the nose of the cruiser shoreward. The air struck at her bare chest; she pulled the overcoat around her. The man was whispering to the old lady. Away off over the House of Chance was a bright glow in the heavens. No twinkling star like that which shone above Bethlehem. The goddess of chance had a hundred thousand lights to mark her temple.

Diane considered the sudden change in her plans. Was it for this silly business of taking an old man and an old woman back to the resort that the dead of her race had kept her from folding her arms and sinking into the cool depths? Surely they were not concerned in such a small matter. The Pentons mixed themselves only in large affairs. What would this old couple offer her for her services in bringing them safely in? A hundred francs, perhaps. A hundred francs and an old dress to cover her nakedness.

She thought now of her own clothes that she had left on the beach. She pictured their discovery by a prowling guard. The police, of course, would think that she had committed suicide. Her handbag carried her initials; a gold cigarette case was engraved with the Penton crest and the word "Diane." The *habitués* of the House of Chance would tell how the roulette table had skinned her.

Her terror grew. She let go of the steering wheel with the intention of leaping overboard, but at that moment the sick man stretched out on

(*Continued on page* 160)

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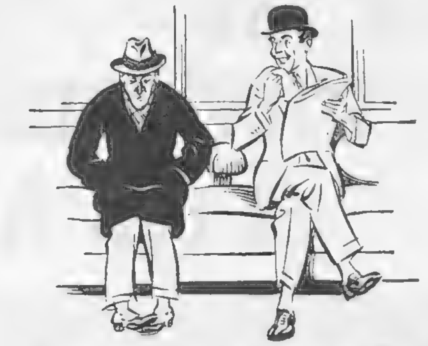

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the deck moaned softly, and she steadied herself. Deserting the ship would not meet with the approval of the dead Larry. He, Larry, believed that if you got into a scrape you should get out of it with honour. She had to land the old couple and the stricken man, then, once more, start to swim out till her strength gave way.

She formed a plan as the illuminated resort came closer. When she brought the motor boat to the *Quai de Plaisance* she would hurry to the beach, roll her clothes into a bundle, pack a few heavy stones in the centre and take the bundle to sea with her. Far out she would sink it. There would be no evidence for the police. No big clumsy hands would finger her garments searching for labels and laundry marks. Perhaps, she thought, the dead Pentons had brought her back so that she might hide all evidence of her suicide. Those brave Pentons who had carried the "Luck" with such honour did not wish the world to know that one of their race had quit under fire.

THE lights at the entrance of the small *rade* of Monaco showed now. Diane swung the motor boat between the lights and into the quay. Above her the Sporting Club and the Casino were dazzling oases. The resort was warming up for the midnight revels. The strains of music went out over the sea. Diane Penton wondered if there were many persons in the resort who thought of the little manger in Bethlehem. The bearded evangelist who carried the sign surely, but few others.

A troubled butler and a maid were awaiting the colonel and his wife. The old couple immediately commenced to chatter of their misfortunes. They seemed a little angry with the unfortunate Robert. They pointed to him as he lay awaiting an ambulance. Diane thought that they considered his conduct in falling sick as somewhat traitorous.

As Diane climbed from the boat the colonel spoke in an undertone to the butler. The girl sensed that the old man was questioning the servant as to what the butler thought would be a fair reward for the work of bringing the cruiser back to port. The thought upset her. As the group turned at the sound of an ambulance clattering down the slope Diane slipped into the gloom and ran swiftly towards the spot where she had left her clothing.

AN irregular barrier guarding the Thermal Establishment hid from the running Diane the exact spot where she had entered the water, so the clothing was not in view till she came panting up the slope and peeped nervously. For a moment she stood transfixed, then, with a little choked cry, she fell on her knees.

Eyes above the barrier she stared. There was the pile of her clothing as she placed the garments in the order of disrobement, but standing quite close to them was a man. A man stripped to his under drawers, his own clothing lying close to hers!

Just for a minute Diane thought the man insane. As she watched he ran between the piles of clothing and the water, and, as he ran, he communed aloud with himself. In amazement the girl listened. He called himself a string of abusive names. He was, so he informed the night, a fool, an ass, a blockhead. He confessed his responsibility for a death. The death of a girl!

As he came running back from the sea Diane Penton saw his features. She recognised him. He was the tall athletic Englishman of the House of Chance!

Near the clothing he paused and shook his fist at the sea. "I might have known she would have come to you!" he screamed. "I should have followed her! I should——"

He paused and wheeled swiftly as Diane rose from behind the barrier. Mouth open, transfixed with astonishment, he stared for a few seconds, then, with a whoop of joy he rushed towards her. He stammered out explanations. He had become fearful after she had left the casino; he had tracked her down to the beach and had found her clothing.

He had swam around helplessly in search of her, and now, exhausted, he had come back to the beach to damn his stupidity.

"Where did you go?" he cried. "What happened?"

Strangely enough all barriers between them were swept away. His evident concern for her safety, his bitter self-condemnation, made him a friend to Diane Penton. She had a feeling that she had known him all her life.

She told of her desire to put an end to her troubles by swimming far out into the Mediterranean and sinking when she grew tired. She spoke of how her wishes had been combated by the spirits of folk of her race who had urged her to keep on swimming, and how, at long last, she had heard the weeping of the old woman and had been the means of bringing the motor boat in. "He is Colonel Aspinall," she added.

"Old Aspinall!" breathed the young man. "He has millions."

"So my father told me," she said.

He looked at her, and she thought that he was wondering how much she received from the millionaire for her work of rescue. "I—I didn't wait around," she stammered. "I ran. You see—you see, I wished to find my clothes before anyone else did. I was going——"

She paused and looked at the dark water. This talk was holding up her plan of making a second attempt to put herself out of the world.

"You were going to do what?" asked the young man.

"I was going to take my clothes with me," she answered truthfully. "Roll a few stones up in them and sink them a mile off shore."

"That's out," he said decisively.

Her eyes flashed as she turned on him. "Really!" she murmured. "And who appointed you a judge of my actions?"

He looked around vaguely as if he might find the answer on a notice board on the beach. Not finding anything he spoke quietly. "Why, no one," he said, "yet somehow to-night, Diane Penton, I felt that I had—that I had been appointed your guardian. Now that you have come back from the dead I'm going to watch over you. You'll think that silly."

For a long while they sat in silence, then the man spoke. "My name is Harry Peirce," he said. "I'm a bit of a fool. I'm an engineer. Folk might say I'm a big engineer. I build bridges in out of the way places. The Malaya, China, Burma. When I finish them I come back to London, but I have no friends. Think of spending Christmas Eve in London without friends! Here it doesn't matter because—because these—these don't know or care what Christmas Eve means. Their god is the wheel. . . . Well, it handed me a licking to-night. Got my last quid."

Diane didn't answer. She sat hunched up, the overcoat of old Colonel Aspinal pulled tight across her bosom. And now, after digesting all that the young man had told her, the overcoat spoke to her. It suggested that it was not her property. She had run away with it. It had been loaned to her to hide her nakedness when she boarded the motor boat, but she had slipped away into the night without offering to return the garment. Her pride concerning the matter of recompense had made her blind to the fact that she was a thief.

The thought came to her that the old man might have used the pockets of the overcoat for things precious to him. Heart or indigestion tablets. Running away with the garment might have left him open to an attack of hay fever, heartburn, or hiccups. One could never tell about the maladies of the aged.

Diane thrust her hands deep into the pockets. Her fingers touched a piece of paper. She pulled it out and brought it close to her eyes. A lean moon, no more than the paring of a fingernail was rising from the sea. It gave sufficient light to show Diane Penton that she had unearthed a thousand franc note!

"Look!" she

(Continued on page 162)

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Make up jelly to ¾-pint only; when cool (but not set) whip into stiff froth, then fill into cups. When set turn out on plates and place a small ball of marzipan on cocktail stick to form head and fix in position. Use pieces of glacé cherries for caps, eyes and buttons and angelica strip for pipe. Surround with any remaining whipped jelly. If desired, sprinkle over with desiccated coconut.

N.B: To make marzipan, mix icing sugar and ground almonds with lemon juice to a stiff paste.

"FESTIVE CANDLES"

Pint packet Chivers Jelly (Lemon or Pineapple), Tin of Pineapple Slices, Bananas dipped in Lemon Juice, Angelica, Glacé Cherries. A little Cream.

Melt Jelly cubes in boiling water, and some pineapple syrup to make ¾-pint (in all). Place pineapple slice in each small dish and pour in layer of cold jelly. When set, scoop jelly from centre, insert halved banana. Squeeze a little thick cream on top and sides to represent candle grease and place halved cherry on top for flame. Make handle with stick of Angelica.

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cried, and she handed the note to the young man. "I found it in the pocket of his coat!"

Harry Peirce took the bill gingerly. He turned it over, examined the back, felt the paper with his fingers, and sniffed it. Gently he laid it down on the sand between himself and the girl.

"That settles it," he muttered.

"Settles what?"

"You have the 'Luck' all right. I mean you. Dad handed it to you for certain."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" he cried, and he raised his voice and turned angrily towards her. "I mean that all this has been fixed. All this that happened to you! Why, the heart attack of that poor devil on the motor boat was arranged so that you would be brought back! Those old Pentons planned it. If a motor boat wasn't there they'd—they'd have stopped a battleship so as to get you back to this beach. To this beach—and to me."

She heard distinctly the three last words, but she took no offence. Those few minutes during which she had watched his distress at her disappearance had made a bridge to her heart. At moments she thought that his voice was the soft whispering voice of Larry Penton.

"Now," he said sternly, "dress yourself and go back to the casino. Take another fling at the wheel. Anyone starting to swim to Africa and who finds a stalled motor boat in the Mediterranean and who is handed a coat with a thousand francs in the pocket should beat any wheel that ever was fashioned."

"It is not my thousand francs!" cried Diane.

"He couldn't have given you less," argued Harry Peirce.

"But he didn't give me anything."

"HE might have slipped it into the coat pocket when you were steering the boat. He must have come near you. Didn't he come near you?"

Diane nodded her head.

"Then that explains it!" cried the young man. "The thousand is yours. Put on your duds and back your luck."

"No," said the girl. "I will not go back to the casino."

The young man pleaded with her, but his words had no effect upon her. She couldn't face the room. There might be another loud-mouthed man to proclaim her name and the fact that she was doing up what "Lucky Larry" had left her.

Harry Peirce leaned towards her. "Diane Penton," he murmured, "you are fighting against Providence. Will you appoint me your deputy to play the thousand?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"And will you give me your word that you will not move from here for one hour?"

"Yes."

"You swear it?"

"I will wait here for one hour," she said, in a low voice. "After that——" She cut short her statement as to what she would do later, but her big eyes were on the sobbing waters of the sea.

Harry Peirce snatched up his clothes that were piled close to hers. He retired behind the barrier and changed quickly. "One hour!" he shouted. "You've sworn it! Don't move from where you are sitting!"

Diane listened to his receding footsteps as he ran across the beach. She thought him kind and sympathetic, but in spite of his arguments she found it hard to believe that she possessed "The Luck of the Pentons." Something had gone wrong in the transfer from Larry. She lacked belief. She lacked the faith that her father had spoken of.

A feeling of great fatigue came upon her. She lowered her head on her knees and dozed. The soft night moved around her.

His shout roused her. He had cried out her name when he dropped from the path on to the beach. Now, brushing the sleep from her eyes, she saw him running swiftly towards her.

"Diane!" he screamed. "Diane! I beat

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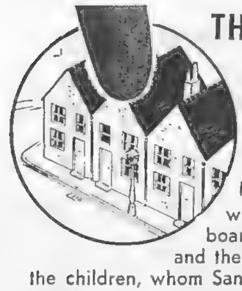

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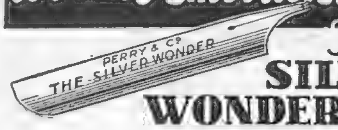

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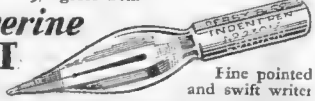

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them! I walloped them flat! The 'Luck' held! Your luck, girlie! I ran 'em up a tree! Diane! *Diane!*"

He covered the last few yards in a wild sprawl and fell full length at her feet. Startled she stared at the bundles he tossed on to her lap. Bundles of notes! Fifties, hundreds, thousands!

A few notes broke loose and the night wind whipped them along the sand. The young man, on hands and knees, chased them. He was laughing now. Laughing hysterically.

"Help!" he cried. "Catch them before they blow into the water!"

Diane obeyed his order. She chased a thousand franc note that was rolling toward the sea, retrieved it, then raced after another that was mounting the slope as if it wished to return to the casino. The coat slipped from her shoulders, and for a few seconds she forgot that she was running naked after the notes. But he was too busy at the same occupation to notice her. She retrieved the coat and returned to where he was madly endeavouring to prevent a stampede of the booty.

They were both laughing now. He tossed handfuls of sand on the notes to keep them from flirting with the rising breeze. In excited speech he tried to tell her how he had beaten the wheel.

"Your age!" he cried. "I had a hunch to play it! I saw you bet on it when you came in. Nineteen! I thought it must be your age! Isn't it? Isn't it? . . . I stuck to it. Gosh! I razzed them! Made their eyes pop! Diane, you've got nearly a hundred thousand francs! It's yours! It's yours!"

Tearfully she protested. She thrust the notes at him. He seized her wrists and pleaded with her. "Don't throw them around!" he cried. "The wind is getting stronger. We'll never catch them."

They were both a little hysterical. Diane was laughing and crying in turns. Then, as he still held her wrists, her face came close to his, her hair brushed across his eyes. Blindly he kissed her.

Instantly he released her hands. The laughter died away. They were quiet now. Kneeling on the beach they stared at each other.

The man leaned towards her. "Diane," he whispered. "Diane, my love! I must walk with you, Diane! I must! I must! I will be lost without you! I will be afraid! On this holy Christmas Eve my star has led me to you!"

She swayed and he reached out and took her in his arms.

WHEN the morning light turned the sand into a stretch of glistening opal the young man suggested that he would willingly accept a breakfast in the town if Diane would pay for it. He walked away while she dressed. Both were excited, a little drunk with the strange happenings of the wonder eve. The wonder eve of Christmas.

Diane called out to the young man. "I'm ready except for a stocking," she said. "I can only find one. I really had two."

Harry Peirce came running towards her. "I stole it!" he cried. "I—I knotted it round my neck instead of a necktie when I was going back to the casino. It carried the 'Luck'."

It was a very crumpled stocking, and his efforts to smooth it were ineffective. Together they walked up the slope. Diane was immensely happy. She felt certain that "The Luck of the Pentons" had come to her.

Halfway to the *Place* the girl halted her companion. "Let us," she whispered timidly, "let us say the Prayer. It is Christmas morning."

They stood together in the soft silence and the man repeated the words after her.

They came out on the avenue. In the ditch was the battered sign of the bearded evangelist. It had been smashed by the indignant guards. The man and the girl halted and stared at the words that were still visible on its splintered surface. "*And, lo, the star which they saw in the east, went before them, till. . . .*"

In silence they walked on. They were strangely moved.

END

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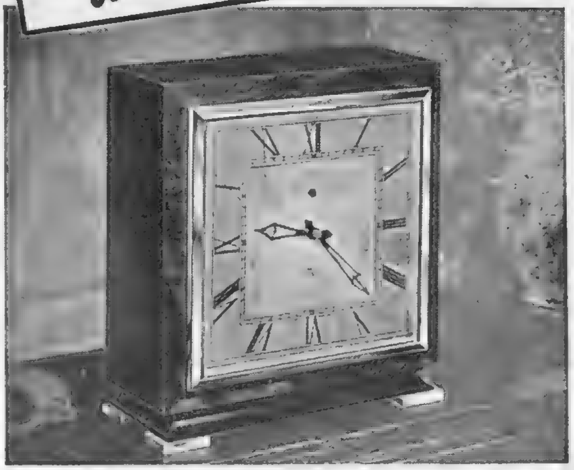

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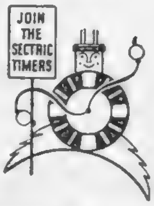

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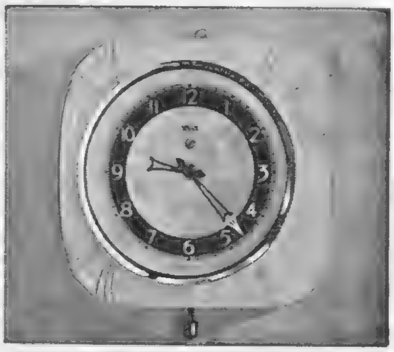

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It Isn't Done

(*Continued from page* 61)

look round quickly: "The train is in."

Colefax swallowed his hot drink. "I say, are you free this evening? I wish you'd dine with me. I'm at the Grand Palace."

"I've seen you there."

Colefax noticed that the young man's face was lined round the mouth and that his hands were calloused and powerful; the hands did not tally with the scarf of an expensive public school which he was wearing.

"We'll meet in the bar at eight then," Colefax said.

"Right you are," the boy's voice was slightly high pitched.

"My name is Colefax."

"Mine is Beauchamp; I'm in the Air Force."

Colefax thought: "So he is a pilot!" He said, "I'm a car manufacturer."

The boy looked at him with quick interest. "The Colefax car?"

"Yes."

"I flew a fighter plane fitted with one of your engines last month."

Colefax knew that the fighter plane pilots were the pick of the R.A.F., he remembered how cool and assured the boy had been when he dropped back to walk with him. And he had thought he was a ski-golo! He could laugh.

THE party broke up when the funicular got down to the Dorf. Colefax and the rugby footballer were the only two staying at the Grand Palace; it was costing them as much for one day as people in the small hotels paid for three. The rugby footballer's name was Forbes. He had only come out two days before, which was the reason he had fallen in the blizzard; he was not fit.

"See you to-night," Colefax called to the pilot. To Forbes he said: "I've asked that boy to dine with me to-night; he's earned it."

"It is the first thing he ever has earned then!" the big footballer put his hand to his head: "I believe I've got a frostbitten ear."

Colefax looked at the ear and saw it was a perfectly healthy colour. "You'll know when you get into a hot bath; it'll drop off if it is. Why do you say that about young Beauchamp? We might not have got in if he had not stayed behind with us; he is out here on leave from the Air Force; he is a fighter plane pilot."

"His name is not Beauchamp and he has never been in a military aeroplane in his life; he would not be allowed to climb into the cockpit."

"How do you know?"

The big footballer gave no answer; he strode along, rubbing his ear.

"How do you know?" Colefax asked again.

"Don't you read the papers? Remember the Clayton tunnel business? That fellow was one of them. His name is Lane, not Beauchamp. The only thing he has not faked are his old school colours; he was at school with me. Take my advice and keep the width of the town between you and Mr. Clarence Lane."

Colefax stopped in the middle of the road, swinging his skis round and nearly breaking a window. "Is that who he is?"

The footballer nodded: "They let him out in December."

Colefax did not speak for a moment. So he had asked an ex-convict to dine with him; he would not have minded that if Lane's case had not been so bad; there was no glamour in the story of two young thugs binding and half killing an old woman in a railway carriage for her purse.

"How many people in Davos know who he is?"

"I daresay nobody does; he was out in the Argentine for some time; I only spotted him when he came into the hotel last night; I did not recognise who he was with all that ice on his face when he came back to us this morning."

"He did come back; the others all went

on and made sure of getting in themselves."

"Well, he is no good, and anyway, a fellow who has just come out of prison has no business to wear his old school colours. It isn't done."

Colefax wanted to laugh at this. They reached the entrance to the hotel ski hall. Forbes let his skis slide off his shoulder. "Well, it is not my show; I've told you who he is and you must please yourself. I'm locking my door while he is in the hotel."

"I'm surprised he was allowed to enter Switzerland."

"I don't suppose the Swiss know anything about him. He has changed his name, and from what you say he is working the racket of being an Air Force pilot on leave."

Colefax said: "I shall tell him I know who he is."

Forbes placed his skis against the wall and started to kick the snow off his boots. "He'll try and bluff you with some story."

"You don't think he has come out here for winter sports?"

"I'm darned sure he hasn't. Look at the scope he has got; Davos and St. Moritz are packed with people with money."

"He'd see more jewels at St. Moritz."

"I said money; people like yourself."

Colefax did not like being reminded of his wealth; he thought the rugger blue a big oaf. "You say you haven't told anybody about Lane?" he asked.

"No, I haven't."

"Well, I want you to do something for me; he is my guest to-night; I want you to promise not to tell a soul who he is while he is with me."

"I'll do that," Forbes agreed.

"Thanks." Colefax gave his skis to the attendant.

COLEFAX thought things over while he dressed; the ex-rugger blue would not have invented the story. What was he to do about Lane? Colefax felt he owed the fellow a debt which, in his position, it was easy to repay. He would have a talk with him at dinner. He certainly did not like the idea of the young men attacking an old woman, but there might be another side to the story.

He finished dressing and went down to the bar; his guest had already arrived; after a couple of drinks they went in to dinner. Colefax let the boy chatter about flying and ski-ing for the first part of the meal. Suddenly he asked, "When did you join the R.A.F.?"

Clarence Lane's hesitation confirmed everything Forbes had said. Colefax said: "That fellow sitting over there was at school with you."

Lane looked round and saw Forbes. It was a clear hand call and he knew it.

Colefax looked hard at him. "Why did you lie to me? Your name is not Beauchamp and you were never in the R.A.F."

"Because you have got to put up a front to get a job."

"Is that why you stayed behind to help me?"

"No; I did not know who you were; I saw somebody floundering about in the snow; I'd have stayed behind to help anybody."

"Well, I'm going to help you; on one condition; you've got to tell me what really happened when that old woman was attacked in Clayton tunnel."

Lane's face hardened. "The papers did not give me a break. I had nothing to do with attacking her. The fellow I worked with did it; I stayed outside in the corridor."

"You were keeping guard?"

Lane nodded. "I did not even know who was in the carriage; I worked to orders."

"But you associated yourself in a robbery? How long have you been doing this sort of thing?"

"It was my second job; I couldn't get work; there isn't any for a cowboy in England."

"You were a cowboy?"

"I worked on a ranch in Corrientes; when the slump came a lot of us got paid off."

"And you couldn't find anything to do when you got back?"

Lane shook his head. "They won't use you."

"If I offered (*Continued on page* 166)

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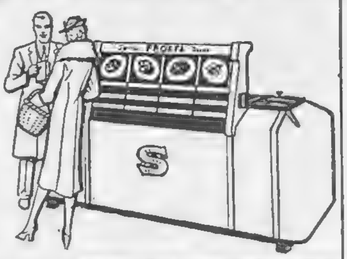

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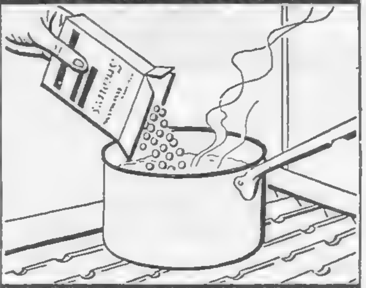

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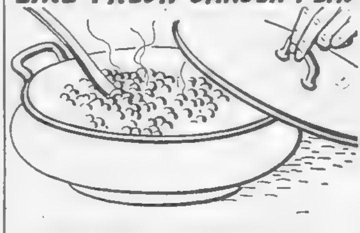

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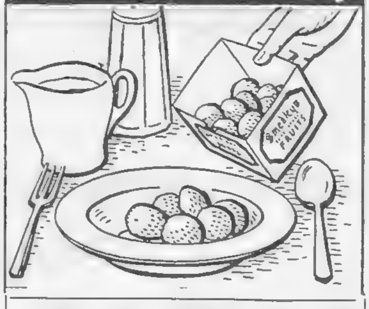

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to make use of you would you accept?"

"You bet."

"I want a man to take charge of an agency in China; it is not very quiet out there just now."

"That will suit me."

"Very well; I'll give you a try. Now let us talk about something else."

While they were having coffee, Colefax saw Forbes leaving the room; the rugger blue would not look in their direction; his face registered disapproval. Colefax knew his thoughts. Lane had let down the old school; Forbes could not forgive that scarf.

When they went out into the lounge, Colefax left Lane at a table and went over to Forbes. "I'm going to give him a break," he said. "Why don't you give him one, too; come and have a drink with us."

Forbes shook his head.

"Well, will you keep what you told me to yourself a bit longer?" Colefax asked. "I'll be responsible for him; he is going out to a job I'm giving him in China; let him enjoy himself before he leaves."

Forbes thought ponderingly for some moments. "If he'll put away that scarf with our old school colours, I'll promise not to say a word."

Colefax had to laugh; the terms were announced with such solemnity. "Would you like to tell him yourself?" he said.

Forbes shook his head; "I don't want to speak to him or go near him."

Colefax rejoined his guest. "That old schoolfellow of yours knows who you are," he said.

"Is he going to the management?" Lane tried to speak with a sneer.

"No; I have told him you are going out to China to work for me and he has promised to say nothing while you are here, but he—doesn't think you ought to wear the colours of your old school."

Lane's expression was surly. "I was there."

"Yes, but if I were you, I should not wear the colours. If Forbes gets angry I can't stop him talking."

"All right, I won't," Lane agreed.

THE following day the runs were closed after the heavy snow on account of the danger of avalanches; the next day conditions, though not completely safe in all districts, had improved. In the morning young Lane came round to Colefax's hotel to suggest a run. He suggested they should take the ski-hoist and do the second half of the Strella.

Colefax agreed and they arranged to meet at the station later. In the ski hall Coleman met Forbes. The big footballer, glowing with health, had his throat enveloped in an enormous old school scarf.

"Aren't you coming with the class this morning?" Forbes asked.

Colefax told his plans.

"We're doing the Strella, too," Forbes said.

No reference was made to Clarence Lane.

When Colefax and Lane arrived at the foot of the Strella, Fritz was addressing his class. "If you fall off the ski hoist then you must come down to the bottom and wait."

Colefax got hold of one of the swinging hooks and started the climb. During the first half of the ascent, he saw two people who had fallen off making their way back; he managed the first half and was two-thirds of the way up the second when he saw Forbes wallowing in the snow; the rugger blue had fallen off his hook.

Young Lane, balancing himself with one hand, his sticks swinging from his free wrist, waved elegantly to his old school pal. "You've got a long way to go down," he called.

When they got to the top Lane said: "Follow me; we'll take our own line and keep clear of the classes."

They crossed the main track and set off in virgin snow, swinging down the mountain in easy traverses. A few minutes after they started Colefax saw a solitary skier ahead fall heavily. Drawing level he found Forbes. The rugger blue

(*Continued on page 168*)

EXUBERANT HEALTH! *The vigorous healthy men and women have been regarded too often as the mere favourites of fortune. But nervous health is not so much a matter of heredity and luck as of common sense—in providing the nerves with the essential foods they need*

"In the present state of medical knowledge.."

No more important basic principle is known than this: that sturdy, vigorous health is dependent on an adequate supply of organic phosphorus and protein to the blood and nervous systems. And no tonic food supplies the essential phosphorus and protein in such easily assimilable form as 'Sanatogen'.

'Sanatogen' is no panacea of all ills. It simply feeds and restores tired nerves, makes plenty of good, rich blood, and gives you the extra physical and mental vitality that make you immune to most minor ills.

We believe that no tonic food in existence can hope to do more than this. We believe that no tonic food will do it as well as 'Sanatogen' —*and* 25,000 *doctors support this belief.*

Live up to life this Winter : take an eight weeks' course of

'SANATOGEN'

(Trade Mark)

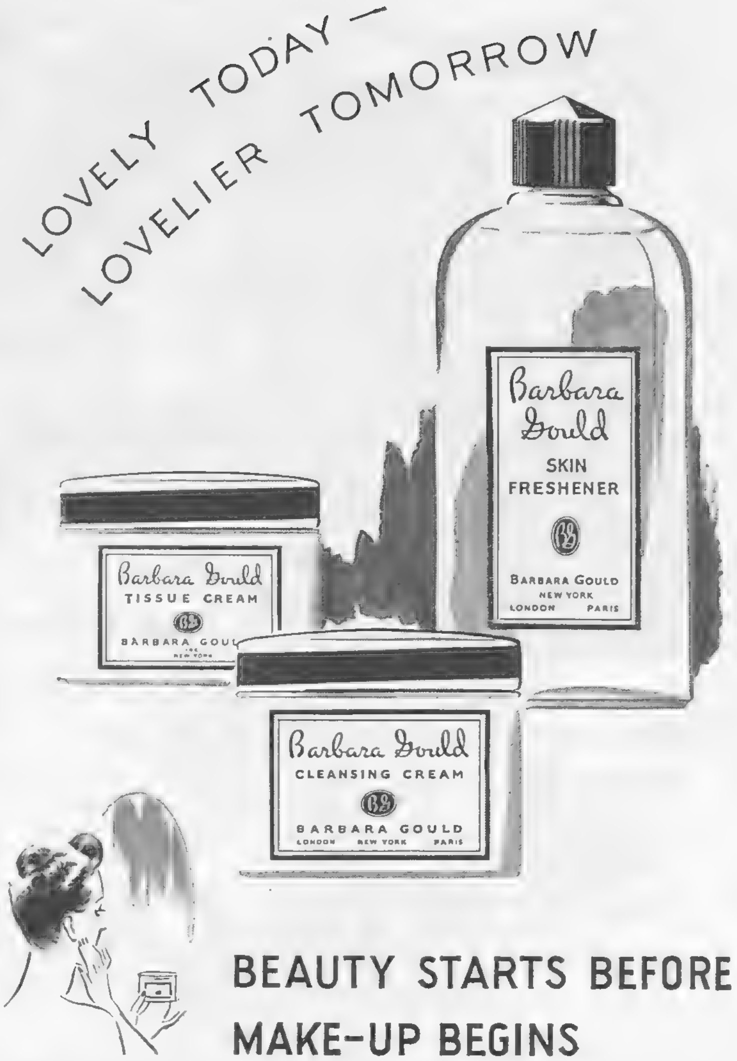
A brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate

THE NERVE TONIC FOOD

Obtainable at all chemists in 19/9 jars (8 weeks' course) and 2/3, 3/3, 5/9 and 10/9 tins.

The word 'SANATOGEN' is the Trade Mark of Genatosan Ltd., and denotes their famous brand of Casein and Sodium Glycero-phosphate. A 'GENATOSAN' product made by GENATOSAN Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

M & C



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Before you ever touch Powder, Rouge or Lipstick, you must devote earnest attention to the skin itself, which after all, is the basis of all beauty. Not only is scrupulous cleansing imperative, but the skin demands full and regular nourishment to preserve its youthful bloom. Unless this is systematically done, and with creams of the highest quality, not only is a successful make-up jeopardised but the complexion itself quickly suffers.

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SKIN FRESHENER. Slightly astringent but not drying. A gentle tonic which imparts firmness to the skin. From 4/6 to 55/-.

Good class Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers stock BARBARA GOULD BEAUTY PREPARATIONS. Call at the Beauty Salon for a free consultation or write to Dept. (B), for BARBARA GOULD'S BOOK, "The Way to Loveliness."

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LTD.

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XMAS fun takes toll of the home

It's so much easier with

A game of musical chairs causes the highly polished furniture to lose some of its lustre. "Postman's Knock" also leaves the enamel paint well finger-marked. Fortunately the polish on the furniture can be quickly restored and the enamel paint easily cleaned with Min Cream.

Tins 6d. and 1/-

Of all Dealers

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FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

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M/CM/6

Grey?
ALWAYS REMEMBER
Grey Hair Need Not Be Dyed!

ENTRUPAL (a lotion not a dye)

recommended by many physicians

GENUINELY REVIVES THE NATURAL COLOUR

Little need be said about the disadvantages of being grey, both from the social point of view and in business life, for in this modern world we live in, those who (often unnecessarily) look prematurely old, are definitely at a discount.

Much need be said, however, about the ways of overcoming this disadvantage. ENTRUPAL does this unobtrusively and progressively, reviving the original colour of the hair in Nature's own way by stimulating the exhausted hair roots into supplying fresh colour pigments to the faded hair.

ENTRUPAL is a clean lotion, easily applied at home. It is guaranteed free from injurious matter, and faulty colouring is impossible. At 8/9 a bottle it is only a fraction of the cost of having hair dyed. ENTRUPAL is obtainable from first-class chemists like:

SAVORY & MOORE (Chemists to the King) 143 New Bond Street, W.1;
71 East Street, BRIGHTON.
HEPPELLS 26 Piccadilly, W.1;
53 Knightsbridge, S.W.1;
1a The Strand, TORQUAY.
JOHN BELL & CROYDEN 50/52 Wigmore Street, W.1.
MARTINDALES 75 New Cavendish Street, W.1.
T. & W. SOUTHALL 17 Bull Street, BIRMINGHAM.
TAYLORS St. Enoch Square, GLASGOW;
St. Ann's Square, MANCHESTER.
TIMOTHY'S 15 Coventry Street, W.1.

And from Selfridges, Harrods, Army & Navy Stores, all Parkes' and Taylor's stores and the principal Boots branches.

picked himself up, looked pointedly away from Lane and said: "I've lost my way."

"We'll get you down; come with us," Lane said cheerily.

Forbes had to accept this. They set off once more, Lane leading. They were traversing a steep slope when Colefax heard a sound such as might be made by the cracking of a huge piece of ice. Lane stopped; his face showed that something serious had happened.

"Avalanche!" he said, pointing above.

Colefax looked upwards. What he saw was not particularly terrifying. A great white wave seemed to be coming down towards them at measured speed.

"Unbuckle your skis!" Lane called, "and stand where you are. If it gets you, shove your stick up above the snow," he shouted this, then pointed his skis downhill and swept downwards in a nearly vertical schuss.

In the maelstrom of horror that followed Colefax was first conscious that he had not been completely buried. Struggling and wriggling he managed to extricate himself and lay panting on the surface. He still had his sticks in his hands, but his skis lay submerged. By using his sticks he managed to lever himself on to firmer snow. Then he looked round; he had seen Lane start to run before the avalanche, but Forbes, inexpert like himself, had had to stay. There was no sign of Forbes. He tried to think what he had read about avalanches; you could live for quite a time under snow; the guides got long iron poles and prodded for you. If Lane had got down, he would come back on the ski-hoist with a rescue party; they might still be in time to save Forbes. If they could find him? He had been over there, Colefax thought, looking at a point forty yards to his right. Without skis he could not get to it. He could do nothing till help came. He took his two sticks and aligned them on the point where he believed Forbes was.

The rescue party arrived quickly. Young Lane had taken the schuss without a fall, at seventy miles an hour—faster than any avalanche could travel. Fritz first reached Colefax; Colefax showed him the two sticks aligned on the last place where he had seen Forbes. Three of the guides set off to prod the area with their long poles. Young Lane stood by Colefax. His eyes swept the snow, working in a circle. Suddenly he gave a shout and darted off in the opposite direction taken by the guides.

"Here he is!" he called; bending down and holding up a bright coloured scarf.

The guides hurried up, got to work with their spades, and freed the big footballer. Forbes lay back in the snow dazed. "Where are the others?" he gasped.

"I'm here," Colefax said.

Forbes blinked at him. "Where's the other one?"

"He's here too; he ran in front of the avalanche and brought back help. You'd be under the snow now if he hadn't."

"It was goot what he has done," Fritz looked at Lane admiringly.

"How did you find me?" Forbes asked.

Lane held out the scarf. "I saw this."

Forbes began to remember: "I fastened it to my stick; you told me to shove something up above my head."

Clarence Lane laughed. "The old school tie, eh! Well, it saved your life. You are lucky; I'm not allowed to wear mine."

Fritz did not understand English very well but he saw the two men looking angrily at each other and caught the words "saved your life."

"Yes, he has saved your life." Fritz put his hand on Lane's shoulder. "He ski down in front of the avalanche and is able to show us where you are. I think you must thank him very much."

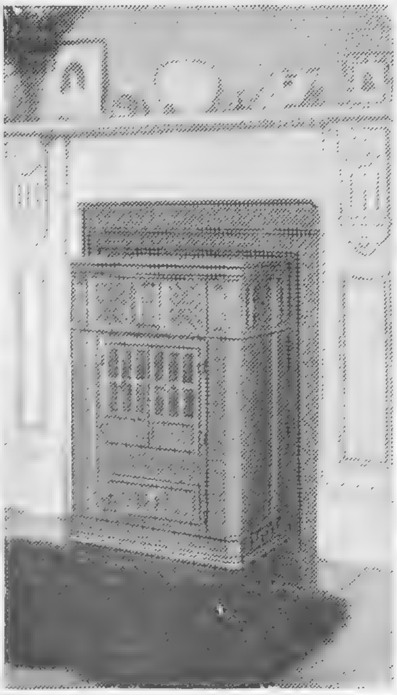
The rugger blue looked from the scarf to Lane; he was beginning to understand what had happened. He swallowed a couple of times and said: "If you want to wear that scarf you can."

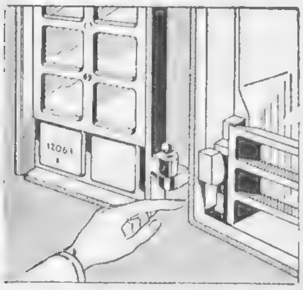
"Thanks," said young Lane, wrapping the scarf round his neck. "I will for to-day."

END

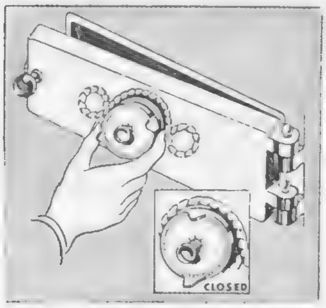
Scientific Construction makes them *highly efficient*

★ NO SPECIAL FUEL IS REQUIRED FOR COZY STOVES

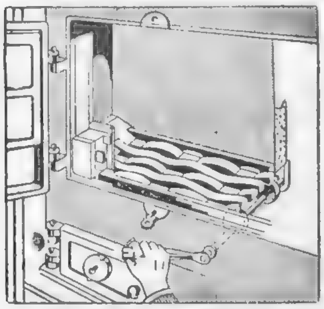




Every COZY STOVE burns open or closed as required on ordinary kitchen coal, and is guaranteed to burn 12 hours without attention. This is largely made possible by precision in workmanship which results in all doors fitting perfectly. The air draught, at all times, is under complete control.



The amount of air required to ensure proper and complete slow combustion depends upon the type of fuel used. The air regulating device in COZY STOVES is situated in the ash door and is operated by a disk. It is a most efficient arrangement.



Small pieces of coal not burnt to ashes can still give off heat. Dropped through to the ashpan they are wasted. With the new patent Rocking Grate fitted in all large-size COZY STOVES the maximum efficiency is obtained. When used it may not show much movement on the surface, but down under the fire very little but the dead ashes fall through, which is as it should be.

COZY STOVES are scientifically designed to give maximum heat with minimum fuel consumption during the whole 24 hours. For efficiency, adaptability and economy, YOUR home needs a COZY. There's a wide range of models available to suit all requirements.

Write for catalogue or see them at your local dealers.

COZY STOVES are available on easy terms.

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MOTHERHOOD

Dear Sirs,

In sending you the enclosed photograph of myself and Baby, I feel I must express my appreciation of your wonderful Baby Food. My son has never given me a moment's anxiety since being put on to Cow & Gate Milk Food. He has slept well, progressed steadily, and has always been a supremely happy and contented Baby. I hope that other Mothers will follow my example, because although Cow & Gate costs a little more than ordinary Dried Milks, the little extra expense in my case has been amply justified by the splendid progress my child has made on your product. Yours faithfully, MARGARET TRAUB

A happy, healthy Baby usually means a happy, healthy Mother . . . Be sure of health and happiness for yourself and Baby by using Cow & Gate—the finest food in the world when natural feeding fails. Remember, you will always have the satisfaction of knowing that you gave Baby the best . . . the food that seven Royal Babies have been reared on in the past few years. Your Baby's future is far too precious to risk by using any cheap substitute for the best. Only the best is good enough for your Baby. Buy Cow & Gate to-day and be sure. ©2380

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"THE FOOD OF ROYAL BABIES"

By Appointment to H.M. the King of Iraq

LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee" c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply.*

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

Beauty Token

(*Continued from page 71*)

at Yardley's? They are inexpensive and highly effective. If you have an important date for tea, or a business appointment after a day's rushing, it is well worth slipping into the salon at 4.15 p.m. for a quick one. It only costs five shillings and sixpence, and sets you up.

Then there's an hour's facial which is certainly worth half a guinea if you have to go home and tell your husband you have spent more than you meant to.

If you want to look ravishing at a theatre, after being on the go incessantly, have a treatment with a face pack. It will give you a new outlook.

I cannot think of a better Christmas gift for a very special friend than one of these Yardley beauty tokens.

END

Moses

(*Continued from page 67*)

"It just means he likes dogs better than anything. And this is a good dog, I tell you. He's cold-tracked this fellow, whoever he is, Lord knows how. Besides, he's only one dog, and look at the way the rabbits have been getting into the manna in the public garden. I'm not a dog man, as I said before, but believe me, Saint, it's a pretty thing on a frosty morning to hear a good hound hightailing a fox across the hills."

"We don't have frost here, Don."

"Well," said the editor, "frost or no frost, I'm going to do it. I'll have to work quick to get it in before the formes close. See you later."

"Wait," said Peter. "What's the weather report say?"

The editor gave a short laugh.

"What do you think? Fair, moderate winds, little change in temperature. Those boys up in the bureau don't even bother to read the barometer any more. They just play pinochle all day, the way they always did, and the boy runs that report off on the mimeograph machine."

"*I* think there's a wind making up in the outer heavens," St. Peter said. "When we get a real one, it just about blows the gate stone away, and that poor animal wouldn't last a minute."

The editor whistled. "We'll have to work fast." Then, suddenly his eyes blazed. "All my life I wanted to get out an extra. I never had a chance, running a weekly. Now by holy, I will."

He went off up the avenue on the dead run. Even Peter, watching him go, felt excited.

"Nice dog," he said to the hound; and the hound, at the deep gentle voice, gulped in his tongue and twitched his haunches. The whipping of his tail on the gate stone made a companionable sound for the old man. His beard folded on his chest and he nodded a little.

He was dozing quietly when the hound barked.

It was a deep, vibrant note that anyone who knew dogs would have expected the minute he saw the spring of those ribs; it was mellow, like honey in the throat. St. Peter woke up, tingling with the sound of it, and turned to see the hound swaying the whole hind half of himself with his tail.

Then a high loud voice shouted, "Mose! What the hell you doing here, you poor dumb fool?"

St. Peter turned to see a stocky short-legged man who stuck out more than was ordinary, both in front and behind. He had on a flannel shirt, and grey pants, and a pair of lumberman's rubber packs on his feet, with the tops laced only to the ankle. There was a hole in the front of his felt hat where the block had worn through. He wasn't, on the whole, what you might expect to see walking on that avenue. But St. Peter had seen queer people come to heaven, and he said mildly, "Do you know this dog?"

"Sure," said the stout man. "I hunted with him round

(*Continued on page 172*)

GIVE AN

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a price for every purse

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ELECTRIC IRON
An Electric Iron smoothes the path to domestic bliss.
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A gift that will secure a friendship firmly.
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are available for all sorts of electrical equipment at rates ranging from 6d to 3/6 a week

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ELECTRICITY SHOWROOMS

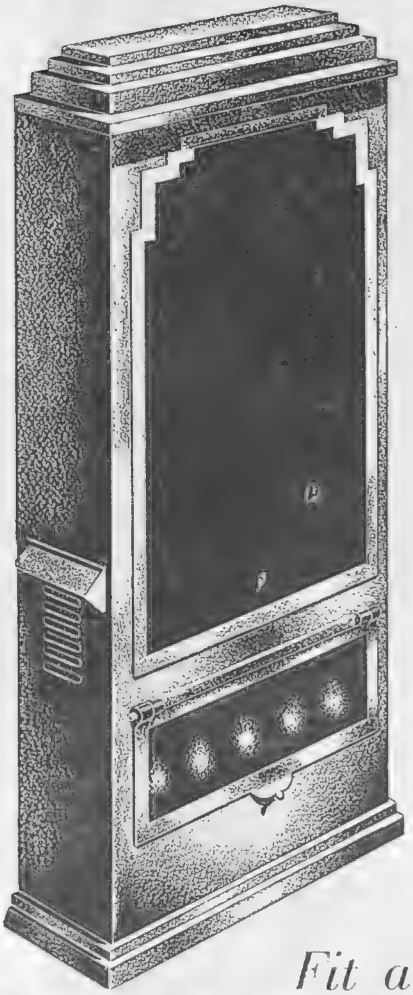
Issued by the British Electrical Development Association, 2 Savoy Hill, W.C.2

Distinctive underwear for discerning women!

The undies shown in this photo distinguish themselves from ordinary underwear by their exceptionally plastic fit. This is due firstly to the elasticity of the fabric (wool, wool mixtures, or spun silk), and secondly to the fact that they are designed on "tailored" lines, with a fully fashioned brassière top which is outlined with elastic binding and has adjustable shoulder straps. These Juvena undies, therefore, cling closely to your figure, providing that correct dress foundation which will enhance the beauty of your outer garments and give you fashionable slimness with the new defined bust-line. Moreover, they are finished attractively with faggotting, dainty rosettes, lace or beaded edgings and other refinements. When you see our new Autumn Styles booklet with close-up views in colour, you will hardly believe that these distinctive, figure-improving undies cost no more than ordinary, plain underwear (2/11 to 7/11 each garment). Write to Juvena-Publicity • Gruber & Frerk, 1D, Newton Street, London, W.C.2.

Juvena

Safe warmth for the nursery



Install a Flavel Radiant-Panel Gas Heater in your nursery and *know* that your children cannot get into trouble . . . into *danger*. The Radiant-Panel Heater is completely enclosed, the black panel radiates the warmth, and no flue or chimney is needed Don't stop at the nursery, think of other places in the house where lack of a flue has hitherto prevented proper heating. Why put up with such conditions any longer? See about getting a Radiant-Panel Gas Heater *to-day*.

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See them at your Gas showrooms; or call at (or write to) Sidney Flavel & Co. Ltd., 38 Welbeck Street, London, W.1, where there is a permanent Exhibition of Gas Cookers, Gas Fires and Fireplaces.

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Why? Because we're terribly hard up. Why? Because we've a very large family to support—over 600 Blind persons are in our care.

From the year's beginning to its end there is no break in our work; consequently there is no break in our expenditure. At the present time there is a waiting list of urgent cases for whom training and employment must be provided.

Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.

The Chairman

SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND
SWISS COTTAGE - LONDON, N.W.3

Hawkinsville for the last seven years. It's old Mose. Real smart dog. He'd hunt for anybody."

"Mose?" said St. Peter. "For Moses, I suppose."

"Maybe. He could track anything through hell and high water."

"Moses went through some pretty high water," said St. Peter. "What's your name?"

"Freem Brock. What's yours?"

Peter did not trouble to answer, for he was looking at the hound, and he was thinking he had seen some people come to heaven's gate and look pleased, and some come and look shy, and some frightened, and some a little shame-faced, and some satisfied, and some sad (maybe with memories they couldn't leave on earth), and some jubilant, and a whole quartet still singing "Adeline" just the way they were when the hotel fell on their necks in the earthquake. But in all his career at the gate, he had never seen anyone express such pure, unstifled joy as this raw-boned hound.

"Was he your dog?" he asked Freem Brock.

"Naw," said Freem. "He belonged to Pat Haskell." He leaned his shoulder against the gate-post and crossed one foot over the other. "Stop that yawping," he said to Mose, and Mose lay down wagging. "Maybe you ain't never been in Hawkinsville," he said to St. Peter. "It's a real pretty village right over the Black River. Pat kept store there and he let anybody take Mose that wanted to. Pretty often I did. He liked coming with me because I let him run foxes. I'm kind of a fox hunter," he said, blowing out his breath. "Oh, I like rabbit hunting all right, but there's no money in it. . . . Say," he broke off, "you didn't tell me what your name was."

"Peter," said the old man.

"Well, Pete, two years ago was Mose's best season. Seventy-seven fox was shot ahead of him. I shot thirty-seven of them myself. Five crosses and two blacks in the lot. Yes, sir. I heard three black foxes had got away from the fur farm and I took Mose right over there. Mose run them way over the hill and I picked them up out of hearing. I made three hundred and fifty dollars out of them hides."

"He was a good dog, then?" asked St. Peter.

"Best foxhound in seven counties," said Freem Brock. He kicked the gate with his heel in front of Mose's nose and Mose let his ears droop. "He was a fool to hunt. I don't see no fox signs up here. Plenty rabbits in the park. But there ain't nobody with a gun. I wish I'd brought my old Ithaca along. Boy, a rabbit pie would taste pretty good."

"You can't kill things here," said St. Peter.

"That's funny. Why not?"

"They're already dead, you see."

"Well, I know that, but it beats me how I got here. I never did nothing to get sent to this sort of place. Hell, I killed them farm foxes and I poached up the railroad in the pre-serve. You know, the Cobb place. I shot an elk there. No fooling. But I never done anything bad."

"No," said St. Peter. "We know that."

"I got drunk, maybe. But there's other people done the same before me."

"Yes, Freem."

"Well, what the devil did I get sent here for, Pete?"

"Do you remember when the little girl was sick and the town doctor wouldn't come out at night on a town case, and then you went right over to town and made him come along?"

"Said I'd knock his teeth out," said Freem, brightening.

"Yes. He came, and the girl was taken care of," said St. Peter.

"Aw," Freem said, "I didn't know what I was doing. I was just mad. Well, maybe I'd had a drink, but it was a cold night, see? I didn't knock his teeth out, either. He left them in the glass."

(*Continued on page* 176)

IN "OPALSHEEN" (WOOL & ART. SILK - BOTH DYED)

The simplicity of this jumper forms a perfect base for the colourful touches at yoke and sleeves. Knitted in soft-glowing "Opalsheen," its slight looseness at bust and waist gives ample opportunity for play of light and shade. Ask at your local store for Leaflet (price 2d.) **No. 548.**

In case of difficulty write to Dept. C.96 enclosing 4d. in stamps for leaflet and pattern card.

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'AYR' WOOLS

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD., Worsted Spinners, Ayr, Scotland

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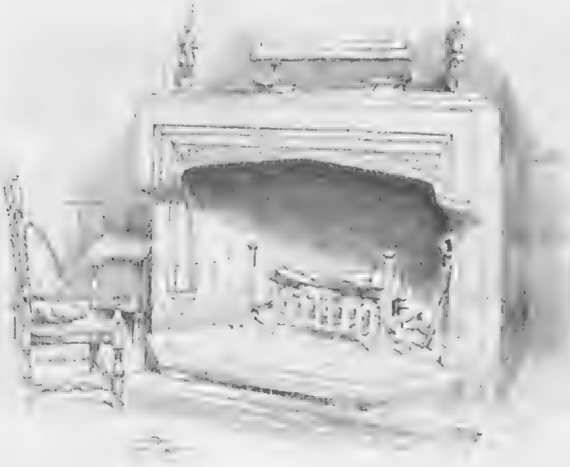

Finished in the warm buff or grey of Bath or Hopton Wood Stones, this "Prittlewell" Fireplace by Girlingstone gives an air of dignity and comfort particularly in keeping with panelled Library or Lounge.

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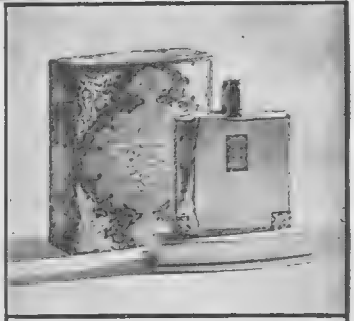

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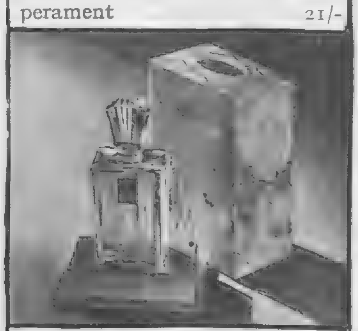

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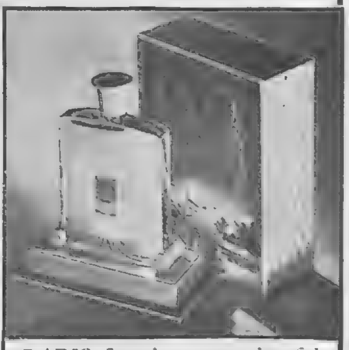

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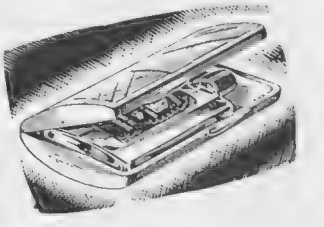

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37, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON W 1.

He looked at the old man. "And they sent me here for that?"

Peter looked puzzled.

"Wasn't it a good reason?" he asked. "It's not such a bad place."

"Not so bad as I thought it was going to be. But people don't want to talk to me. I tried to talk to an old timber-beast named Boone down the road. But he asked me if I ever shot an Indian, and when I said 'No,' he went along. You're the only feller I've seen that was willing to talk to me," he said, turning to the old man. "I don't seem to miss liquor up here, but there's nowhere I can get to buy some tobacco."

St. Peter said, "You don't have to buy things in heaven."

"Heaven?" said Freem Brock. "Say, is that what this is? And I thought I was in hell." He looked frightened all at once. "That's what the matter is. I don't belong here. I ain't the sort to come here. There must have been a mistake somewhere." He took hold of St. Peter's arm. "Listen," he said urgently. "Do you know how to work that gate?"

"I do," said St. Peter, "but I can't let you out."

"I got to get out."

Peter's voice grew gentler.

"You'll like it here after a while, Freem."

"You let me out."

"You couldn't go anywhere outside," St. Peter said.

Freem looked through the bars at the outer heavens and watched a couple of stars like water-lilies floating by below. He said slowly, "We'd go some place."

St. Peter said, "You mean you'd go out there with that dog?"

Freem flushed.

"I and Mose have had some good times," he said.

At the sound of his name, Mose's nose lifted.

"Might be a fox out there," said Freem. He hesitated. "I was getting to think maybe I'd try gardening for something to do. But now that fool dog has showed up, I know it wouldn't work."

St. Peter looked down at the ground. With the end of his shepherd's staff he thoughtfully made a cross and then another overlapping it and put an X in the upper left-hand corner. Freem looked down to see what he was doing.

"You couldn't let Mose in, could you, Pete?"

St. Peter sighed and rubbed out the pattern with his sandal.

"I'm sorry," he said. "The committee doesn't allow dogs."

"What'll happen to the poor brute, Pete?"

St. Peter shook his head.

Freem shook his own head.

"If you ask me," he said loudly, "I think this is a hell of a place."

"What's that you said?"

Peter glanced up.

"Hello, Don," he said. "Meet Freem Brock. This is the editor of the paper," he said to Freem. "His name's Don."

"Hello," said Freem.

"What was that you said about heaven being a hell of a place?" asked the editor.

Freem drew a long breath. He took a look at old Mose lying outside the gate with his big nose resting, squashed up and sideways against the bottom crossbar; he looked at the outer heavens, and he looked at the editor.

"Listen," he said. "That hound followed me up here. Pete says he can't let him in. He says I can't go out to where Mose is. I only been in jail twice," he said, "but I liked it better than this."

The editor said, "You'd go out there?"

"Give me the chance."

"What a story!" shouted the editor. "I've got my extra on the avenue now. The cherubs will be coming this way soon. It's all about the hound, but this stuff is the genuine goods. Guest prefers to leave heaven. Affection for old hunting dog prime factor in his decision. It's human interest. I tell you it'll shake the committee. By holy, I'll have an (*Continued on page 178*)

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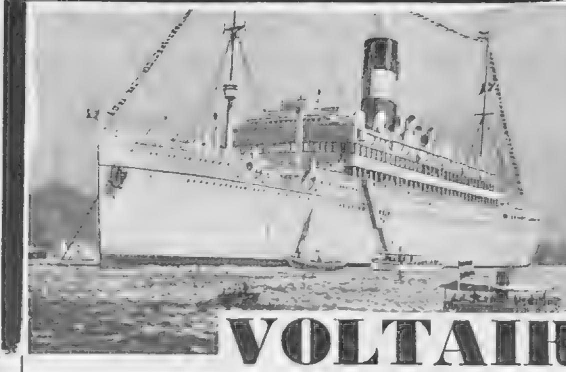

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editorial in my next edition calling for a celestial referendum."

"Wait," said St. Peter. "What's the weather report?"

"What do you think? Fair, moderate winds, little change in temperature. But the central office is making up a hurricane for the South Pacific and it's due to go by pretty soon. We got to hurry, Saint."

Freem Brock turned on St. Peter.

"He called you something," he said.

St. Peter nodded.

"Saint."

"I remember about you now. Say, you're a big bug here. Why can't you let Mose in?"

Peter shook his head.

"I'm no big bug, Freem. If I was, maybe——"

His voice was drowned out by a shrieking up the avenue.

"Wuxtry! Wuxtry! Special edition! Read all about it. Dog outside heaven's gate! Dog outside . . . Wuxtry!"

"For the love of Pete," said Freem.

"Read all about it! Dog outside heaven's gate! Lost dog waiting outside. . . ."

"He ain't lost," cried Freem. "He never got lost in his life."

"Committee at fault," read St. Peter. "Thomas Aquinas isn't going to like that," he said.

"It don't prove nothing," said Freem.

"Mister, please," said a feminine voice. "The editor sent me down. Would you answer these questions?"

"Naw," said Freem, turning to look at a young woman with red hair and a gold pencil in her hand. "Well, what do you want to know, lady."

The young woman had melting brown eyes. She looked at the hound. "Isn't he too cute?" she asked. "What's his name?"

"Mose," said Freem. "He's a cute hound all right."

"Best in seven counties," said St. Peter.

"May I quote you on that, Saint?"

"Yes," said St. Peter. "You can say I think the dog ought to be let in." His face was pink over his white beard. "You can say a hurricane is going to pass, and that before I see that animal blown off by it, I'll go out there myself. I and my friend Freem. Some say I'm a has-been, but I've got some standing with the public yet."

The girl with red hair was writing furiously with a little gold glitter of her pencil. "Oh," she said.

"Say I'm going out, too," said Freem. "I and Pete."

"Oh," she said. "What's your name?"

"Freem Brock, Route 5, Boonville, New York, U.S.A."

"Thanks," she said breathlessly.

"How much longer before we got that hurricane coming?" asked Freem.

"I don't know," said the old man anxiously. "I hope Don can work fast."

"Wuxtry! Owner found! Freem Brock will go outside with hound, Moses! St. Peter going, too! Committee bluff called! Editor asks celestial referendum! Read all about it!"

"How does Don manage it so fast?" said St. Peter. "It's like a miracle."

"It's science," said Freem Brock. "Hey, cherub!"

They took the wet sheet unheeding of the gold ink that stuck to their fingers.

"They've got your picture here, Pete."

"Have they?" St. Peter asked. He sounded pleased. "Let's see."

It showed Peter standing at the gate.

"It ain't bad," said Freem. He was impressed. "You really mean it?" he asked. Peter nodded.

"My," Freem said slowly, "you're a pal."

St. Peter was silent for a moment. In all the time he had minded heaven's gate, no man had ever called him a pal before.

Outside the gate, old Mose got up on his haunches. He was a weather-wise dog and now he turned his nose outwards. The first puff of wind

(Continued on page 180)

Visofil Swan, VT 340/60, 25/-
Leverless Swan, L 410/60, 30/-
Lever-filling Swan, SM 205/84, 15/-
Automatic Fyne-Poynt Pencil, A 40/60, 10/-

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Prices to suit everyone:—The Visofil Swan, 25/-. The Leverless Swan, 17/6 to 42/-. Lever-filling Swans from 10/6. Blackbird Pens, 7/6. Available in black or colours with nibs to suit all hands. Fyne-Poynt Pencils to match most Swan Pens from 5/-. Gift Sets (pen and pencil complete in presentation case) from 13/6.

Descriptive lists on application.

Made throughout in the British Isles by Mabie, Todd & Co., Ltd., Sunderland House, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1. Also at 133-135 Oxford Street, W.1; 79 High Holborn, W.C.1; 114 Cheapside, E.C.2; 95 Regent Street, W.1; and at 3 Exchange Street, Manchester.

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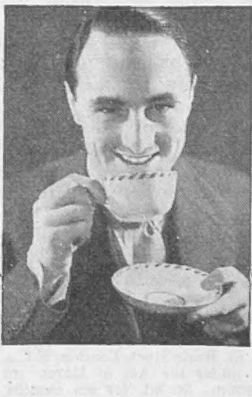
THE BENGER LABORATORIES,
HOLMES CHAPEL, CHESHIRE.



came like a slap in the face, pulling his ears back, and then it passed. He glanced over his shoulder and saw Freem and the old man staring hard at each other. Neither of them had noticed him at all. He pressed himself against the bars and lifted his nose and howled.

At his howl both men turned.

There was a clear grey point way off along the reach of the wall, and the whine in the sky took up where Mose's howl had ended.

St. Peter drew in his breath.

"Come on, Freem," he said, and opened the gate.

Freem Brock hesitated. He was scared now. He could see that a real wind was coming, and the landing outside looked almighty small to him. But he was still mad, and he couldn't let an old man like St. Peter call his bluff.

"All right," he said, "here goes."

He stepped out, and Mose jumped up on him, and licked his face.

"Get down, darn you," he said. "I never could break him of that trick," he explained shamefacedly to Peter. St. Peter smiled, closing the gate behind him with a firm hand. Its gong-like note echoed through heaven as the third edition burst upon the avenue.

"Committee in special session! Orders from higher up compel thorough investigation! Sit-down strike impending!"

Freem Brock was frightened now. He looked back through the bars, and heaven looked good to him. Up the avenue a procession was forming. A couple of lanky, brown-faced men were in front. They started towards the gate.

Then the wind took hold of him and he grasped the bars and looked outward. He could see the hurricane coming like an express train running between infinity. It had a noise like an express train. He understood suddenly just how the victim of a crossing accident must feel.

He glanced at Peter.

The old saint was standing composedly, leaning on his staff with one hand, while with the other he drew Mose close between his legs. His white gown fluttered tight against his shanks and his beard bent sidewise like the hound's ears. He had faced lack of faith, in others; what was worse he had faced it in himself; and a hurricane, after all, was not so much. He turned to smile at Freem. "Don't be afraid," he said.

"O.K.," said Freem, but he couldn't let go the gate.

Old Mose, shivering almost hard enough to rattle, reached up and licked St. Peter's hand.

One of the brown-faced men said, "That's a likely looking hound. He the one I read about in the paper?"

"Yep," said Freem. He had to bellow now.

Daniel Boone said, "Let us timber-beasts come out with you, Saint, will you?"

St. Peter smiled. He opened the gate with a wave of his hand and ten or a dozen timber-beasts—Carson, Bridger, Nat Foster—all crowded through, and started shaking hands with him and Freem Brock. With them was a thin, mild-eyed man.

"My name's Francis," he said to Freem when his turn came. "From Assisi."

"He's all right," Daniel Boone said. "He wasn't much of a shot, but he knows critters. We better get hold of each other."

It seemed queer to Freem. Here he was going to get blown to eternity and he didn't even know where it was, but all of a sudden he felt better than he ever had in his life. Then he felt a squirming round his legs and there was Mose, sitting on his feet, the way he would on his snowshoes in cold weather when they stopped for a sandwich on earth. He reached down and took hold of his ears.

"Let her blow to blazes," he thought. "All right Mose."

The hurricane was on them. The nose of it went by, sweeping the wall silver. There was no more time for talk. No voices could live outside heaven's gate. If a man had said a word, the next man to hear it would have been some poor heathen aborigine on an island in the Pacific Ocean, and he wouldn't have known what it meant.

The men on the gate stone were crammed against the bars. The wind dragged them bodily to the left, and for a minute it looked as if Jim Bridger were going, but they caught him back. There were a lot of the stoutest hands that ever swung an axe in that bunch holding on to heaven's gate, and they weren't letting go for any hurricane, not yet.

But Freem Brock could see it couldn't last that way. He didn't care though. He was in good company, and that was what counted the most. He wasn't a praying man, but he felt his heart swell with gratitude, and he took hold hard of the collar of Mose and felt the licence riveted on. A queer thing to think of, a New York State dog licence up there. He managed to look down at it, and he saw that it had turned to gold, with the collar gold under it. The wind tore at him as he saw it. The heart of the hurricane was on him now like a million devils' fingers.

"Well Mose," he thought.

And then in the blur of his thoughts a dazzling bright light came down and he felt the gate at his back opening and he and Peter and Francis and Daniel and the boys were all drawn back into the peace of heaven, and a quiet voice belonging to a quiet man said, "Let the dog come in."

"My," said Freem Brock, fighting for breath, and the quiet man smiled, shook hands with him, and then went over and placed his arm around St. Peter's shoulders.

They were sitting together, Freem and Peter, by the gate, reading the paper in the morning warmth, and Peter was having an easy time with the editor's new type arrangement. "Gridley," he was reading the upper case names, "Griscome, Godolphin, Habblestick, Hafey, Hanlon, Hartwell, Haskell. . . ."

"Haskell," said Freem. "Not Pat?"

"Yes," said St. Peter. "Late of Hawkinsville."

"Not in big type?"

"Yes."

"Well I'll be. . . Well, that twerp. Think of that. Old Pat."

St. Peter smiled.

"By holy," said Freem. "Ain't he going to be amazed when he finds Mose up here?

"How's Mose doing?"

"He's all right now," said Freem. "He's been chasing the rabbits. I guess he's up there now. The dew's good."

"He didn't look so well, I thought," St. Peter said.

"Well that was at first," said Freem. "You see the rabbits just kept going up in the trees and he couldn't get a real run on any of them. There he's got one started now."

St. Peter glanced up from the paper.

Old Mose was doing a slow bark, kind of low, working out the scent from the start. He picked up pace for a while, and then seemed to strike a regular knot. His barks were deep and patient.

And then all of a sudden, his voice broke out, that deep ringing, honey-throated baying that Freem used to listen to in the late afternoon on the sandhills over the Black River. It went away through the public gardens and out beyond the city, the notes running together and fading and swelling and fading out.

"He's pushing him pretty fast," said Freem. "He's going to get pretty good on these rabbits if the committee stops feeding him sandwiches."

The baying swelled again, it came back, ringing like bells. People in the gardens stopped to look up and smile. The sound of it gave Peter a warm tingling feeling. Looking at Freem he felt that heaven had never been so good. Then he got up to open the gate for an arrival. "Up there," he said with his gentle smile. "You register at the third building on the right." He came back to his seat and said to Freem, "Are you going to stay here a while?"

Freem yawned.

"Sure," he said. "I'll wait till Pat Haskell comes in."

It was pleasant by the gate, under the black and yellow parasol. It made a shade like a flower on the hot stardust. They didn't have to talk, beyond just, now and then, dropping a word between them as they sat.

After a while they heard a dog panting and saw old Mose tracking down the street. He came over to their corner and lay down at their feet, lolling a long tongue. He looked good, a little fat, but lazy and contented. After a minute, though, he got up to shift himself around, and paused as he sat down, and raised a hind leg, and scratched himself behind his wings.

END

How to Keep Fit in Spite of it All

(*Continued from page 70*)

Now don't succumb right away to White Ladies and Bronxes, and the wicked-looking appetisers and pasties. *Be a nuisance*, ask for tea. It is more warming than orange juice, better for you than tomato juice. And take bread and butter with it. There will be time before you leave to taste all the other nice things—and you will depart *feeling* tremendously bucked up, instead of with a headache and unease. All it needs is strength of mind to do it.

Have brandies or whiskies and sodas when you need them as strong fillips, but they will do their work twice as well if they are preceded by a soft drink and not swallowed on an empty stomach.

If strenuous times and diversity of food lead to flatulence or other forms of indigestion, a heaped teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in half a pint of water after a meal will soon dispel trouble. The habit of taking as much Kruschen as will cover a sixpence with early morning tea keeps the body free from acidity. If something has disagreed with you at a heavy meal, Maclean's powder or Phillips milk of magnesia will put that right straight away.

You should be able to deal with any festive meal as long as you do not approach it either over-tired or fasting. If you do happen to be over-tired, go sparingly with the elaborate dishes. But it is such a pity to be knocked up for—or knocked out by—entertaining, when full advantage can be taken of these hectic days with great enjoyment if you observe certain precautions.

Never feed during a rush. Feed before and after it.

Never plunge on to a heavy meal at the end of a busy day. The works won't stand it. If you have to dine out or give a party, precede it by taking a light and stimulating dish, to set your digestion in gear for festivity.

Never break fasts on shopping days when you have done without lunch, by taking spirits. In such an eventuality, ask for tea *first* at cocktail parties.

Never eat twice as much to make up for missed meals. But always feed lightly the day after a banquet. Most trouble arises from over-crowding.

Whenever there is a chance of going to bed, take it. Do more, organise for it. To be fresh is a valuable asset when entertaining.

END

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts., and published monthly by the Proprietors BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32/34, St. Bride Steet, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices, 32/34, St Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec 397 P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s. 9d. for six months, single copies, 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months Sole agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

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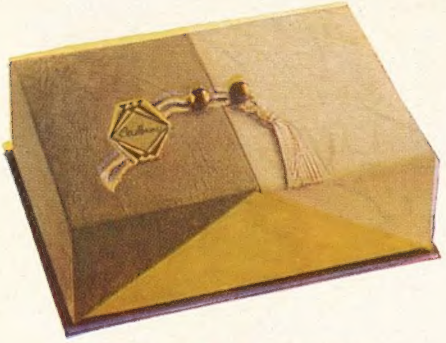

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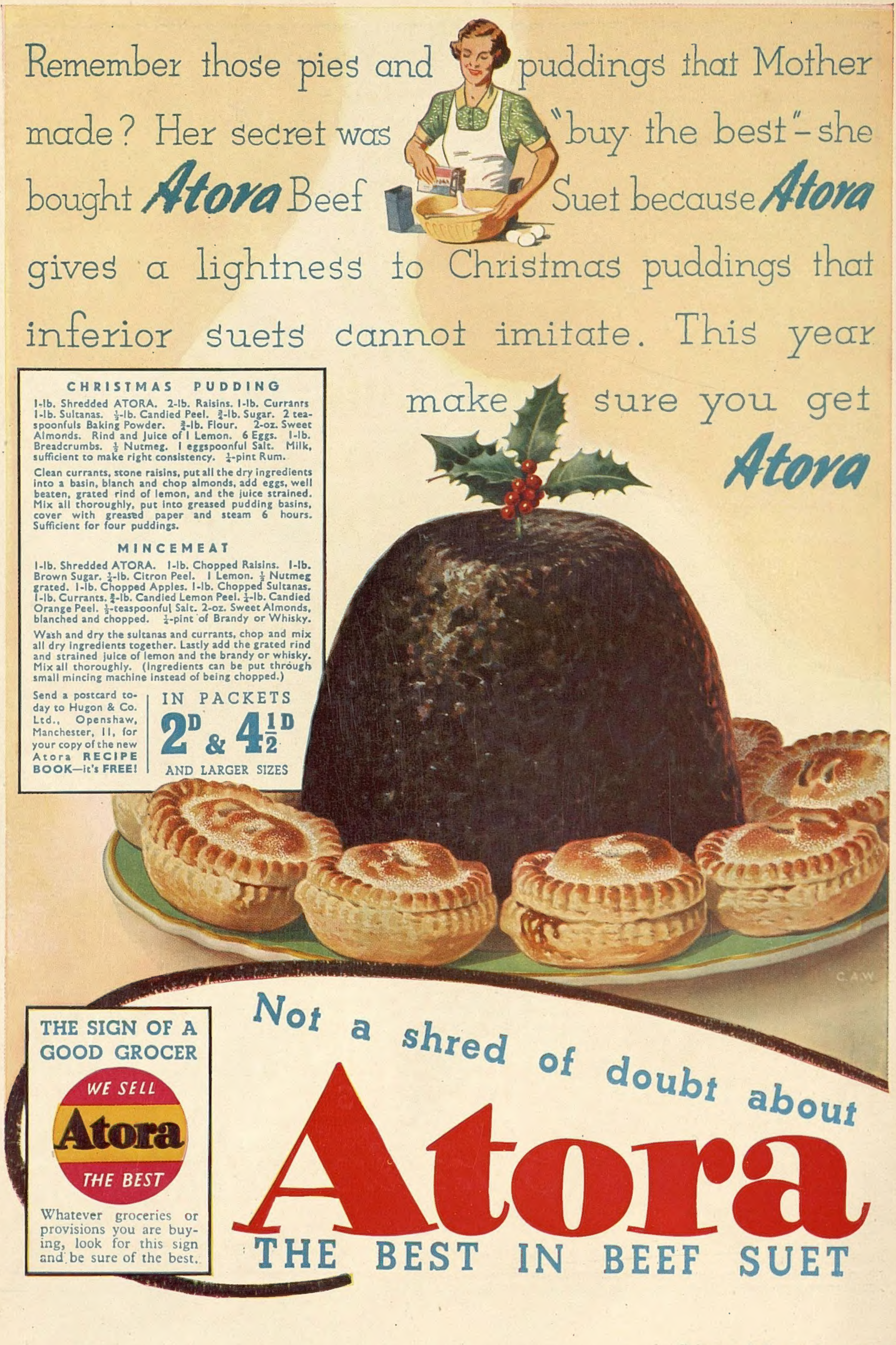

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1-lb. Shredded ATORA. 2-lb. Raisins. 1-lb. Currants 1-lb. Sultanas. $\frac{1}{2}$-lb. Candied Peel. $\frac{3}{4}$-lb. Sugar. 2 teaspoonfuls Baking Powder. $\frac{3}{4}$-lb. Flour. 2-oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and Juice of 1 Lemon. 6 Eggs. 1-lb. Breadcrumbs. $\frac{1}{2}$ Nutmeg. 1 eggspoonful Salt. Milk, sufficient to make right consistency. $\frac{1}{4}$-pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for four puddings.

MINCEMEAT

1-lb. Shredded ATORA. 1-lb. Chopped Raisins. 1-lb. Brown Sugar. $\frac{1}{4}$-lb. Citron Peel. 1 Lemon. $\frac{1}{2}$ Nutmeg grated. 1-lb. Chopped Apples. 1-lb. Chopped Sultanas. 1-lb. Currants. $\frac{3}{4}$-lb. Candied Lemon Peel. $\frac{1}{4}$-lb. Candied Orange Peel. $\frac{1}{2}$-teaspoonful Salt. 2-oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. $\frac{1}{4}$-pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Wash and dry the sultanas and currants, chop and mix all dry ingredients together. Lastly add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.)

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